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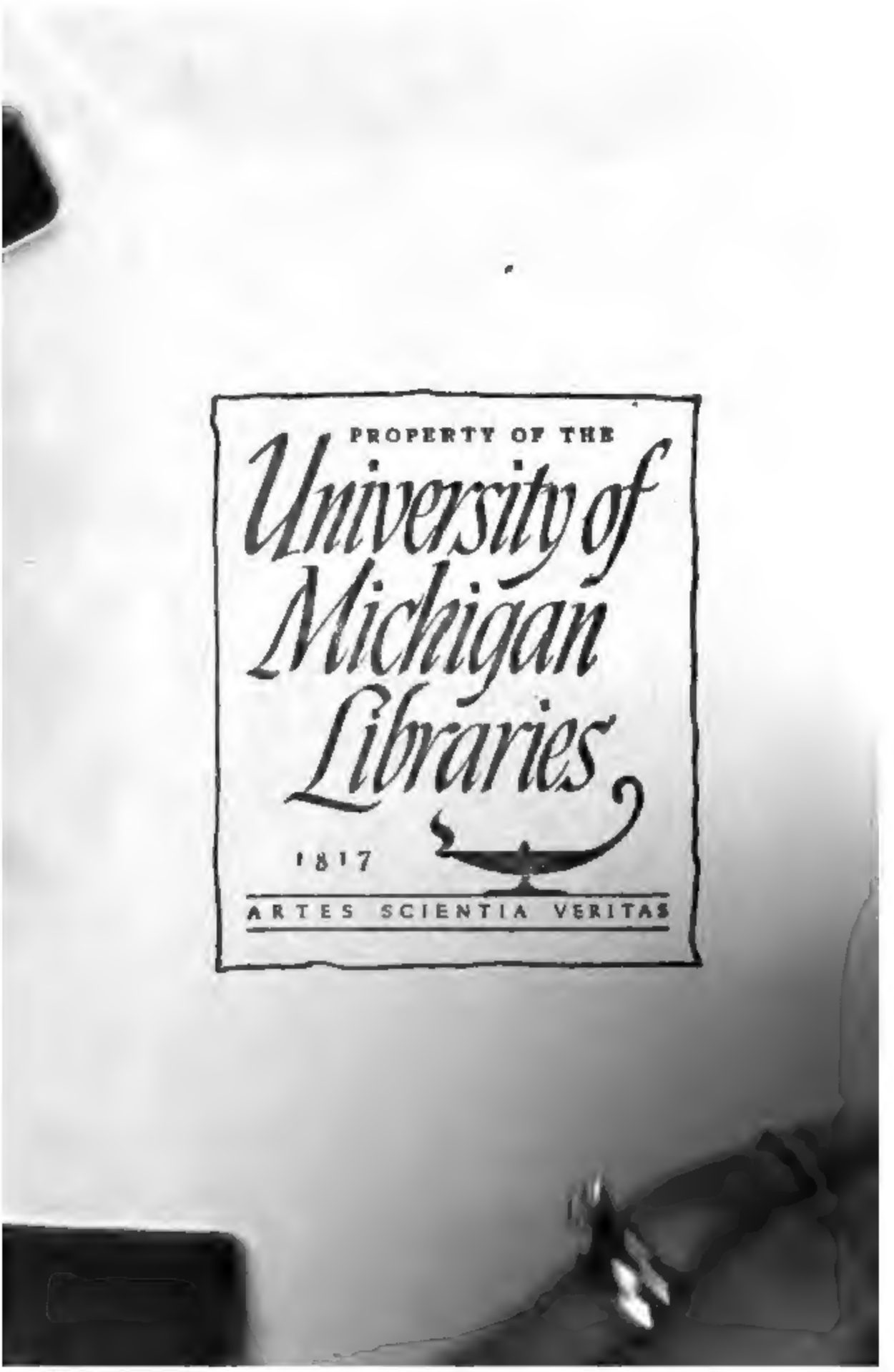
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THE SOUTH *is a land that has known sorrows; it is a land that has broken the ashen crust and moistened it with its tears; a land scarred and riven by the plowshare of war and billowed with the graves of her dead; but a land of legend, a land of song, a land of hallowed and heroic memories.*

EDWARD WARD CARMACK.

SOUTHERN LITERARY READINGS

Edited

WITH INTRODUCTION, NOTES, BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES, AND SOME THOUGHT QUESTIONS

By

LEONIDAS WARREN PAYNE, JR.

Adjunct Professor of English in the University of Texas

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Southern Writers, F. V. N. Painter's *Poets of the South*, W. L. Weber's *The Southern Poets*, C. W. Hubner's *Representative Southern Poets*, H. J. Stockard's *A Study of Southern Poetry*, Carl Holliday's *A History of Southern Literature*, M. J. Moses's *The Literature of the South*, *The Library of Southern Literature* edited by E. A. Alderman, J. C. Harris, and C. W. Kent, and *The South in the Making of the Nation*. From the biographical volumes of the last-named work the editor of the present book has literally transcribed here and there in the biographical sketches a few sentences from articles prepared but not signed by him. In one or two other instances he has used, with slight revision, paragraphs from his own published articles. In all other cases of borrowing or quotation effort has been made to give credit to those to whom credit is due.

Special acknowledgments for the use of their poems are to be made to Madison Cawein, William Lawrence Chittenden, and Hilton Ross Greer; to Harry Stillwell Edwards for permission to use "*Shadow*" and *The Vulture and His Shadow;* to Julian Harris for permission to use the selection from his father's works; to Mrs. Mary Day Lanier and Henry W. Lanier for permission to use selections from the works of Sidney Lanier and for the portrait of the poet; to the family of Mrs. Margaret Junkin Preston for permission to use selections from her works; and to Stark Young for permission to use *Texas Heroes*, hitherto unpublished, and *Gordia*.

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Austin, Texas, January, 1913

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From a photograph after an engraving

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

Francis Scott Key, author of *The Star-spangled Banner*, was born on August 9, 1780, at Terra Rubra, the ancestral home of his progenitors, near Frederick, Maryland. He attended school in and near Annapolis, and later read law in the office of the Hon. J. T. Chase of that city. There, too, he met Miss Mary T. Lloyd, who became his wife. He began the practice of his profession at Frederick, but later opened offices in Washington, making his residence in Georgetown, D. C. He became a noted lawyer, his name appearing on one side or the other in many of the most famous cases in the courts in which he practiced. He was a devout Christian, and the religious element in his character gave rise to much of his power and to much of the confidence bestowed upon him by his neighbors, not only in the discharge of their legal matters but in all the private relations of life. With this religious instinct may be associated the profound sense of patriotism which he always evinced.

The occasion for the writing of the famous song *The Star-spangled Banner* is well known, and the story of its composition often has been told. It was at the time of the War of 1812 between England and the United States. Admiral Cockburn of the British navy had landed five thousand soldiers, marched to Washington, and there destroyed the new capitol. Some straggling soldiers afterward entered the home of Dr. William Beans at Upper Marlboro, about sixteen miles southeast of Washington, and created a disturbance. They were arrested and thrown into jail at the instigation of Dr. Beans, but one of them escaped and made an exaggerated report of the arrest of his comrades to Admiral Cockburn. The admiral ordered a squad of marines to arrest Dr. Beans and bring him to the British lines. The doctor was roughly handled, placed in irons, and without a hearing of any kind thrown into the hold of a British ship.

Mr. Key, as a lawyer and a man of influence, was urged by the friends of Dr. Beans to ask permission of our government to go to the British fleet under a flag of truce and make an effort to secure the prisoner's release. It was a hazardous and disagreeable undertaking, but Mr. Key agreed to attempt it, and in company with Colonel John Skinner, the regularly authorized United States parole agent, he set sail from Baltimore in the *Minden*, September 3, 1814, to find the British fleet somewhere in Chesapeake Bay. They were successful in locating Dr. Beans on the *Surprise*, but they were informed by the admiral that inasmuch as the doctor had cruelly mistreated and caused the arrest of British soldiers, his punishment would be severe; other officers even hinted that he would be hanged. By tactful and careful presentation of the facts in the case, and by pointing out the great services Dr. Beans had rendered to wounded soldiers, British as well as American, the envoys persuaded the admiral to release the prisoner.

But now a new turn of affairs was presented. The British admiral informed them that he would be compelled to detain them in his fleet until the termination of the action which was about to be undertaken, for he was unwilling that they should return to Baltimore to tell what they knew about the British forces and plans. Accordingly the Americans, now virtually prisoners, remained on the *Surprise* for about a week, and were then transferred to their own vessel, the *Minden*, which was anchored close by, where the prisoners could witness the proposed attack and capture of Baltimore.

The little battery on Whetstone Point, Fort McHenry, under the command of Major Armistead, was the focal point of the British attack. The fleet fairly rained their heavy bombs on the fort, but Major Armistead withheld his fire until the ships came close enough for his small guns to do effective service, and then he answered the British in a way to make them beat a hasty retreat. The fight continued all day and far into the night. The spectacle as viewed from the anchored ship *Minden* was a grand one, but to the little band of American watchers the suspense was frightful.

Francis Scott Key, aglow with all the fervor of his religious and patriotic soul, could not rest, as did his companions, that terrible night. He watched in uncertain expectancy until the coming of the dawn, straining his eyes to catch a glimpse of the flag on the fort, to satisfy himself that the battery had withstood the attack and his people were safe. A heavy mist had risen over the harbor and for a time it shut off the land from his anxious gaze. When the sun finally rose, he saw dimly through the mist that enshrouded the fort the star-spangled banner still waving aloft, and with a heart overflowing with patriotic emotion he wrote down on the back of an old letter the first draft of his now famous poem.

The British admiral informed the detained Americans that they were at liberty to return to shore, for the attack had failed. On the evening of this day after the battle, September 14, 1814, Key wrote out the full draft of his poem. The words were published the next day in the Baltimore *American*, and printed in handbill form to be scattered broadcast over the city. In a single day the song sprang into popularity and brought its author lasting fame. It was set to the old tune of "Anacreon in Heaven," by Ferdinand Durang, a Baltimore musician, and sung upon the stage of Holiday-Street Theater that same evening.

Francis Scott Key died January 11, 1843, in Baltimore, and was buried in Mount Olivet Cemetery, Frederick, Maryland. A beautiful marble monument crowned with a bronze statue now marks his grave, and many patriotic Americans will in the years to come make pilgrimage to this spot, to do honor to the author of *The Star-spangled Banner*.

(The most authoritative biography of Francis Scott Key is the monograph by F. S. Key-Smith, published by the Key-Smith Company, Washington, D. C., 1911. The material for our sketch is drawn largely from this monograph.)

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

O say! can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed, at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming;
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
O say, does that Star-spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On that shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines in the stream:
'Tis the Star-spangled Banner; O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where are the foes who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more:
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution;
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave;
And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

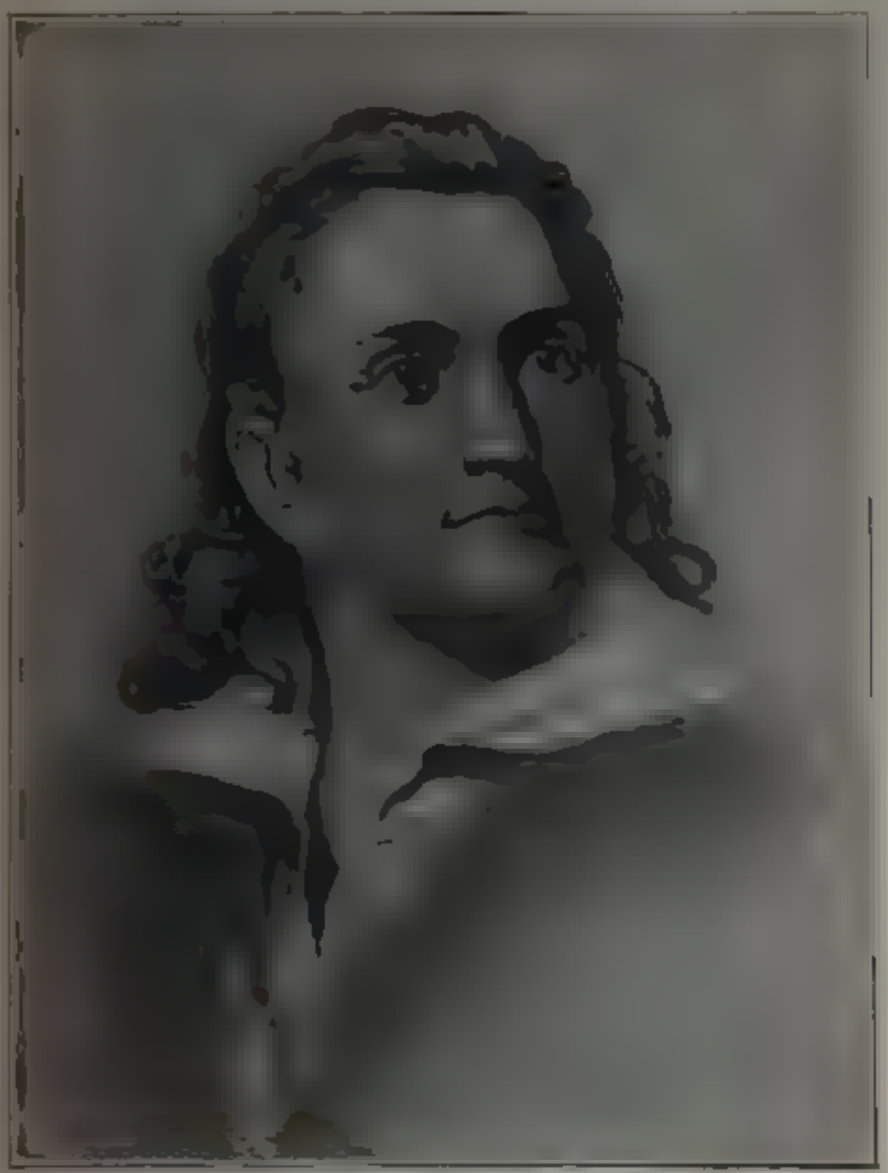
O thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
  Between their loved homes and war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land
  Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust";
And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

JOHN JAMES LA FOREST AUDUBON

Definite dates in the life of Audubon frequently are hopelessly confused or altogether wanting, but from the brief account given in the *Beacon Biographies of Eminent Americans* by John Burroughs, that distinguished naturalist of our own day, we may cull the more important facts. John James La Forest Audubon was born in Mandeville, Louisiana, presumably May 4, 1780. The family shortly after this date moved to an estate of theirs on Santo Domingo Island in the British West Indies; but soon there arose an insurrection of the slaves, among the results of which were the death of the mother and the flight of the father and son to New Orleans. The father, taking the boy with him, returned to his native country, France.

About 1797, after several years of study in French schools, young Audubon returned to America and took up his residence on Mill Grove Farm, an estate near Philadelphia belonging to his father. It was while living here that he met Lucy Bakewell, the attractive daughter of one of his neighbors, who later became his devoted and self-sacrificing wife. He again went to France, about 1806, and studied for perhaps two years, taking drawing lessons from the celebrated French artist Jacques Louis David. Returning to America, he tried for about ten years to make money by various business ventures in New York, Philadelphia, Louisville, and other places, but his heart was always in the woods with the wild things, and he himself there far too often for the success of his business. In 1810 he met Alexander Wilson, the famous American ornithologist, and surprised this expert by the number and quality of the bird drawings he had already made.

Audubon had now spent all his patrimony in his unfortunate business enterprises, and was forced to resort for a livelihood to his skill as a draftsman. He began painting portraits at five dollars each, and on the income from this source he was soon able to support his family,



From a photograph after an engraving

JOHN JAMES LA FOREST AUDUBON

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now in Louisville, Kentucky. Later his bird pictures and his skill as a taxidermist secured for him a position in a museum in Cincinnati. He supplemented the precarious stipend received from the museum by taking pupils in drawing. Finally he determined on an extensive trip, to gather more material for his collection of bird paintings. On a flatboat he went down the Ohio River to New Orleans. Here he earned some money by painting, and he soon felt able to send for his family to join him.

Audubon now decided to try to publish his collection of bird drawings as Wilson had done before him. He met with discouragement in America, but with undaunted courage and great faith in himself he went to England. There he was well received by the most celebrated men of the day. He found a publisher who was willing to undertake his work on *The Birds of America*, and he set about securing subscribers to the expensive folios of his life-size bird pictures. He visited Cambridge and Oxford, and was cordially received at both universities. He then went over to France, seeking more subscribers.

In 1829 Audubon returned to America to prepare more material for his great *American Ornithology*. He finally went to Bayou Sara in Mississippi, where his faithful wife had for some time been teaching, to earn a livelihood for their family, and together they made their way to New York and then to England, to attend to the publication of his drawings. In order to get more material for both the folios and the text of the bird biographies he was preparing to accompany the pictures, Audubon again returned to America. He spent the winter in Florida, studying plants, mammals, and birds, and writing many sketches. In the following summer, about 1832, he went into Maine and Labrador, still tracking the denizens of field, forest, and air. In the autumn, a return journey through the larger cities led on down to Charleston, South Carolina, where the Audubon family spent the winter of 1833-4. Then came another visit to England, and in 1836 a return to America for more exploring and sketching. This was about the time of his famous trip into Texas to study the fauna of the great Southwest, and to visit General Sam Houston, President of the Republic of Texas. One more

journey to England was his last. In 1840, after the publication of the fifth and last volume of his bird biographies, he returned to New York.

The great work of his life was the production of the elephant folios, more than three feet long and two feet wide, comprising life-size pictures of one thousand fifty-five birds, ranging from the humming birds of the South to the great bald eagles of the North. These volumes—four in all—originally cost each subscriber one thousand dollars, but they are now worth four thousand or more a set. The text accompanying them consisted of five volumes called *American Ornithological Biography*, the whole work being usually referred to as *The Birds of America*. The last work undertaken by Audubon was the *Quadrupeds and Biography of American Quadrupeds*, his sons John and Victor doing a large part of the work, particularly in the second and third of the three volumes. The last years of the great naturalist were passed in "Minnie's Land," the home which he had purchased on the Hudson River just above New York, and which is now known as Audubon Park. His mind began to fail in 1847, and he died on January 27, 1851.

The chief literary qualities of Audubon's style are vividness of description, lively imagination, intense enthusiasm, and an ardent love for his subject. These excellences partially atone for the occasional faults in sentence structure, the frequent lapses in the use of pronouns, and the numerous instances of vagueness and illogicality. Audubon was perhaps more of an artist than a scientist in the strict modern sense of the latter term; but he has so combined the literature of knowledge with that of power as to make a distinct place for himself in letters and in science, as well as in art. The selections chosen here, fairly, if not adequately, represent the salient qualities of his unique literary-scientific productions.

(The authoritative biography of this noted ornithologist is *Audubon and His Journals* by his granddaughter Maria R. Audubon; but the most readable and easily accessible short life is that by John Burroughs in the Beacon Biographies series.)

THE MOCKING-BIRD

It is where the great magnolia shoots up its majestic trunk, crowned with evergreen leaves, and decorated with a thousand beautiful flowers that perfume the air around; where the forests and fields are adorned with blossoms of every hue; where the golden orange ornaments the gardens and the groves; where bignonias of various kinds interlace their climbing stems around the white-flowered stuartia, and mounting still higher, cover the summits of the lofty trees around, accompanied with innumerable vines that here and there festoon the dense foliage of the magnificent woods, lending to the vernal breeze a slight portion of the perfume of their clustered flowers; where a genial warmth seldom forsakes the atmosphere; where berries and fruits of all descriptions are met with at every step;—in a word, kind reader, it is where Nature seems to have paused, as she passed over the earth, and opening her stores, to have strewed with unsparing hand the diversified seeds from which have sprung all the beautiful and splendid forms which I should in vain attempt to describe, that the mocking-bird should have fixed its abode, there only that its wondrous song should be heard.

But where is that favoured land? It is in that great continent to whose distant shores Europe has sent forth her adventurous sons, to wrest for themselves a habitation from the wild inhabitants of the forest, and to convert the neglected soil into fields of exuberant fertility. It is, reader, in Louisiana that these bounties of nature are in the greatest perfection. It is there that you should listen to the love-song of the mocking-bird, as I at this moment

do. See how he flies round his mate, with motions as light as those of the butterfly! His tail is widely expanded, he mounts in the air to a small distance, describes a circle, and, again alighting, approaches his beloved one, his eyes gleaming with delight, for she has already promised to be his and his only. His beautiful wings are gently raised, he bows to his love, and again bouncing upwards, opens his bill, and pours forth his melody, full of exultation at the conquest which he has made.

They are not the soft sounds of the flute or the hautboy that I hear, but the sweeter notes of Nature's own music. The mellowness of the song, the varied modulations and gradations, the extent of its compass, the great brilliancy of execution, are unrivalled. There is probably no bird in the world that possesses all the musical qualifications of this king of song, who has derived all from Nature's self. Yes, reader, all!

No sooner has he again alighted near his mate than, as if his breast was about to be rent with delight, he again pours forth his notes with more softness and richness than before. He now soars higher, glancing around with a vigilant eye, to assure himself that none has witnessed his bliss. When these love-scenes are over, he dances through the air, full of animation and delight, and, as if to convince his lovely mate that to enrich her hopes he has much more love in store, he that moment begins anew, and imitates all the notes which Nature has imparted to the other songsters of the grove.

For awhile, each long day and pleasant night are thus spent. A nest is to be prepared, and the choice of a place in which to lay it is to become a matter of mutual consideration. The orange, the fig, the pear-tree of the gardens are inspected; the thick briar patches are also visited. They appear all so well suited for the purpose in view, and

so well do the birds know that man is not their most dangerous enemy, that, instead of retiring from him, they at length fix their abode in his vicinity, perhaps in the nearest tree to his window. Dried twigs, leaves, grasses, cotton, flax, and other substances, are picked up, carried to a forked branch, and there arranged. Five eggs are deposited in due time, when the male, having little more to do than to sing his mate to repose, attunes his pipe anew. Every now and then he spies an insect on the ground, the taste of which he is sure will please his beloved one. He drops upon it, takes it in his bill, beats it against the earth, and flies to the nest to feed and receive the warm thanks of his devoted female.

When a fortnight has elapsed, the young brood demand all their care and attention. No cat, no vile snake, no dreaded hawk, is likely to visit their habitation. Indeed the inmates of the next house have by this time become quite attached to the lovely pair of mocking-birds, and take pleasure in contributing to their safety. The dew-berries from the fields, and many kinds of fruit from the gardens, mixed with insects, supply the young as well as the parents with food. The brood is soon seen emerging from the nest, and in another fortnight, being now able to fly with vigour, and to provide for themselves, they leave the parent birds, as many other species do.

. . . . . .

In winter, nearly all the mocking-birds approach the farm-houses and plantations, living about the gardens or outhouses. They are then frequently seen on the roofs, and perched on the chimney-tops; yet they always appear full of animation. Whilst searching for food on the ground, their motions are light and elegant, and they frequently open their wings as butterflies do when basking in the sun, moving a step or two, and again throwing out their wings.

When the weather is mild, the old males are heard singing with as much spirit as during the spring or summer, while the younger birds are busily engaged in practising, preparatory to the love season. They seldom resort to the interior of the forest either during the day or by night, but usually roost among the foliage of evergreens, in the immediate vicinity of houses in Louisiana, although in the Eastern States they prefer low fir trees.

The flight of the mocking-bird is performed by short jerks of the body and wings, at every one of which a strong twitching motion of the tail is perceived. This motion is still more apparent while the bird is walking, when it opens its tail like a fan and instantly closes it again. . . . When travelling, this flight is only a little prolonged, as the bird goes from tree to tree, or at most across a field, scarcely, if ever, rising higher than the top of the forest. During this migration, it generally resorts to the highest parts of the woods near water-courses, utters its usual mournful note, and roosts in these places. It travels mostly by day.

Few hawks attack the mocking-birds, as on their approach, however sudden it may be, they are always ready not only to defend themselves vigorously and with undaunted courage, but to meet the aggressor half way, and force him to abandon his intention. The only hawk that occasionally surprises the mocking-bird is the *Falco Starlen*, which flies low with great swiftness, and carries the bird off without any apparent stoppage. Should it happen that the ruffian misses his prey, the mocking-bird in turn becomes the assailant, and pursues the hawk with great courage, calling in the mean time all the birds of its species to its assistance; and although it cannot overtake the marauder, the alarm created by their cries, which are propagated in succession among all

the birds in the vicinity, like the watchwords of sentinels on duty, prevents him from succeeding in his attempts.

The musical powers of this bird have often been taken notice of by European naturalists, and persons who find pleasure in listening to the song of different birds whilst in confinement or at large. Some of these persons have described the notes of the Nightingale as occasionally fully equal to those of our bird. I have frequently heard both species, in confinement and in the wild state, and without prejudice have no hesitation in pronouncing the notes of the European philomel equal to those of a soubrette of taste, which, could she study under a Mozart, might perhaps in time become very interesting in her way. But to compare her essays to the finished talent of the mocking-bird is, in my opinion, quite absurd.

THE RUBY-THROATED HUMMING-BIRD

Where is the person who, on seeing this lovely little creature moving on humming winglets through the air, suspended as if by magic in it, flitting from one flower to another, with motions as graceful as they are light and airy, pursuing its course over our extensive continent, and yielding new delights wherever it is seen;—where is the person, I ask of you, kind reader, who, on observing this glittering fragment of the rainbow, would not pause, admire, and instantly turn his mind with reverence toward the Almighty Creator, the wonders of whose hand we at every step discover, and of whose sublime conceptions we everywhere observe the manifestations in his admirable system of creation? There breathes not such a person; so kindly have we all been blessed with that intuitive and noble feeling—admiration!

No sooner has the returning sun again introduced the vernal season, and caused millions of plants to expand their leaves and blossoms to his genial beams, than the little humming-bird is seen advancing on fairy wings, carefully visiting every opening flower-cup, and, like a curious florist, removing from each the injurious insects that otherwise would ere long cause their beauteous petals to droop and decay. Poised in the air, it is observed peeping cautiously, and with sparkling eye, into their innermost recesses, whilst the ethereal motions of its pinions, so rapid and so light, appear to fan and cool the flower, without injuring its fragile texture, and produce a delightful murmuring sound, well adapted for lulling the insects to repose. Then is the moment for the humming-bird to secure them. Its long delicate bill enters the cup of the flower, and the protruded double-tubed tongue, delicately sensible, and imbued with a glutinous saliva, touches each insect in succession, and draws it from its lurking place, to be instantly swallowed. All this is done in a moment, and the bird, as it leaves the flower, sips so small a portion of its liquid honey, that the theft, we may suppose, is looked upon with a grateful feeling by the flower, which is thus kindly relieved from the attacks of her destroyers.

The prairies, the fields, the orchards and gardens, nay, the deepest shades of the forests, are all visited in their turn, and everywhere the little bird meets with pleasure and with food. Its gorgeous throat in beauty and brilliancy baffles all competition. Now it glows with a fiery hue, and again it is changed to the deepest velvety black. The upper parts of its delicate body are of resplendent changing green; and it throws itself through the air with a swiftness and vivacity hardly conceivable. It moves from one flower to another like a gleam of light, upwards, downwards, to the right and to the left. In this manner

it searches the extreme northern portions of our country, following with great precaution the advances of the season, and retreats with equal care at the approach of autumn.

I wish it were in my power at this moment to impart to you, kind reader, the pleasures which I have felt whilst watching the movements, and viewing the manifestations of feelings displayed by a single pair of these most favourite little creatures, when engaged in the demonstration of their love to each other:—how the male swells his plumage and throat, and dancing on the wing, whirls around the delicate female; how quickly he dives towards a flower, and returns with a loaded bill, which he offers to her to whom alone he feels desirous of being united; how full of ecstasy he seems to be when his caresses are kindly received; how his little wings fan her, as they fan the flowers, and he transfers to her bill the insect and the honey which he has procured with a view to please her; how these attentions are received with apparent satisfaction; . . . how, then, the courage and care of the male are redoubled; how he even dares to give chase to the tyrant fly-catcher, and hurries the blue-bird and the martin to their boxes; and how, on sounding pinions, he joyously returns to the side of his lovely mate. Reader, all these proofs of the sincerity, fidelity, and courage, with which the male assures his mate of the care he will take of her while [she is] sitting on her nest, may be seen, and have been seen, but cannot be portrayed or described.

Could you, kind reader, cast a momentary glance on the nest of the humming-bird, and see, as I have seen, the newly-hatched pair of young, little larger than humble-bees, naked, blind, and so feeble as scarcely to be able to raise their little bills to receive food from the parents; and could you see those parents, full of anxiety and fear, passing

and repassing within a few inches of your face, alighting on a twig not more than a yard from your body, waiting the result of your unwelcome visit in a state of the utmost despair,—you could not fail to be impressed with the deepest pangs which parental affection feels on the unexpected death of a cherished child. Then how pleasing is it, on your leaving the spot, to see the returning hope of the parents, when, after examining the nest, they find their nurslings untouched! You might then judge how pleasing it is to a mother of another kind, to hear the physician who has attended her sick child assure her that the crisis is over, and that her babe is saved. These are the scenes best fitted to enable us to partake of sorrow and joy, and to determine every one who views them to make it his study to contribute to the happiness of others, and to refrain from wantonly or maliciously giving them pain.

RICHARD HENRY WILDE

Though born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1789, and brought to America when he was a lad about eight years of age, Richard Henry Wilde always has been considered an American and a Southerner. Baltimore was his home for the first few years after his arrival in this country, but it was in Augusta, Georgia, that he began life on his own responsibility. On the death of his father in 1802 he went alone to this city, where he secured work as a drygoods clerk. Later he took up the study of law and at the age of twenty years he was admitted to the bar. Soon afterward he entered politics, and before he was twenty-five he was elected to several state offices. He had barely reached the constitutional age for admission into the National House of Representatives—namely, twenty-five years—when he was sent to Congress. He failed of reëlection in 1816, however, and retired to the private practice of his profession. He served again in 1828, retaining his seat for eight years; but having lost his prestige in politics by opposing Jackson, he failed of reëlection in 1834, and decided to go abroad for recreation and study.

He spent most of his time in Florence, collecting material for works on the lives of the Italian poets Tasso and Dante. He published a two-volume life of Tasso in 1842, but he never completed his proposed life of Dante. Poetry always had been to him a source of mental pleasure and activity, and for years he had been busy writing original poems and translating many foreign ones, particularly from the works of his favorite Italian poets. The most famous of all his works is the lyric found in an unfinished epic poem dealing with incidents of the Seminole War in Florida. It is variously known as *Stanzas*, *Lament of the Captive*, or, from its first line, "My life is like the summer rose."

On his return to America, Wilde settled in New Orleans, to engage in the practice of his profession. In 1842 he was

made professor of Constitutional Law in the University of Louisiana, now Tulane University, and he continued to practice and lecture until his death, which occurred September 10, 1847.

LAMENT OF THE CAPTIVE

My life is like the summer rose,
That opens to the morning sky;
And ere the shades of evening close,
Is scattered on the ground—to die:
Yet, on that rose's humble bed
The softest dews of night are shed;
As if she wept such waste to see:
But none shall drop a tear for me!

My life is like the autumn leaf,
That trembles in the moon's pale ray;
Its hold is frail, its date is brief—
Restless, and soon to pass away:
Yet, when that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent tree will mourn its shade;
The wind bewail the leafless tree:
But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the print, which feet
Have left on Tampa's desert strand;
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
Their track will vanish from the sand:
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea:
But none shall thus lament for me!

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS

Aside from Edgar Allan Poe, the most versatile and prolific as well as the most influential man in Southern literature before the Civil War was William Gilmore Simms. He was born in Charleston, South Carolina, April 17, 1806. His mother died when he was about two years old, and his father, almost crazed by sorrow and business reverses, wandered away from home, leaving the boy to be brought up by his maternal grandmother.

The family was now living in poverty, and young Simms received only a meager scholastic training in the Charleston schools. But he educated himself by wide reading and developed his talents by covering reams of paper with his rimes, war stories, and other kinds of writing, and by studying life in the hard school of daily experience among men. For a time the boy was apprenticed to a druggist, but we find him at the age of eighteen years beginning the study of law. Law was not to be his life work, however, for he cared more for writing poetry, book reviews, and romances than he did for arguing cases before courts and juries.

In 1826 he married Miss Anna M. Giles, of Charleston, and the year following published his first volume of lyric poetry. About this time he became editor of the Charleston *City Gazette*, and entered upon that career of journalism and creative writing which was to cease only with his death in 1870. He began to produce his long line of romances about 1833, his first notable book being *Guy Rivers: a Tale of Georgia*, published in New York in 1834. In 1835 this was followed by *The Yemasee: a Romance of South Carolina*, the most popular book that Simms ever wrote. *The Partisan: a Tale of the Revolution*, full of lively action and romantic adventure, stands as a close second to *The Yemasee* in popularity, and is a book to thrill and delight the heart of every normal boy.

It is impossible here to follow Simms through all

his literary, political, and military career. Suffice it to say that he was a full-blooded and warm-hearted Southerner, who took part in every conflict that his section passed through. He published nearly a hundred books, and tried his hand at almost every conceivable kind of writing. In fact, he wrote too much and too rapidly to give his work that polish and finish of style essential to literary masterpieces. He had a fertile imagination and could turn out hundreds of pages of manuscript in a few hours. He rarely corrected or revised his first drafts, and hence his works are full of faults due to haste and over-confidence. But under the heat of imagination he could write wonderfully interesting tales; and his conceptions of character, his descriptions of nature, and his intensely dramatic situations are not altogether lacking in truth, verisimilitude, and power.

In 1836, his wife having died, Simms married for the second time, the lady who now became his wife being Miss Chevilette Roach, an heiress. At their beautiful home called "Woodlands" near Midway, South Carolina, they lived in true Southern fashion, constantly entertaining their many friends and distinguished visitors.

Simms has suffered from neglect in recent years, but he will always hold a large place in the history of Southern literature, even if his works are little read to-day. He has done good and valiant service in preserving the history and scenery of his state and of the nation, and the influence of his life will not soon pass away. He was perhaps greater as a man than as a writer, and like Samuel Johnson in English literature he will, as the years pass by, come to be more valued as a true representative of his people than as an author.

He wrote a great deal of mediocre poetry, publishing in all eighteen volumes of verse; the mass of his poetical compositions will be consigned to oblivion, but a few of his better poems have lasted and *The Swamp Fox*, *The Lost Pleiad*, and *The Grape-vine Swing* will long keep his name fresh in the minds of readers of American poetry.

(W. P. Trent's *Life of William Gilmore Simms* is the standard biography of this author.)

THE PARTISANS

From "The Partisan: A Romance of the Revolution"

We are again in the precincts of the Ashley. These old woods about Dorchester deserve to be famous. There is not a wagon track, not a defile, not a clearing, not a traverse of these plains, which has not been consecrated by the strife for liberty; the close strife—the desperate struggle; the contest, unrelaxing, unyielding to the last, save only with death or conquest. These old trees have looked down upon blood and battles; the thick array and the solitary combat between single foes, needing no other witnesses. What tales might they not tell us! The sands have drunk deeply of holy and hallowed blood—blood that gave them value and a name, and made for them a place in all human recollection. The grass here has been beaten down, in successive seasons, by heavy feet—by conflicting horsemen—by driving and recoiling artillery. Its deep green has been dyed with a yet deeper and a darker stain—the outpourings of the invader's veins, mingling with the generous streams flowing from bosoms that had but one hope, but one purpose—the unpolluted freedom and security of home; the purity of the threshold, the sweet repose of the domestic hearth from the intrusion of hostile feet;—the only objects for which men may brave the stormy and the brutal strife, and still keep the "whiteness of their souls."

The Carolinian well knows these hallowed places; for every acre has its tradition in this neighbourhood. He rides beneath the thick oaks, whose branches have covered regiments, and looks up to them with heedful veneration.

Well he remembers the old defile at the entrance just above Dorchester village, where a red clay hill rises abruptly, breaking pleasantly the dead level of country all around it. The rugged limbs and trunk of a huge oak, which hung above its brow and has been but recently overthrown, was itself an historian. It was notorious in tradition as the "gallows oak"; its limbs being employed by both parties, as they severally obtained the ascendency, for the purposes of summary execution. Famous, indeed, was all the partisan warfare in this neighbourhood, from the time of its commencement, with our story, in 1780, to the day when, hopeless of their object, the troops of the invader withdrew to their crowded vessels, flying from the land they had vainly struggled to subdue. You should hear the old housewives dilate upon these transactions. You should hear them paint the disasters, the depression of the Carolinians! how their chief city was besieged and taken; their little army dispersed or cut to pieces; and how the invader marched over the country, and called it his. Anon they would show you the little gathering in the swamp—the small scouting squad timidly stealing forth into the plain, and contenting itself with cutting off a foraging party or a baggage wagon, or rescuing a disconsolate group of captives on their way to the city and the prison ships. Soon, emboldened by success, the little squad is increased by numbers, and aims at larger game. Under some such leader as Colonel Washington, you should see them, anon, well mounted, coursing along the Ashley river road, by the peep of day, well skilled in the management of their steeds, whose high necks beautifully arch under the curb, while, in obedience to the rider's will, they plunge fearlessly through brake and through brier, over the fallen tree, and into the suspicious water. Heedless of all things but the proper achievement of their bold

adventure, the warriors go onward, while the broad-swords flash in the sunlight, and the trumpet cheers them with a tone of victory.

And goodlier still is the sight, when, turning the narrow lane, thick-fringed with the scrubby oak and the pleasant myrtle, you behold them come suddenly to the encounter with the hostile invaders. How they hurrah, and rush to the charge with a mad emotion that the steed partakes—his ears erect, and his nostrils distended, while his eyeballs start forward, and grow red with the straining effort; then,—how the riders bear down all before them, and with swords shooting out from their cheeks, make nothing of the upraised bayonets and pointed spear, but striking in, flank and front, carry confusion wherever they go—while the hot sands drink in the life-blood of friend and foe, streaming through a thousand wounds.

Hear them tell of these, and of the "Game Cock," Sumter; how, always ready for fight, with a valour which was too frequently rashness, he would rush into the hostile ranks, and, with his powerful frame and sweeping sabre, would single out for inveterate strife his own particular enemy.

Then, of the subtle "Swamp Fox," Marion, who, slender of form, and having but little confidence in his own physical prowess, was never seen to use his sword in battle; gaining by stratagem and unexpected enterprise those advantages which his usual inferiority of force would never have permitted him to gain otherwise. They will tell you of his conduct and his coolness; of his ability, with small means, to consummate leading objects—the best proof of military talent; and of his wonderful command of his men—how they would do his will, though it led to the most perilous adventure, with as much alacrity as if they were going to a banquet; of the men themselves,

though in rags, almost starving, and exposed to all changes of the weather, how cheerfully, in the fastness of the swamp, they would sing their rude song about the capacity of their leader and their devotion to his person, in some such strain as that which follows, and which we owe to brave and generous George Dennison!

George Dennison was himself a follower of Marion. He belonged to the race of troubadours, though living too late for the sort of life which they enjoyed and for the fame which crowned their equally eccentric lives and ballads. He sang for the partisans, the gallant feat even in the moment when performed, and taught to the hearts of a rude cavalry the lurking hope of remembrance in song when they themselves should never hear. In the deep thickets of the wood, in the wild recesses of the swamp, when the day's march was over, when the sharp passage at arms was ended, whether in flight or victory,—his ballads, mostly extempore, cheered the dull hours and the drowsy bivouac, while his rough but martial lyrics inspired the audacious charge, and prompted the bold enterprise and the emulous achievement. Ah! brave and generous George Dennison, we shall borrow of the songs of thy making. We shall prolong for other ears the echoes of thy lively lays, and the legends which we owe to thee, who art thyself unknown. For verily, thou hadst the heart and courage of a true and gallant partisan; and thou couldst sing with the natural voice of a warm and passionate poet; and thou couldst share the sufferings, and soothe the sorrows of a comrade, with the loyalty of a knightly friendship; and thou couldst love with all the tender sweetness that lies in the heart of woman; and thou couldst cling in fight to thy enemy, with the anger of a loving hate; and thou didst not love life too much for honor; and thou didst not fear death so much but thou

couldst brave him with a laugh and a song, even in the crossing of the spears! Verily, George Dennison, I will remember thee, and preserve thy rude ballads, made by thee for thy comrades' ears in the swamps of Carolina, so that other ears shall hear them, who knew thee not. Thou shalt tell them now, of the life led by thee and thy comrades for long seasons, when thou hast followed the fortunes of the famous Swamp Fox:

THE SWAMP FOX

I

We follow where the Swamp Fox guides,
  His friends and merry men are we;
And when the troop of Tarleton rides,
  We burrow in the cypress tree.
The turfy hammock is our bed,
  Our home is in the red-deer's den,
Our roof, the tree-top overhead,
  For we are wild and hunted men.

II

We fly by day, and shun its light,
  But, prompt to strike the sudden blow,
We mount, and start with early night,
  And through the forest track our foe.
And soon he hears our chargers leap,
  The flashing sabre blinds his eyes,
And ere he drives away his sleep
  And rushes from his camp, he dies.

III

Free bridle-bit, good gallant steed,
  That will not ask a kind caress,

To swim the Santee at our need,
When on his heels the foemen press—
The true heart and the ready hand,
The spirit, stubborn to be free—
The twisted bore, the smiting brand—
And we are Marion's men, you see.

IV

Now light the fire, and cook the meal,
The last, perhaps, that we shall taste;
I hear the Swamp Fox round us steal,
And that's a sign we move in haste.
He whistles to the scouts, and hark!
You hear his order calm and low—
Come, wave your torch across the dark,
And let us see the boys that go.

V

We may not see their forms again,
God help 'em, should they find the strife!
For they are strong and fearless men,
And make no coward terms for life:
They'll fight as long as Marion bids,
And when he speaks the word to shy,
Then—not till then—they turn their steeds,
Through thickening shade and swamp to fly.

VI

Now stir the fire, and lie at ease,
The scouts are gone, and on the brush
I see the colonel bend his knees,
To take his slumbers too—but hush!
He's praying, comrades: 'tis not strange;
The man that's fighting day by day,
May well, when night comes, take a change,
And down upon his knees to pray.

VII

Break up that hoecake, boys, and hand
  The sly and silent jug that's there;
I love not it should idly stand,
  When Marion's men have need of cheer.
'Tis seldom that our luck affords
  A stuff like this we just have quaffed,
And dry potatoes on our boards
  May always call for such a draught.

VIII

Now pile the brush and roll the log:
  Hard pillow, but a soldier's head,
That's half the time in brake and bog,
  Must never think of softer bed.
The owl is hooting to the night,
  The cooter crawling o'er the bank,
And in that pond the plashing light,
  Tells where the alligator sank.

IX

What—'tis the signal! start so soon,
  And through the Santee swamp so deep,
Without the aid of friendly moon,
  And we, Heaven help us, half asleep!
But courage, comrades! Marion leads,
  The Swamp Fox takes us out to-night;
So clear your swords, and spur your steeds,
  There's goodly chance, I think, of fight.

X

We follow where the Swamp Fox guides,
  We leave the swamp and cypress tree,
Our spurs are in our coursers' sides,
  And ready for the strife are we—

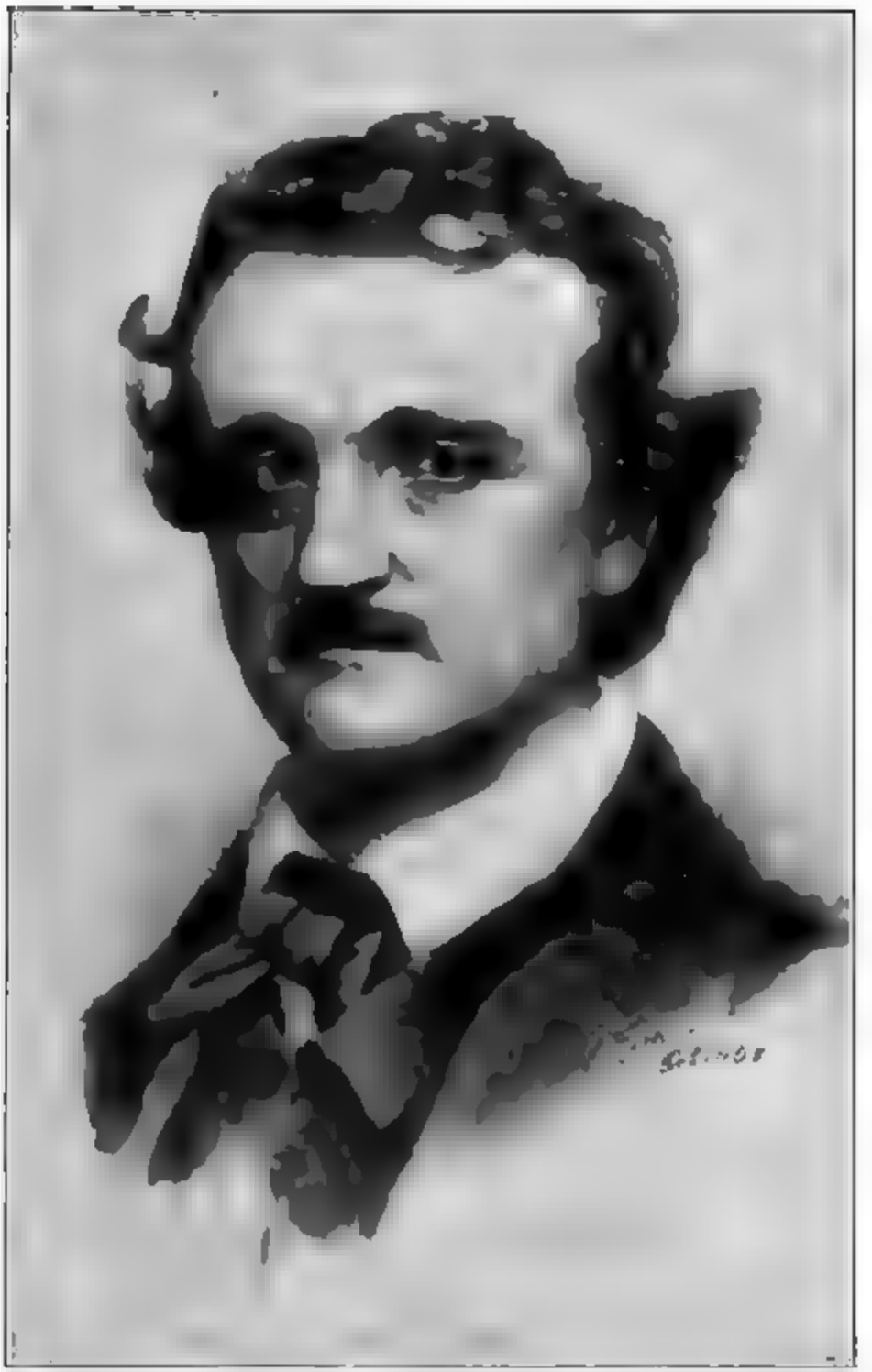
The tory camp is now in sight,
And there he cowers within his den—
He hears our shout, he dreads the fight,
He fears, and flies from Marion's men.

THE GRAPE-VINE SWING

Lithe and long as the serpent train,
Springing and clinging from tree to tree,
Now darting upward, now down again,
With a twist and a twirl that are strange to see:
Never took serpent a deadlier hold,
Never the cougar a wilder spring,
Strangling the oak with the boa's fold,
Spanning the beech with the condor's wing.

Yet no foe that we fear to seek—
The boy leaps wild to thy rude embrace
Thy bulging arms bear as soft a cheek
As ever on lover's breast found place:
On thy waving train is a playful hold
Thou shalt never to lighter grasp persuade;
While a maiden sits in thy drooping fold,
And swings and sings in the noonday shade!

Oh! giant strange of our southern woods,
I dream of thee still in the well-known spot,
Though our vessel strains o'er the ocean floods,
And the northern forest beholds thee not;
I think of thee still with a sweet regret,
As the cordage yields to my playful grasp—
Dost thou spring and cling in our woodlands yet?
Does the maiden still swing in thy giant clasp?



From a rare lithograph portrait made in 1859 by F. J Fisher, now in possession of the Westmoreland Club, Richmond, Va.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

EDGAR ALLAN POE

Edgar Allan Poe, though descended on his father's side from a distinguished Maryland family, once called himself a Bostonian because he was born in the city of Boston. His father, David Poe, was educated for the law, but a predilection for the stage led him to join a traveling theatrical troupe before he had built up a practice. In this troupe he met Mrs. C. D. Hopkins, an actress of English extraction, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Arnold. Shortly after the death of Mr. Hopkins, who was manager of the company, David Poe married the widow. Of the three children—two boys and a girl—born to David and Elizabeth Arnold Poe, Edgar was the second son.

The life of these strolling actors was a hard one. The family was forced to travel from city to city in order to earn a livelihood which was at best precarious. It seems that the mother was depended upon to support the family, for David Poe was not a successful actor. Mrs. Poe was filling an engagement in Boston at the time of Edgar's birth, January 19, 1809. Her husband died about 1810, and in 1811 she found herself in the city of Richmond, Virginia, helpless and stricken with illness. An appeal in the Richmond newspapers brought such material relief as could be offered; but Mrs. Poe was beyond human aid, and within a few days she died. The children, thus left alone, were cared for by various persons. Edgar had attracted the attention of Mrs. John Allan, the wife of a well-to-do tobacco merchant, and he was taken into her childless home and rechristened Edgar Allan Poe.

The boy was an extremely bright and handsome child, and his precocity attracted much attention. Mr. and Mrs. Allan became devotedly attached to their ward and lavished on him all that partiality could suggest or wealth supply. In 1815 Mr. Allan moved temporarily to England, to establish there a branch house for his firm. Edgar, who accompanied his foster parents, attended an English

boarding school near London. In the story of *William Wilson* Poe gives many reminiscences of his school life there. After five years in England, the Allans returned to Richmond, and Edgar was placed in a private school. In 1826 he was sent to the University of Virginia. Here he made a brilliant record in the languages and in mathematics, but he indulged in drinking and gambling and was removed from the university within a year.

Then began the period of wandering and unhappiness brought about by his perverse disposition. Mr. Allan, whose patience had already been sorely tried, took Poe into his office, feeling it would be better for the boy to earn his own living; whereupon Poe, who was now about eighteen years old, left home to seek his fortune in Boston. Here he succeeded in getting a publisher for his first slender volume of verses, *Tamerlane and Other Poems*, in 1827, but little is known of his movements during the time he was in Boston.

The next we hear of Poe, he has enlisted, under the assumed name of Edgar A. Perry, as a private in the United States Army. He remained in the army for nearly two years, being promoted to the post of sergeant major. Part of the time he was stationed at the arsenal of Fort Moultrie, on an island in Charleston Harbor. Here he gained the local color for his famous story written some years later, *The Gold Bug*. Poe now began to feel the folly of his breach with his foster parents, and on hearing that Mrs. Allan was critically ill he made application for a permit to visit Richmond, in order that he might see her before her death. A partial reconciliation followed between him and Mr. Allan, who secured Poe's release from the army, and with the aid of influential friends obtained for him an appointment to the United States Military Academy at West Point. But the perversity of the young man's nature again asserted itself, and in less than a year he began to tire of life at West Point. He deliberately neglected his duties until he had accumulated demerits enough to cause his dismissal.

Before he entered West Point, another edition of his poems, containing some new matter, had been published; and in 1831 still another was brought out. This volume

contained the first draft of some of Poe's most famous poems, notably *To Helen* and *Israfel*.

Mr. Allan had married again by this time, and Poe, finding that he had no longer any hope of a reconciliation with his foster parent, now turned to his father's relatives for help and sympathy. He made various attempts to secure employment, but was unsuccessful. In 1833 he won with his *MS. Found in a Bottle* the hundred-dollar prize offered by the Baltimore *Saturday Visitor* for the best short story submitted. Poe sent in several stories and poems, and won two prizes, the second being fifty dollars for the best poem; but the judges refused to give both prizes to one competitor.

It was at this period of his life that Poe's love for his cousin Virginia Clemm sprang up. She was a beautiful girl twelve or thirteen years of age at the time, and Poe desired even then to make her his wife. In 1836, when he had secured regular employment as editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger* of Richmond, Mrs. Clemm moved to that city, and Poe and Virginia were married, the latter being then not quite fourteen years old. Poe had a fixed salary now, and his success seemed assured. His articles, stories, and poems were attracting wide notice, and the circulation of the *Messenger* was rapidly increasing. But in 1837, perhaps on account of his irregular habits, he retired from the editorship which he had so acceptably filled for a year or more.

Other editorial schemes were now tried. Poe went first to New York, then to Philadelphia, and did some literary hack work. In 1839 he obtained an editorial position on Burton's *Gentleman's Magazine*, but within a year he severed his connection with this periodical. He published in 1839 a volume of short stories called *Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque*. This volume brought him no money, but it broadened his fame. In 1841 he became editor of *Graham's Magazine*, and within a few months the circulation of this periodical increased from five thousand to thirty-seven thousand. Poe was now publishing some of his most original short stories, such as *The Murders in the Rue Morgue*, *The Masque of the Red Death*, and others.

In 1842 the erratic editor of *Graham's Magazine* was supplanted by R. W. Griswold. The story goes that Poe disappeared for a few days, as was his peculiar custom, and when he returned to the office he found Griswold seated in the editorial chair. Without waiting for explanations, he turned on his heel and left the office. Poe, however, continued to be a contributor to this periodical, and was on friendly terms with the owner.

Other ventures in editorial work and original schemes for founding an independent magazine occupied Poe at this time, but he seems never to have been able to put his plans into operation or to get on in the world. He gained wide fame through *The Raven*, which was published in 1845, and a new edition of his verses with this poem leading in the title was issued in the fall of the same year. The next year, he took up his residence in the famous cottage at Fordham, near New York. Here he tried to make a living by his contributions to various magazines, but he was continually yielding to his taste for drink and the use of opium. His health failed, and the whole family was for a time dependent upon public charity.

In 1847 his young wife died. From this time on to the end of his life, Poe seems to have been a broken-hearted and hopeless man. Once or twice he made a real effort to throw off the terrible gloom and the distressing habits which had gained such a grip on him. His genius had not yet been exhausted, for he produced in these last years some of his most exquisite lyric poems, such as *Ulalume*, *The Bells*, and *Annabel Lee*. He was unable to make a living, however. He tried to earn something by lecturing, but he failed to attract an audience in New York. He then went South, and here he met with more success. At Richmond his friends rallied to his support, and in a benefit lecture he realized about fifteen hundred dollars. He intended to return to New York, where Mrs. Clemm was anxiously waiting to hear from him and learn his plans, but he never reached that city. Mystery hangs about his last days. No one knows what happened to him after he left Richmond on September 30, 1849. When his friends found him three days later, he was lying unconscious in a saloon which had been used as one of

the ward polling places in a city election at Baltimore. The physician who attended him, and had him taken to Washington Hospital, testified that Poe was not drunk but drugged. The theory now generally accepted is that he fell into the hands of a corrupt electioneering gang, was drugged and robbed, and then carried around from polling place to polling place and made to vote under false names. On Sunday morning, October 7, 1849, the ill-starred poet passed quietly away.

Such was the life of the strangest and most unfortunate of all American men of letters. There are those who condemn Poe as an ingrate, a degenerate, a reprobate; but those more charitably inclined consider him an unfortunate son of genius who was unable, from his very nature, to control his actions. That he was unreliable, erratic, intemperate, his most ardent admirers will not deny. That he was dishonest, immoral, or licentious, his enemies will hesitate to affirm. That he was his own worst enemy, all will readily admit. His life is one to point a moral.

Poe's life story attracts us both because of its mystery and because of its pathos. As to his literary power, there is but one opinion. Abroad he is generally considered the greatest of American poets, and there are many in our own country who accept this judgment without question. His poetry has in it a quality of mystery and illusiveness, a peculiar beauty of harmony and rhythm, a haunting weirdness of melody, that make it a distinct and original type; his critical works, though many of them were written as mere "pot-boilers," have won consideration among scholars; he is given credit for creating the modern detective or ratiocinative story; and as a writer of tales of mystery and horror he is acknowledged to be without a peer.

(There are many books and essays on Poe, but the authoritative biography is that by George E. Woodberry, published in two volumes, in 1909.)

THE GOLD BUG

"What ho! what ho! this fellow is dancing mad!
He hath been bitten by the Tarantula."

—All in the Wrong.

Many years ago, I contracted an intimacy with a Mr. William Legrand. He was of an ancient Huguenot family, and had once been wealthy; but a series of misfortunes had reduced him to want. To avoid the mortification consequent upon his disasters, he left New Orleans, the city of his forefathers, and took up his residence at Sullivan's Island, near Charleston, South Carolina.

This island is a very singular one. It consists of little else than the sea sand, and is about three miles long. Its breadth at no point exceeds a quarter of a mile. It is separated from the main-land by a scarcely perceptible creek, oozing its way through a wilderness of reeds and slime, a favorite resort of the marsh-hen. The vegetation, as might be supposed, is scant, or at least dwarfish. No trees of any magnitude are to be seen. Near the western extremity, where Fort Moultrie stands, and where are some miserable frame buildings, tenanted during summer by the fugitives from Charleston dust and fever, may be found, indeed, the bristly palmetto; but the whole island, with the exception of this western point, and a line of hard white beach on the seacoast, is covered with a dense undergrowth of the sweet myrtle, so much prized by the horticulturists of England. The shrub here often attains the height of fifteen or twenty feet, and forms an almost impenetrable coppice, burdening the air with its fragrance.

In the utmost recesses of this coppice, not far from the eastern or more remote end of the island, Legrand had

built himself a small hut, which he occupied when I first, by mere accident, made his acquaintance. This soon ripened into friendship—for there was much in the recluse to excite interest and esteem. I found him well educated, with unusual powers of mind, but infected with misanthropy, and subject to perverse moods of alternate enthusiasm and melancholy. He had with him many books, but rarely employed them. His chief amusements were gunning and fishing, or sauntering along the beach and through the myrtles, in quest of shells or entomological specimens;—his collection of the latter might have been envied by a Swammerdamm. In these excursions he was usually accompanied by an old negro, called Jupiter, who had been manumitted before the reverses of the family, but who could be induced, neither by threats nor by promises, to abandon what he considered his right of attendance upon the footsteps of his young "Massa Will." It is not improbable that the relatives of Legrand, conceiving him to be somewhat unsettled in intellect, had contrived to instil this obstinacy into Jupiter, with a view to the supervision and guardianship of the wanderer.

The winters in the latitude of Sullivan's Island are seldom very severe, and in the fall of the year it is a rare event indeed when a fire is considered necessary. About the middle of October, 18—, there occurred, however, a day of remarkable chilliness. Just before sunset I scrambled my way through the evergreens to the hut of my friend, whom I had not visited for several weeks—my residence being at that time in Charleston, a distance of nine miles from the island, while the facilities of passage and re-passage were very far behind those of the present day. Upon reaching the hut I rapped, as was my custom, and, getting no reply, sought for the key where I knew it was secreted, unlocked the door and went in. A fine

fire was blazing upon the hearth. It was a novelty, and by no means an ungrateful one. I threw off an overcoat, took an armchair by the crackling logs, and awaited patiently the arrival of my hosts.

Soon after dark they arrived, and gave me a most cordial welcome. Jupiter, grinning from ear to ear, bustled about to prepare some marsh-hens for supper. Legrand was in one of his fits—how else shall I term them?—of enthusiasm. He had found an unknown bivalve, forming a new genus, and, more than this, he had hunted down and secured, with Jupiter's assistance, a *scarabæus* which he believed to be totally new, but in respect to which he wished to have my opinion on the morrow.

"And why not to-night?" I asked, rubbing my hands over the blaze.

"Ah, if I had only known you were here!" said Legrand, "but it's so long since I saw you; and how could I foresee that you would pay me a visit this very night of all others? As I was coming home I met Lieutenant G——, from the fort, and, very foolishly, I lent him the bug; so it will be impossible for you to see it until the morning. Stay here to-night, and I will send Jup down for it at sunrise. It is the loveliest thing in creation!"

"What?—sunrise?"

"Nonsense! no!—the bug. It is of a brilliant gold color—about the size of a large hickory-nut—with two jet black spots near one extremity of the back, and another, somewhat longer, at the other. The *antennæ* are—"

"Dey aint *no* tin in him, Massa Will, I keep a tellin on you," here interrupted Jupiter; "de bug is a goole-bug, solid, ebery bit of him, inside and all, sep him wing—neber feel half so hebby a bug in my life."

"Well, suppose it is, Jup," replied Legrand, somewhat more earnestly, it seemed to me, than the case demanded,

"is that any reason for your letting the birds burn? The color"—here he turned to me—"is really almost enough to warrant Jupiter's idea. You never saw a more brilliant metallic lustre than the scales emit—but of this you cannot judge till to-morrow. In the mean time I can give you some idea of the shape." Saying this, he seated himself at a small table, on which were a pen and ink, but no paper. He looked for some in a drawer, but found none.

"Never mind," said he at length, "this will answer"; and he drew from his waistcoat pocket a scrap of what I took to be very dirty foolscap, and made upon it a rough drawing with the pen. While he did this, I retained my seat by the fire, for I was still chilly. When the design was complete, he handed it to me without rising. As I received it, a low growl was heard, succeeded by a scratching at the door. Jupiter opened it, and a large Newfoundland, belonging to Legrand, rushed in, leaped upon my shoulders, and loaded me with caresses, for I had shown him much attention during previous visits. When his gambols were over, I looked at the paper, and, to speak the truth, found myself not a little puzzled at what my friend had depicted.

"Well!" I said, after contemplating it for some minutes, "this *is* a strange *scarabæus*, I must confess; new to me: never saw anything like it before—unless it was a skull, or a death's-head, which it more nearly resembles than anything else that has come under *my* observation."

"A death's-head!" echoed Legrand—"Oh—yes—well, it has something of that appearance upon paper, no doubt. The two upper black spots look like eyes, eh? and the longer one at the bottom like a mouth—and then the shape of the whole is oval."

"Perhaps so," said I; "but, Legrand, I fear you are no artist. I must wait until I see the beetle itself, if I am to form any idea of its personal appearance."

"Well, I don't know," said he, a little nettled, "I draw tolerably—*should* do it at least—have had good masters, and flatter myself that I am not quite a blockhead."

"But, my dear fellow, you are joking then," said I, "this is a very passable *skull*,—indeed, I may say that it is a very *excellent* skull, according to the vulgar notions about such specimens of physiology—and your *scarabæus* must be the queerest *scarabæus* in the world if it resembles it. Why, we may get up a very thrilling bit of superstition upon this hint. I presume you will call the bug *scarabæus caput hominis*, or something of that kind—there are many similar titles in the Natural Histories. But where are the *antennæ* you spoke of?"

"The *antennæ!*" said Legrand, who seemed to be getting unaccountably warm upon the subject; "I am sure you must see the *antennæ*. I made them as distinct as they are in the original insect, and I presume that is sufficient."

"Well, well," I said, "perhaps you have—still I don't see them"; and I handed him the paper without additional remark, not wishing to ruffle his temper; but I was much surprised at the turn affairs had taken; his ill humor puzzled me—and, as for the drawing of the beetle, there were positively *no antennæ* visible, and the whole *did* bear a very close resemblance to the ordinary cuts of a death's-head.

He received the paper very peevishly, and was about to crumple it, apparently to throw it in the fire, when a casual glance at the design seemed suddenly to rivet his attention. In an instant his face grew violently red—in another as excessively pale. For some minutes he continued to scrutinize the drawing minutely where he sat. At length he arose, took a candle from the table, and proceeded to seat himself upon a sea-chest in the farthest corner of the room. Here again he made an anxious

examination of the paper; turning it in all directions. He said nothing, however, and his conduct greatly astonished me; yet I thought it prudent not to exacerbate the growing moodiness of his temper by any comment. Presently he took from his coat pocket a wallet, placed the paper carefully in it, and deposited both in a writing-desk, which he locked. He now grew more composed in his demeanor; but his original air of enthusiasm had quite disappeared. Yet he seemed not so much sulky as abstracted. As the evening wore away he became more and more absorbed in revery, from which no sallies of mine could arouse him. It had been my intention to pass the night at the hut, as I had frequently done before, but, seeing my host in this mood, I deemed it proper to take leave. He did not press me to remain, but, as I departed, he shook my hand with even more than his usual cordiality.

It was about a month after this (and during the interval I had seen nothing of Legrand) when I received a visit, at Charleston, from his man, Jupiter. I had never seen the good old negro look so dispirited, and I feared that some serious disaster had befallen my friend.

"Well, Jup," said I, "what is the matter now?—how is your master?"

"Why, to speak de troof, massa, him not so berry well as mought be."

"Not well! I am truly sorry to hear it. What does he complain of?"

"Dar! dat's it!—him neber plain of notin—but him berry sick for all dat."

"*Very* sick, Jupiter!—why didn't you say so at once? Is he confined to bed?"

"No, dat he aint!—he aint find nowhar—dat's just whar de shoe pinch—my mind is got to be berry hebby bout poor Massa Will."

"Jupiter, I should like to understand what it is you are talking about. You say your master is sick. Hasn't he told you what ails him?"

"Why, massa, taint worf while for to git mad bout de matter—Massa Will say noffin at all aint de matter wid him—but den what make him go about looking dis here way, wid he head down and he soldiers up, and as white as a gose? And den he keep a syphon all de time—"

"Keeps a what, Jupiter?"

"Keeps a syphon wid de figgurs on de slate—de queerest figgurs I ebber did see. Ise gittin to be skeered, I tell you. Hab for to keep mighty tight eye pon him noovers. Todder day he gib me slip fore de sun up, and was gone de whole ob de blessed day. I had a big stick ready cut for to gib him good beating when he did come—but Ise sich a fool dat I hadn't de heart arter all—he look so berry poorly."

"Eh?—what?—ah yes!—upon the whole I think you had better not be too severe with the poor fellow—don't flog him, Jupiter—he can't very well stand it—but can you form no idea of what has occasioned this illness, or rather this change of conduct? Has anything unpleasant happened since I saw you?"

"No, massa, dey aint bin noffin onpleasant *since* den—'twas *fore* den I'm feared—'twas de berry day you was dare."

"How? what do you mean?"

"Why, massa, I mean de bug—dare now."

"The what?"

"De bug—I'm berry sartain dat Massa Will bin bit somewhere bout de head by dat goole-bug."

"And what cause have you, Jupiter, for such a supposition?"

"Claws enuff, massa, and mouff too. I nebber did see

sich a bug—he kick and he bite ebery ting what cum near him. Massa Will cotch him fuss, but had for to let him go gin mighty quick, I tell you—den was de time he must ha got de bite. I didn't like de look ob de bug mouff, myself, no how, so I wouldn't take hold ob him wid my finger, but I cotch him wid a piece ob paper dat I found. I rap him up in de paper and stuff piece ob it in he mouff—dat was de way."

"And you think, then, that your master was really bitten by the beetle, and that the bite made him sick?"

"I don't tink noffin about it—I nose it. What make him dream bout de goole so much, if taint cause he bit by de goole-bug? Ise heerd bout dem goole-bugs fore dis."

"But how do you know he dreams about gold?"

"How I know? why, cause he talk about it in he sleep—dat's how I nose."

"Well, Jup, perhaps you are right; but to what fortunate circumstance am I to attribute the honor of a visit from you to-day?"

"What de matter, massa?"

"Did you bring any message from Mr. Legrand?"

"No, massa, I bring dis here pissel"; and here Jupiter handed me a note which ran thus:

"My Dear ——,

"Why have I not seen you for so long a time? I hope you have not been so foolish as to take offense at any little *brusquerie* of mine; but nó, that is improbable.

"Since I saw you I have had great cause for anxiety. I have something to tell you, yet scarcely know how to tell it, or whether I should tell it at all.

"I have not been quite well for some days past, and poor old Jup annoys me, almost beyond endurance, by his well-meant attentions. Would you believe it?—he had prepared a huge stick, the other day, with which to chastise me for giving him the slip, and spending the day, *solus*, among the hills on the main-land. I verily believe that my ill looks alone saved me a flogging.

"I have made no addition to my cabinet since we met.

"If you can, in any way, make it convenient, come over with Jupiter. *Do* come. I wish to see you *to-night*, upon business of importance. I assure you that it is of the *highest* importance.

"Ever yours,

"WILLIAM LEGRAND."

There was something in the tone of this note which gave me great uneasiness. Its whole style differed materially from that of Legrand. What could he be dreaming of? What new crotchet possessed his excitable brain? What "business of the highest importance" could *he* possibly have to transact? Jupiter's account of him boded no good. I dreaded lest the continued pressure of misfortune had, at length, fairly unsettled the reason of my friend. Without a moment's hesitation, therefore, I prepared to accompany the negro.

Upon reaching the wharf, I noticed a scythe and three spades, all apparently new, lying in the bottom of the boat in which we were to embark.

"What is the meaning of all this, Jup?" I inquired.

"Him syfe, massa, and spade."

"Very true; but what are they doing here?"

"Him de syfe and de spade what Massa Will sis pon my buying for him in de town, and de debbil's own lot of money I had to gib for em."

"But what, in the name of all that is mysterious, is your 'Massa Will' going to do with scythes and spades?"

"Dat's more dan *I* know, and I blieve 'tis more dan he know, too. But it's all cum ob de bug."

Finding that no satisfaction was to be obtained of Jupiter, whose whole intellect seemed to be absorbed by "de bug," I now stepped into the boat and made sail. With a fair and strong breeze we soon ran into the little cove to the northward of Fort Moultrie, and a walk of

some two miles brought us to the hut. It was about three in the afternoon when we arrived. Legrand had been awaiting us in eager expectation. He grasped my hand with a nervous *empressement*, which alarmed me and strengthened the suspicions already entertained. His countenance was pale even to ghastliness, and his deep-set eyes glared with unnatural lustre. After some inquiries respecting his health, I asked him, not knowing what better to say, if he had yet obtained the *scarabæus* from Lieutenant G——.

"Oh, yes," he replied, coloring violently, "I got it from him the next morning. Nothing should tempt me to part with that *scarabæus*. Do you know that Jupiter is quite right about it!"

"In what way?" I asked, with a sad foreboding at heart.

"In supposing it to be a bug of *real gold*." He said this with an air of profound seriousness, and I felt inexpressibly shocked.

"This bug is to make my fortune," he continued, with a triumphant smile, "to reinstate me in my family possessions. Is it any wonder, then, that I prize it? Since Fortune has thought fit to bestow it upon me, I have only to use it properly and I shall arrive at the gold of which it is the index. Jupiter, bring me that *scarabæus!*"

"What! de bug, massa? I'd rudder not go fer trubble dat bug—you mus git him for your own self." Hereupon Legrand arose, with a grave and stately air, and brought me the beetle from a glass case in which it was enclosed. It was a beautiful *scarabæus*, and, at that time, unknown to naturalists—of course a great prize in a scientific point of view. There were two round, black spots near one extremity of the back, and a long one near the other. The scales were exceedingly hard and glossy, with all the appearance of burnished gold. The weight of the insect

was very remarkable, and, taking all things into consideration, I could hardly blame Jupiter for his opinion respecting it; but what to make of Legrand's agreement with that opinion, I could not, for the life of me, tell.

"I sent for you," said he, in a grandiloquent tone, when I had completed my examination of the beetle, "I sent for you, that I might have your counsel and assistance in furthering the views of Fate and of the bug—"

"My dear Legrand," I cried, interrupting him, "you are certainly unwell, and had better use some little precautions. You shall go to bed, and I will remain with you a few days, until you get over this. You are feverish and—"

"Feel my pulse," said he.

I felt it, and, to say the truth, found not the slightest indication of fever.

"But you may be ill, and yet have no fever. Allow me this once to prescribe for you. In the first place, go to bed. In the next—"

"You are mistaken," he interposed, "I am as well as I can expect to be under the excitement which I suffer. If you really wish me well, you will relieve this excitement."

"And how is this to be done?"

"Very easily. Jupiter and myself are going upon an expedition into the hills, upon the main-land, and, in this expedition, we shall need the aid of some person in whom we can confide. You are the only one we can trust. Whether we succeed or fail, the excitement which you now perceive in me will be equally allayed."

"I am anxious to oblige you in any way," I replied; "but do you mean to say that this infernal beetle has any connection with your expedition into the hills?"

"It has."

"Then, Legrand, I can become a party to no such absurd proceeding."

"I am sorry—very sorry—for we shall have to try it by ourselves."

"Try it by yourselves! The man is surely mad!—but stay—how long do you propose to be absent?"

"Probably all night. We shall start immediately, and be back, at all events, by sunrise."

"And will you promise me, upon your honor, that when this freak of yours is over, and the bug business settled to your satisfaction, you will then return home and follow my advice implicitly, as that of your physician?"

"Yes; I promise; and now let us be off, for we have no time to lose."

With a heavy heart I accompanied my friend. We started about four o'clock—Legrand, Jupiter, the dog, and myself. Jupiter had with him the scythe and spades—the whole of which he insisted upon carrying, more through fear, it seemed to me, of trusting either of the implements within reach of his master, than from any excess of industry or complaisance. His demeanor was dogged in the extreme, and "dat deuced bug" were the sole words which escaped his lips during the journey. For my own part, I had charge of a couple of dark lanterns, while Legrand contented himself with the *scarabæus*, which he carried attached to the end of a bit of whip-cord; twirling it to and fro, with the air of a conjurer, as he went. When I observed this last, plain evidence of my friend's aberration of mind, I could scarcely refrain from tears. I thought it best, however, to humor his fancy, at least for the present, or until I could adopt some more energetic measures with a chance of success. In the mean time I endeavored, but all in vain, to sound him in regard to the object of the expedition. Having succeeded in inducing me to accompany him, he seemed unwilling to hold conversation upon any topic of minor importance, and to all my

questions vouchsafed no other reply than "we shall see!"

We crossed the creek at the head of the island by means of a skiff, and, ascending the high grounds on the shore of the main-land, proceeded in a northwesterly direction, through a tract of country excessively wild and desolate, where no trace of a human footstep was to be seen. Legrand led the way with decision; pausing only for an instant, here and there, to consult what appeared to be certain landmarks of his own contrivance upon a former occasion.

In this manner we journeyed for about two hours, and the sun was just setting when we entered a region infinitely more dreary than any yet seen. It was a species of table-land, near the summit of an almost inaccessible hill, densely wooded from base to pinnacle, and interspersed with huge crags that appeared to lie loosely upon the soil, and in many cases were prevented from precipitating themselves into the valleys below merely by the support of the trees against which they reclined. Deep ravines, in various directions, gave an air of still sterner solemnity to the scene.

The natural platform to which we had clambered was thickly overgrown with brambles, through which we soon discovered that it would have been impossible to force our way but for the scythe; and Jupiter, by direction of his master, proceeded to clear for us a path to the foot of an enormously tall tulip-tree, which stood, with some eight or ten oaks, upon the level, and far surpassed them all, and all other trees which I had then ever seen, in the beauty of its foliage and form, in the wide spread of its branches, and in the general majesty of its appearance. When we reached this tree, Legrand turned to Jupiter, and asked him if he thought he could climb it. The old man seemed a little staggered by the question, and for some moments made

no reply. At length he approached the huge trunk, walked slowly around it, and examined it with minute attention. When he had completed his scrutiny, he merely said:

"Yes, massa, Jup climb any tree he ebber see in he life."

"Then up with you as soon as possible, for it will soon be too dark to see what we are about."

"How far mus go up, massa?" inquired Jupiter.

"Get up the main trunk first, and then I will tell you which way to go—and here—stop! take this beetle with you."

"De bug, Massa Will!—de goole-bug!" cried the negro, drawing back in dismay—"what for mus tote de bug way up de tree?"

"If you are afraid, Jup, a great big negro like you, to take hold of a harmless little dead beetle, why, you can carry it up by this string—but, if you do not take it up with you in some way, I shall be under the necessity of breaking your head with this shovel—"

"What de matter now, massa?" said Jup, evidently shamed into compliance; "always want fur to raise fuss wid old nigger. Was only funnin anyhow. *Me* feered de bug! what I keer for de bug?" Here he took cautiously hold of the extreme end of the string, and, maintaining the insect as far from his person as circumstances would permit, prepared to ascend the tree.

In youth, the tulip-tree, or *Liriodendron Tulipifera*, the most magnificent of American foresters, has a trunk peculiarly smooth, and often rises to a great height without lateral branches; but, in its riper age, the bark becomes gnarled and uneven, while many short limbs make their appearance on the stem. Thus the difficulty of ascension, in the present case, lay more in semblance than in reality. Embracing the huge cylinder, as closely as possible, with his arms and knees, seizing with his hands some projections

and resting his naked toes upon others, Jupiter, after one or two narrow escapes from falling, at length wriggled himself into the first great fork, and seemed to consider the whole business as virtually accomplished. The *risk* of the achievement was, in fact, now over, although the climber was some sixty or seventy feet from the ground.

"Which way mus go now, Massa Will?" he asked.

"Keep up the largest branch,—the one on this side," said Legrand. The negro obeyed him promptly, and apparently with but little trouble; ascending higher and higher, until no glimpse of his squat figure could be obtained through the dense foliage which enveloped it. Presently his voice was heard in a sort of halloo.

"How much fudder is got for go?"

"How high up are you?" asked Legrand.

"Ebber so fur," replied the negro; "can see de sky fru de top ob de tree."

"Never mind the sky, but attend to what I say. Look down the trunk and count the limbs below you on this side. How many limbs have you passed?"

"One, two, tree, four, fibe—I done pass fibe big limb, massa, pon dis side."

"Then go one limb higher."

In a few minutes the voice was heard again, announcing that the seventh limb was attained.

"Now, Jup," cried Legrand, evidently much excited, "I want you to work your way out upon that limb as far as you can. If you see anything strange, let me know."

By this time what little doubt I might have entertained of my poor friend's insanity was put finally at rest. I had no alternative but to conclude him stricken with lunacy, and I became seriously anxious about getting him home. While I was pondering upon what was best to be done, Jupiter's voice was again heard.

"Mos feerd for to ventur pon dis limb berry far—'t is dead limb putty much all de way."

"Did you say it was a *dead* limb, Jupiter?" cried Legrand, in a quavering voice.

"Yes, massa, him dead as de door-nail—done up for sartin—done departed dis here life."

"What in the name of heaven shall I do?" asked Legrand, seemingly in the greatest distress.

"Do!" said I, glad of an opportunity to interpose a word, "why, come home and go to bed. Come now!—that 's a fine fellow. It 's getting late, and, besides, you remember your promise."

"Jupiter," cried he, without heeding me in the least, "do you hear me?'

"Yes, Massa Will, hear you ebber so plain."

"Try the wood well, then, with your knife, and see if you think it *very* rotten."

"Him rotten, massa, sure nuff," replied the negro in a few moments, "but not so berry rotten as mought be. Mought ventur out leetle way pon de limb by myself, dat 's true."

"By yourself!—what do you mean?"

"Why, I mean de bug. 'T is *berry* hebby bug. Spose I drop him down fuss, and den de limb won't break wid just de weight ob one nigger."

"You infernal scoundrel!" cried Legrand, apparently much relieved, "what do you mean by telling me such nonsense as that? As sure as you let that beetle fall, I 'll break your neck. Look here, Jupiter! do you hear me?"

"Yes, massa, need n't hollo at poor nigger dat style."

"Well! now listen!—if you will venture out on the limb as far as you think safe, and not let go the beetle, I 'll make you a present of a silver dollar as soon as you get down."

"I 'm gwine, Massa Will—deed I is," replied the negro very promptly—"mos out to the eend now."

"*Out to the end!*" here fairly screamed Legrand, "do you say you are out to the end of that limb?"

"Soon be to de eend, massa,—o-o-o-o-oh! Lor-a-marcy! what *is* dis here pon de tree?"

"Well!" cried Legrand, highly delighted, "what is it?"

"Why, taint noffin but a skull—somebody bin lef him head up de tree, and de crows done gobble ebery bit ob de meat off."

"A skull, you say!—very well!—how is it fastened to the limb?—what holds it on?"

"Sure nuff, massa; mus look. Why, dis berry curous sarcumstance, pon my word—dare's a great big nail in de skull, what fastens ob it on to de tree."

"Well now, Jupiter, do exactly as I tell you—do you hear?"

"Yes, massa."

"Pay attention, then!—find the left eye of the skull."

"Hum! hoo! dat's good! why, dar aint no eye lef at all."

"Curse your stupidity! do you know your right hand from your left?"

"Yes, I nose dat—nose all bout dat—'tis my lef hand what I chops de wood wid."

"To be sure! you are left-handed; and your left eye is on the same side as your left hand. Now, I suppose, you can find the left eye of the skull, or the place where the left eye has been. Have you found it?"

Here was a long pause. At length the negro asked:

"Is de lef eye of de skull pon de same side as de lef hand of de skull, too? cause de skull ain't got not a bit ob a hand at all—nebber mind! I got de lef eye now—here de lef eye! what mus do wid it?"

"Let the beetle drop through it, as far as the string will reach—but be careful and not let go your hold of the string."

"All dat done, Massa Will; mighty easy ting for to put de bug fru de hole—look out for him dar below!"

During this colloquy no portion of Jupiter's person could be seen; but the beetle, which he had suffered to descend, was now visible at the end of the string, and glistened, like a globe of burnished gold, in the last rays of the setting sun, some of which still faintly illumined the eminence upon which we stood. The *scarabæus* hung quite clear of any branches, and, if allowed to fall, would have fallen at our feet. Legrand immediately took the scythe, and cleared with it a circular space, three or four yards in diameter, just beneath the insect, and, having accomplished this, ordered Jupiter to let go the string and come down from the tree.

Driving a peg, with great nicety, into the ground, at the precise spot where the beetle fell, my friend now produced from his pocket a tape-measure. Fastening one end of this at that point of the trunk of the tree which was nearest the peg, he unrolled it till it reached the peg, and thence farther unrolled it, in the direction already established by the two points of the tree and the peg, for the distance of fifty feet—Jupiter clearing away the brambles with the scythe. At the spot thus attained a second peg was driven, and about this, as a centre, a rude circle, about four feet in diameter, described. Taking now a spade himself, and giving one to Jupiter and one to me, Legrand begged us to set about digging as quickly as possible.

To speak the truth, I had no especial relish for such amusement at any time, and, at that particular moment, would most willingly have declined it; for the night was coming on, and I felt much fatigued with the exercise already taken; but I saw no mode of escape, and was fearful of disturbing my poor friend's equanimity by a refusal. Could I have depended, indeed, upon Jupiter's aid, I would

have had no hesitation in attempting to get the lunatic home by force; but I was too well assured of the old negro's disposition to hope that he would assist me, under any circumstances, in a personal contest with his master. I made no doubt that the latter had been infected with some of the innumerable Southern superstitions about money buried, and that his fantasy had received confirmation by the finding of the *scarabæus*, or, perhaps, by Jupiter's obstinacy in maintaining it to be "a bug of real gold." A mind disposed to lunacy would readily be led away by such suggestions, especially if chiming in with favorite preconceived ideas; and then I called to mind the poor fellow's speech about the beetle's being "the index of his fortune." Upon the whole, I was sadly vexed and puzzled, but at length I concluded to make a virtue of necessity—to dig with a good will, and thus the sooner to convince the visionary, by ocular demonstration, of the fallacy of the opinions he entertained.

The lanterns having been lit, we all fell to work with a zeal worthy a more rational cause; and, as the glare fell upon our persons and implements, I could not help thinking how picturesque a group we composed, and how strange and suspicious our labors must have appeared to any interloper who, by chance, might have stumbled upon our whereabouts.

We dug very steadily for two hours. Little was said; and our chief embarrassment lay in the yelpings of the dog, who took exceeding interest in our proceedings. He, at length, became so obstreperous, that we grew fearful of his giving the alarm to some stragglers in the vicinity; or, rather, this was the apprehension of Legrand; for myself, I should have rejoiced at any interruption which might have enabled me to get the wanderer home. The noise was, at length, very effectually silenced by Jupiter, who,

getting out of the hole with a dogged air of deliberation, tied the brute's mouth up with one of his suspenders, and then returned, with a grave chuckle, to his task.

When the time mentioned had expired, we had reached a depth of five feet, and yet no signs of any treasure became manifest. A general pause ensued, and I began to hope that the farce was at an end. Legrand, however, although evidently much disconcerted, wiped his brow thoughtfully and recommenced. We had excavated the entire circle of four feet diameter, and now we slightly enlarged the limit, and went to the farther depth of two feet. Still nothing appeared. The gold-seeker, whom I sincerely pitied, at length clambered from the pit, with the bitterest disappointment imprinted upon every feature, and proceeded, slowly and reluctantly, to put on his coat, which he had thrown off at the beginning of his labor. In the mean time I made no remark. Jupiter, at a signal from his master, began to gather up his tools. This done, and the dog having been unmuzzled, we turned in profound silence towards home.

We had taken, perhaps, a dozen steps in this direction, when, with a loud oath, Legrand strode up to Jupiter, and seized him by the collar. The astonished negro opened his eyes and mouth to the fullest extent, let fall the spades, and fell upon his knees.

"You scoundrel," said Legrand, hissing out the syllables from between his clenched teeth, "you infernal black villain!—speak, I tell you!—answer me this instant, without prevarication!—which—which is your left eye?"

"Oh, my, Massa Will! aint dis here my lef eye for sartain?" roared the terrified Jupiter, placing his hand upon his *right* organ of vision, and holding it there with a desperate pertinacity, as if in immediate dread of his master's attempt at a gouge.

"I thought so!—I knew it! hurrah!" vociferated Legrand, letting the negro go, and executing a series of curvets and caracoles, much to the astonishment of his valet, who, arising from his knees, looked mutely from his master to myself, and then from myself to his master.

"Come! we must go back," said the latter, "the game's not up yet"; and he again led the way to the tulip-tree.

"Jupiter," said he, when we reached its foot, "come here! was the skull nailed to the limb with the face outward, or with the face to the limb?"

"De face was out, massa, so dat de crows could get at de eyes good, widout any trouble."

"Well, then, was it this eye or that through which you dropped the beetle?"—here Legrand touched each of Jupiter's eyes.

"'Twas dis eye, massa—de lef eye—jis as you tell me," and here it was his right eye that the negro indicated.

"That will do—we must try it again."

Here my friend, about whose madness I now saw, or fancied that I saw, certain indications of method, removed the peg which marked the spot where the beetle fell, to a spot about three inches to the westward of its former position. Taking, now, the tape-measure from the nearest point of the trunk to the peg, as before, and continuing the extension in a straight line to the distance of fifty feet, a spot was indicated, removed, by several yards, from the point at which we had been digging.

Around the new position a circle, somewhat larger than in the former instance, was now described, and we again set to work with the spades. I was dreadfully weary, but, scarcely understanding what had occasioned the change in my thoughts, I felt no longer any great aversion from the labor imposed. I had become most unaccountably interested—nay, even excited. Perhaps there was something,

amid all the extravagant demeanor of Legrand—some air of forethought, or of deliberation, which impressed me. I dug eagerly, and now and then caught myself actually looking, with something that very much resembled expectation, for the fancied treasure, the vision of which had demented my unfortunate companion. At a period when such vagaries of thought most fully possessed me, and when we had been at work perhaps an hour and a half, we were again interrupted by the violent howlings of the dog. His uneasiness, in the first instance, had been evidently but the result of playfulness or caprice, but he now assumed a bitter and serious tone. Upon Jupiter's again attempting to muzzle him, he made furious resistance, and, leaping into the hole, tore up the mould frantically with his claws. In a few seconds he had uncovered a mass of human bones, forming two complete skeletons, intermingled with several buttons of metal, and what appeared to be the dust of decayed woollen. One or two strokes of a spade upturned the blade of a large Spanish knife, and, as we dug farther, three or four loose pieces of gold and silver coin came to light.

At the sight of these the joy of Jupiter could scarcely be restrained, but the countenance of his master wore an air of extreme disappointment. He urged us, however, to continue our exertions, and the words were hardly uttered when I stumbled and fell forward, having caught the toe of my boot in a large ring of iron that lay half-buried in the loose earth.

We now worked in earnest, and never did I pass ten minutes of more intense excitement. During this interval we had fairly unearthed an oblong chest of wood, which, from its perfect preservation and wonderful hardness, had plainly been subjected to some mineralizing process—perhaps that of the bichloride of mercury. This box was

three feet and a half long, three feet broad, and two and a half feet deep. It was firmly secured by bands of wrought iron, riveted, and forming a kind of trellis-work over the whole. On each side of the chest, near the top, were three rings of iron—six in all—by means of which a firm hold could be obtained by six persons. Our utmost united endeavors served only to disturb the coffer very slightly in its bed. We at once saw the impossibility of removing so great a weight. Luckily, the sole fastenings of the lid consisted of two sliding bolts. These we drew back—trembling and panting with anxiety. In an instant, a treasure of incalculable value lay gleaming before us. As the rays of the lanterns fell within the pit, there flashed upwards, from a confused heap of gold and of jewels, a glow and a glare that absolutely dazzled our eyes.

I shall not pretend to describe the feelings with which I gazed. Amazement was, of course, predominant. Legrand appeared exhausted with excitement, and spoke very few words. Jupiter's countenance wore, for some minutes, as deadly a pallor as it is possible, in the nature of things, for any negro's visage to assume. He seemed stupefied—thunder-stricken. Presently he fell upon his knees in the pit, and, burying his naked arms up to the elbows in gold, let them there remain, as if enjoying the luxury of a bath. At length, with a deep sigh, he exclaimed, as if in a soliloquy:

"And dis all cum ob de goole-bug! de putty goole-bug! de poor little goole-bug, what I boosed in dat sabage kind ob style! Aint you ashamed ob yourself, nigger?—answer me dat!"

It became necessary, at last, that I should arouse both master and valet to the expediency of removing the treasure. It was growing late, and it behooved us to make exertion, that we might get everything housed before

daylight. It was difficult to say what should be done, and much time was spent in deliberation—so confused were the ideas of all. We finally lightened the box by removing two thirds of its contents, when we were enabled, with some trouble, to raise it from the hole. The articles taken out were deposited among the brambles, and the dog left to guard them, with strict orders from Jupiter neither, upon any pretence, to stir from the spot, nor to open his mouth until our return. We then hurriedly made for home with the chest; reaching the hut in safety, but after excessive toil, at one o'clock in the morning. Worn out as we were, it was not in human nature to do more just now. We rested until two, and had supper; starting for the hills immediately afterwards, armed with three stout sacks, which by good luck were upon the premises. A little before four we arrived at the pit, divided the remainder of the booty, as equally as might be, among us, and, leaving the holes unfilled, again set out for the hut, at which, for the second time, we deposited our golden burdens, just as the first streaks of the dawn gleamed from over the tree-tops in the east.

We were now thoroughly broken down; but the intense excitement of the time denied us repose. After an unquiet slumber of some three or four hours' duration, we arose, as if by preconcert, to make examination of our treasure.

The chest had been full to the brim, and we spent the whole day, and the greater part of the next night, in a scrutiny of its contents. There had been nothing like order or arrangement. Everything had been heaped in promiscuously. Having assorted all with care, we found ourselves possessed of even vaster wealth than we had at first supposed. In coin there was rather more than four hundred and fifty thousand dollars: estimating the value of the pieces, as accurately as we could, by the tables of

the period. There was not a particle of silver. All was gold of antique date and of great variety: French, Spanish, and German money, with a few English guineas, and some counters, of which we had never seen specimens before. There were several very large and heavy coins, so worn that we could make nothing of their inscriptions. There was no American money. The value of the jewels we found more difficulty in estimating. There were diamonds—some of them exceedingly large and fine—a hundred and ten in all, and not one of them small; eighteen rubies of remarkable brilliancy; three hundred and ten emeralds, all very beautiful; and twenty-one sapphires, with an opal. These stones had all been broken from their settings and thrown loose in the chest. The settings themselves, which we picked out from among the other gold, appeared to have been beaten up with hammers, as if to prevent identification. Besides all this, there was a vast quantity of solid gold ornaments: nearly two hundred massive finger and ear rings; rich chains—thirty of these, if I remember; eighty-three very large and heavy crucifixes; five gold censers of great value; a prodigious golden punch-bowl, ornamented with richly chased vine-leaves and Bacchanalian figures; with two sword-handles exquisitely embossed, and many other smaller articles which I cannot recollect. The weight of these valuables exceeded three hundred and fifty pounds avoirdupois; and in this estimate I have not included one hundred and ninety-seven superb gold watches; three of the number being worth each five hundred dollars, if one. Many of them were very old, and as time-keepers valueless, the works having suffered more or less from corrosion; but all were richly jewelled and in cases of great worth. We estimated the entire contents of the chest, that night, at a million and a half of dollars; and, upon the subsequent

disposal of the trinkets and jewels (a few being retained for our own use), it was found that we had greatly undervalued the treasure.

When, at length, we had concluded our examination, and the intense excitement of the time had in some measure subsided, Legrand, who saw that I was dying with impatience for a solution of this most extraordinary riddle, entered into a full detail of all the circumstances connected with it.

"You remember," said he, "the night when I handed you the rough sketch I had made of the *scarabæus*. You recollect also, that I became quite vexed at you for insisting that my drawing resembled a death's-head. When you first made this assertion I thought you were jesting; but afterwards I called to mind the peculiar spots on the back of the insect, and admitted to myself that your remark had some little foundation in fact. Still, the sneer at my graphic powers irritated me—for I am considered a good artist—and, therefore, when you handed me the scrap of parchment, I was about to crumple it up and throw it angrily into the fire."

"The scrap of paper you mean," said I.

"No: it had much of the appearance of paper, and at first I supposed it to be such, but when I came to draw upon it, I discovered it, at once, to be a piece of very thin parchment. It was quite dirty, you remember. Well, as I was in the very act of crumpling it up, my glance fell upon the sketch at which you had been looking, and you may imagine my astonishment when I perceived, in fact, the figure of a death's-head just where, it seemed to me, I had made the drawing of the beetle. For a moment I was too much amazed to think with accuracy. I knew that my design was very different in detail from this—although there was a certain similarity in general outline.

Presently I took a candle and, seating myself at the other end of the room, proceeded to scrutinize the parchment more closely. Upon turning it over, I saw my own sketch upon the reverse, just as I had made it. My first idea, now, was mere surprise at the really remarkable similarity of outline—at the singular coincidence involved in the fact that, unknown to me, there should have been a skull upon the other side of the parchment, immediately beneath my figure of the *scarabæus*, and that this skull, not only in outline, but in size, should so closely resemble my drawing. I say the singularity of this coincidence absolutely stupefied me for a time. This is the usual effect of such coincidences. The mind struggles to establish a connection—a sequence of cause and effect—and, being unable to do so, suffers a species of temporary paralysis. But, when I recovered from this stupor, there dawned upon me gradually a conviction which startled me even far more than the coincidence. I began distinctly, positively, to remember that there had been *no* drawing on the parchment when I made my sketch of the *scarabæus*. I became perfectly certain of this; for I recollected turning up first one side and then the other, in search of the cleanest spot. Had the skull been then there, of course I could not have failed to notice it. Here was indeed a mystery which I felt it impossible to explain; but, even at that early moment, there seemed to glimmer, faintly, within the most remote and secret chambers of my intellect, a glow-worm-like conception of that truth which last night's adventure brought to so magnificent a demonstration. I arose at once, and, putting the parchment securely away, dismissed all farther reflection until I should be alone.

"When you had gone, and when Jupiter was fast asleep, I betook myself to a more methodical investigation of the affair. In the first place I considered the manner

in which the parchment had come into my possession. The spot where we discovered the *scarabæus* was on the coast of the main-land, about a mile eastward of the island, and but a short distance above high-water mark. Upon my taking hold of it, it gave me a sharp bite, which caused me to let it drop. Jupiter, with his accustomed caution, before seizing the insect, which had flown towards him, looked about him for a leaf, or something of that nature, by which to take hold of it. It was at this moment that his eyes, and mine also, fell upon the scrap of parchment, which I then supposed to be paper. It was lying half-buried in the sand, a corner sticking up. Near the spot where we found it, I observed the remnants of the hull of what appeared to have been a ship's long boat. The wreck seemed to have been there for a very great while; for the resemblance to boat timbers could scarcely be traced.

"Well, Jupiter picked up the parchment, wrapped the beetle in it, and gave it to me. Soon afterwards we turned to go home, and on the way met Lieutenant G——. I showed him the insect, and he begged me to let him take it to the fort. On my consenting, he thrust it forthwith into his waistcoat pocket, without the parchment in which it had been wrapped, and which I had continued to hold in my hand during his inspection. Perhaps he dreaded my changing my mind, and thought it best to make sure of the prize at once—you know how enthusiastic he is on all subjects connected with Natural History. At the same time, without being conscious of it, I must have deposited the parchment in my own pocket.

"You remember that when I went to the table, for the purpose of making a sketch of the beetle, I found no paper where it was usually kept. I looked in the drawer, and found none there. I searched my pockets, hoping to find

an old letter, and then my hand fell upon the parchment. I thus detail the precise mode in which it came into my possession; for the circumstances impressed me with peculiar force.

"No doubt you will think me fanciful—but I had already established a kind of *connection*. I had put together two links of a great chain. There was a boat lying on a sea-coast, and not far from the boat was a parchment—*not a paper*—with a skull depicted on it. You will, of course, ask 'where is the connection?' I reply that the skull, or death's-head, is the well-known emblem of the pirate. The flag of the death's-head is hoisted in all engagements.

"I have said that the scrap was parchment, and not paper. Parchment is durable—almost imperishable. Matters of little moment are rarely consigned to parchment; since, for the mere ordinary purposes of drawing or writing, it is not nearly so well adapted as paper. This reflection suggested some meaning—some relevancy—in the death's-head. I did not fail to observe, also, the *form* of the parchment. Although one of its corners had been, by some accident, destroyed, it could be seen that the original form was oblong. It was just such a slip, indeed, as might have been chosen for a memorandum—for a record of something to be long remembered and carefully preserved."

"But," I interposed, "you say that the skull was *not* upon the parchment when you made the drawing of the beetle. How then do you trace any connection between the boat and the skull—since this latter, according to your own admission, must have been designed at some period subsequent to your sketching the *scarabæus?*"

"Ah, hereupon turns the whole mystery; although the secret, at this point, I had comparatively little difficulty in solving. My steps were sure, and could afford but a

single result. I reasoned, for example, thus: When I drew the *scarabæus*, there was no skull apparent on the parchment. When I had completed the drawing I gave it to you, and observed you narrowly until you returned it. *You*, therefore, did not design the skull, and no one else was present to do it. Then it was not done by human agency. And nevertheless it was done.

"At this stage of my reflections I endeavored to remember, and *did* remember, with entire distinctness, every incident which occurred about the period in question. The weather was chilly (O rare and happy accident!) and a fire was blazing on the hearth. I was heated with exercise and sat near the table. You, however, had drawn a chair close to the chimney. Just as I placed the parchment in your hand, and as you were in the act of inspecting it, Wolf, the Newfoundland, entered, and leaped upon your shoulders. With your left hand you caressed him and kept him off, while your right, holding the parchment, was permitted to fall listlessly between your knees, and in close proximity to the fire. At one moment I thought the blaze had caught it, and was about to caution you, but, before I could speak, you had withdrawn it, and were engaged in its examination. When I considered all these particulars, I doubted not for a moment that *heat* had been the agent in bringing to light, on the parchment, the skull which I saw designed on it. You are well aware that chemical preparations exist, and have existed time out of mind, by means of which it is possible to write on either paper or vellum, so that the characters shall become visible only when subjected to the action of fire. Zaffre, digested in *aqua regia*, and diluted with four times its weight of water, is sometimes employed; a green tint results. The regulus of cobalt, dissolved in spirit of nitre, gives a red. These colors disappear at longer or shorter intervals

after the material written upon cools, but again become apparent upon the re-application of heat.

"I now scrutinized the death's-head with care. Its outer edges—the edges of the drawing nearest the edge of the vellum—were far more *distinct* than the others. It was clear that the action of the caloric had been imperfect or unequal. I immediately kindled a fire, and subjected every portion of the parchment to a glowing heat. At first, the only effect was the strengthening of the faint lines in the skull; but, on persevering in the experiment, there became visible, at the corner of the slip, diagonally opposite to the spot in which the death's-head was delineated, the figure of what I at first supposed to be a goat. A closer scrutiny, however, satisfied me that it was intended for a kid."

"Ha! ha!" said I, "to be sure I have no right to laugh at you—a million and a half of money is too serious a matter for mirth—but you are not about to establish a third link in your chain: you will not find any especial connection between your pirates and a goat; pirates, you know, have nothing to do with goats; they appertain to the farming interest."

"But I have just said that the figure was *not* that of a goat."

"Well, a kid, then—pretty much the same thing."

"Pretty much, but not altogether," said Legrand. "You may have heard of one *Captain* Kidd. I at once looked upon the figure of the animal as a kind of punning or hieroglyphical signature. I say signature, because its position on the vellum suggested this idea. The death's-head at the corner diagonally opposite had, in the same manner, the air of a stamp, or seal. But I was sorely put out by the absence of all else—of the body to my imagined instrument—of the text for my context."

"I presume you expected to find a letter between the stamp and the signature."

"Something of that kind. The fact is, I felt irresistibly impressed with a presentiment of some vast good fortune impending. I can scarcely say why. Perhaps, after all, it was rather a desire than an actual belief;—but do you know that Jupiter's silly words, about the bug being of solid gold, had a remarkable effect on my fancy? And then the series of accidents and coincidences—these were so *very* extraordinary. Do you observe how mere an accident it was that these events should have occurred on the *sole* day of all the year in which it has been, or may be, sufficiently cool for fire, and that without the fire, or without the intervention of the dog at the precise moment in which he appeared, I should never have become aware of the death's-head, and so never the possessor of the treasure?"

"But proceed—I am all impatience."

"Well; you have heard, of course, the many stories current—the thousand vague rumors afloat about money buried, somewhere on the Atlantic coast, by Kidd and his associates. These rumors must have had some foundation in fact. And that the rumors have existed so long and so continuously, could have resulted, it appeared to me, only from the circumstance of the buried treasure still *remaining* entombed. Had Kidd concealed his plunder for a time, and afterwards reclaimed it, the rumors would scarcely have reached us in their present unvarying form. You will observe that the stories told are all about money-seekers, not about money-finders. Had the pirate recovered his money, there the affair would have dropped. It seemed to me that some accident—say the loss of a memorandum indicating its locality—had deprived him of the means of recovering it, and that this accident had

become known to his followers, who otherwise might never have heard that treasure had been concealed at all, and who, busying themselves in vain, because unguided, attempts to regain it, had given first birth, and then universal currency, to the reports which are now so common. Have you ever heard of any important treasure being unearthed along the coast?"

"Never."

"But that Kidd's accumulations were immense is well known. I took it for granted, therefore, that the earth still held them; and you will scarcely be surprised when I tell you that I felt a hope, nearly amounting to certainty, that the parchment so strangely found involved a lost record of the place of deposit."

"But how did you proceed?"

"I held the vellum again to the fire, after increasing the heat, but nothing appeared. I now thought it possible that the coating of dirt might have something to do with the failure; so I carefully rinsed the parchment by pouring warm water over it, and, having done this, I placed it in a tin pan, with the skull downwards, and put the pan upon a furnace of lighted charcoal. In a few minutes, the pan having become thoroughly heated, I removed the slip, and, to my inexpressible joy, found it spotted, in several places, with what appeared to be figures arranged in lines. Again I placed it in the pan, and suffered it to remain another minute. Upon taking it off, the whole was just as you see it now."

Here Legrand, having reheated the parchment, submitted it to my inspection. The following characters were rudely traced, in a red tint, between the death's-head and the goat:—

53‡‡†305))6*;4826)4‡.)4‡);806*;48†8¶60))85;;]8*;:‡*8†83
(88)5*†;46(;88*96*?;8)*‡(;485);5*†2:*‡(;4956*2(5*—:4)8¶8

;4069285);)6†8)4‡‡;1(‡9;48081;8:8‡1;48†85;4)485†528806
81(‡9;48;(88;4(‡?34;48)4‡;161;:188;‡?;

"But," said I, returning him the slip, "I am as much in the dark as ever. Were all the jewels of Golconda awaiting me upon my solution of this enigma, I am quite sure that I should be unable to earn them."

"And yet," said Legrand, "the solution is by no means so difficult as you might be led to imagine from the first hasty inspection of the characters. These characters, as any one might readily guess, form a cipher—that is to say, they convey a meaning; but then, from what is known of Kidd, I could not suppose him capable of constructing any of the more abstruse cryptographs. I made up my mind, at once, that this was of a simple species—such, however, as would appear to the crude intellect of the sailor, absolutely insoluble without the key."

"And you really solved it?"

"Readily; I have solved others of an abstruseness ten thousand times greater. Circumstances, and a certain bias of mind, have led me to take interest in such riddles, and it may well be doubted whether human ingenuity can construct an enigma of the kind which human ingenuity may not, by proper application, resolve. In fact, having once established connected and legible characters, I scarcely gave a thought to the mere difficulty of developing their import.

"In the present case—indeed in all cases of secret writing—the first question regards the *language* of the cipher; for the principles of solution, so far, especially as the more simple ciphers are concerned, depend on, and are varied by, the genius of the particular idiom. In general, there is no alternative but experiment (directed by probabilities) of every tongue known to him who attempts the solution, until the true one be attained. But, with

the cipher now before us, all difficulty is removed by the signature. The pun upon the word 'Kidd' is appreciable in no other language than the English. But for this consideration I should have begun my attempts with the Spanish and French, as the tongues in which a secret of this kind would most naturally have been written by a pirate of the Spanish main. As it was, I assumed the cryptograph to be English.

"You observe there are no divisions between the words. Had there been divisions, the task would have been comparatively easy. In such case I should have commenced with a collation and analysis of the shorter words, and, had a word of a single letter occurred, as is most likely (*a* or *I*, for example), I should have considered the solution as assured. But, there being no division, my first step was to ascertain the predominant letters, as well as the least frequent. Counting all, I constructed a table thus:

"Of the character	8	there are	33
	;	"	26
	4	"	19
	‡)	"	16
	*	"	13
	5	"	12
	6	"	11
	(	"	10—Not given by Poe, but found in the cryptograph, and inserted to make the table complete.
	†1	"	8
	0	"	6
	92	"	5
	:3	"	4
	?	"	3
	¶	"	2
	]—.	"	1

"Now, in English, the letter which most frequently occurs is *e*. Afterwards, the succession runs thus: *a o i d h n r s t u y c f g l m w b k p q x z*. *E* predominates, however, so remarkably that an individual sentence of any length is rarely seen, in which it is not the prevailing character.

"Here, then, we have, in the very beginning, the ground-work for something more than a mere guess. The general use which may be made of the table is obvious—but, in this particular cipher, we shall only very partially require its aid. As our predominant character is 8, we will commence by assuming it as the *e* of the natural alphabet. To verify the supposition, let us observe if the 8 be seen often in couples—for *e* is doubled with great frequency in English—in such words, for example, as 'meet,' 'fleet,' 'speed,' 'seen,' 'been,' 'agree,' etc. In the present instance we see it doubled no less than five times, although the cryptograph is brief.

"Let us assume 8, then, as *e*. Now, of all *words* in the language, 'the' is most usual; let us see, therefore, whether there are not repetitions of any three characters, in the same order of collocation, the last of them being 8. If we discover repetitions of such letters, so arranged, they will most probably represent the word 'the.' On inspection, we find no less than seven such arrangements, the characters being ;48. We may, therefore, assume that the semicolon represents *t*, that 4 represents *h*, and that 8 represents *e*—the last being now well confirmed. Thus a great step has been taken.

"But, having established a single word, we are enabled to establish a vastly important point; that is to say, several commencements and terminations of other words. Let us refer, for example, to the last instance but one, in which the combination ;48 occurs—not far from the end

of the cipher. We know that the semicolon immediately ensuing is the commencement of a word, and, of the six characters succeeding this 'the,' we are cognizant of no less than five. Let us set these characters down, thus, by the letters we know them to represent, leaving a space for the unknown—

t eeth.

"Here we are enabled, at once, to discard the '*th*,' as forming no portion of the word commencing with the first *t*; since, by experiment of the entire alphabet for a letter adapted to the vacancy, we perceive that no word can be formed of which this *th* can be a part. We are thus narrowed into

t ee,

and, going through the alphabet, if necessary, as before, we arrive at the word 'tree,' as the sole possible reading. We thus gain another letter, *r*, represented by (, with the words 'the tree' in juxtaposition.

"Looking beyond these words, for a short distance, we again see the combination ;48, and employ it by way of *termination* to what immediately precedes. We have thus this arrangement:

the tree ;4(‡?34 the,

or, substituting the natural letters, where known, it reads thus:

the tree thr‡?3h the.

"Now, if, in place of the unknown characters, we leave blank spaces, or substitute dots, we read thus:

the tree thr...h the,

when the word '*through*' makes itself evident at once. But this discovery gives us three new letters, *o*, *u*, and *g*, represented by ‡, ? and 3.

"Looking now, narrowly, through the cipher for com-

binations of known characters, we find. not very far from the beginning, this arrangement:

83(88, or egree,

which, plainly, is the conclusion of the word 'degree,' and gives us another letter, *d*, represented by †.

"Four letters beyond the word 'degree,' we perceive the combination,

;46(;88*.

"Translating the known characters, and representing the unknown by dots, as before, we read thus:

th.rtee.

an arrangement immediately suggestive of the word 'thirteen,' and again furnishing us with two new characters, *i* and *n*, represented by 6 and *.

"Referring, now, to the beginning of the cryptograph, we find the combination

53‡‡†.

"Translating, as before, we obtain

. good,

which assures us that the first letter is *A* and that the first two words are 'A good.'

"To avoid confusion, it is now time that we arrange our key, as far as discovered, in a tabular form. It will stand thus:

5	represents	a
†	"	d
8	"	e
3	"	g
4	"	h
6	"	i
*	"	n
‡	"	o
(	"	r
;	"	t

"We have, therefore, no less than ten of the most important letters represented, and it will be unnecessary to proceed with the details of the solution. I have said enough to convince you that ciphers of this nature are readily soluble, and to give you some insight into the *rationale* of their development. But be assured that the specimen before us appertains to the very simplest species of cryptograph. It now only remains to give you the full translation of the characters upon the parchment, as unriddled. Here it is:

"'*A good glass in the bishop's hostel in the devil's seat twenty-one degrees and thirteen minutes northeast and by north main branch seventh limb east side shoot from the left eye of the death's-head a bee-line from the tree through the shot fifty feet out.*'"

"But," said I, "the enigma seems still in as bad a condition as ever. How is it possible to extort a meaning from all this jargon about 'devil's seats,' 'death's-heads,' and 'bishop's hotels'?"

"I confess," replied Legrand, "that the matter still wears a serious aspect, when regarded with a casual glance. My first endeavor was to divide the sentence into the natural division intended by the cryptographist."

"You mean, to punctuate it?"

"Something of that kind."

"But how was it possible to effect this?"

"I reflected that it had been a *point* with the writer to run his words together without division, so as to increase the difficulty of solution. Now, a not over-acute man, in pursuing such an object, would be nearly certain to overdo the matter. When, in the course of his composition, he arrived at a break in his subject which would naturally require a pause, or a point, he would be exceedingly apt to run his characters, at this place, more than

usually close together. If you will observe the MS., in the present instance, you will easily detect five such cases of unusual crowding. Acting on this hint, I made the division thus:

"'*A good glass in the Bishop's hostel in the Devil's seat—twenty-one degrees and thirteen minutes—north-east and by north—main branch seventh limb east side—shoot from the left eye of the death's-head—a bee-line from the tree through the shot fifty feet out.*'"

"Even this division," said I, "leaves me still in the dark."

"It left me also in the dark," replied Legrand, "for a few days; during which I made diligent inquiry, in the neighborhood of Sullivan's Island, for any building which went by the name of the 'Bishop's Hotel'; for, of course, I dropped the obsolete word 'hostel.' Gaining no information on the subject, I was on the point of extending my sphere of search, and proceeding in a more systematic manner, when one morning, it entered into my head, quite suddenly, that this 'Bishop's Hostel' might have some reference to an old family, of the name of Bessop, which, time out of mind, had held possession of an ancient manor-house, about four miles to the northward of the island. I accordingly went over to the plantation, and re-instituted my inquiries among the older negroes of the place. At length one of the most aged of the women said that she had heard of such a place as *Bessop's Castle*, and thought that she could guide me to it, but that it was not a castle, nor a tavern, but a high rock.

"I offered to pay her well for her trouble, and, after some demur, she consented to accompany me to the spot. We found it without much difficulty, when, dismissing her, I proceeded to examine the place. The 'castle' consisted of an irregular assemblage of cliffs and rocks—one of the

latter being quite remarkable for its height as well as for its insulated and artificial appearance. I clambered to its apex, and then felt much at a loss as to what should be next done.

"While I was busied in reflection, my eyes fell on a narrow ledge in the eastern face of the rock, perhaps a yard below the summit upon which I stood. This ledge projected about eighteen inches, and was not more than a foot wide, while a niche in the cliff just above it gave it a rude resemblance to one of the hollow-backed chairs used by our ancestors. I made no doubt that here was the 'devil's seat' alluded to in the MS., and now I seemed to grasp the full secret of the riddle.

"The 'good glass,' I knew, could have reference to nothing but a telescope; for the word 'glass' is rarely employed in any other sense by seamen. Now here, I at once saw, was a telescope to be used, and a definite point of view, *admitting no variation*, from which to use it. Nor did I hesitate to believe that the phrases, 'twenty-one degrees and thirteen minutes,' and 'north-east and by north,' were intended as directions for the levelling of the glass. Greatly excited by these discoveries, I hurried home, procured a telescope, and returned to the rock.

"I let myself down to the ledge, and found that it was impossible to retain a seat on it unless in one particular position. This fact confirmed my preconceived idea. I proceeded to use the glass. Of course, the 'twenty-one degrees and thirteen minutes' could allude to nothing but elevation above the visible horizon, since the horizontal direction was clearly indicated by the words, 'north-east and by north.' This latter direction I at once established by means of a pocket-compass; then, pointing the glass as nearly at an angle of twenty-one degrees of elevation as I could do it by guess, I moved it cautiously up or down,

until my attention was arrested by a circular rift or opening in the foliage of a large tree that overtopped its fellows in the distance. In the centre of this rift I perceived a white spot, but could not, at first, distinguish what it was. Adjusting the focus of the telescope, I again looked, and now made it out to be a human skull.

"On this discovery I was so sanguine as to consider the enigma solved; for the phrase, 'main branch, seventh limb, east side,' could refer only to the position of the skull on the tree, while 'shoot from the left eye of the death's-head' admitted, also, of but one interpretation, in regard to a search for buried treasure. I perceived that the design was to drop a bullet from the left eye of the skull, and that a bee-line, or, in other words, a straight line, drawn from the nearest point of the trunk through 'the shot' (or the spot where the bullet fell), and thence extended to a distance of fifty feet, would indicate a definite point—and beneath this point I thought it at least *possible* that a deposit of value lay concealed."

"All this," I said, "is exceedingly clear, and, although ingenious, still simple and explicit. When you left the Bishop's Hotel, what then?"

"Why, having carefully taken the bearings of the tree, I turned homewards. The instant that I left the 'Devil's seat,' however, the circular rift vanished; nor could I get a glimpse of it afterwards, turn as I would. What seems to me the chief ingenuity in this whole business, is the fact (for repeated experiment has convinced me it *is* a fact) that the circular opening in question is visible from no other attainable point of view than that afforded by the narrow ledge on the face of the rock.

"In this expedition to the 'Bishop's Hotel' I had been attended by Jupiter, who had no doubt observed, for some weeks past, the abstraction of my demeanor, and took

especial care not to leave me alone. But on the next day, getting up very early, I contrived to give him the slip, and went into the hills in search of the tree. After much toil I found it. When I came home at night my valet proposed to give me a flogging. With the rest of the adventure I believe you are as well acquainted as myself."

"I suppose," said I, "you missed the spot in the first attempt at digging, through Jupiter's stupidity in letting the bug fall through the right instead of through the left eye of the skull."

"Precisely. This mistake made a difference of about two inches and a half in the 'shot'—that is to say, in the position of the peg nearest the tree; and had the treasure been *beneath* the 'shot,' the error would have been of little moment; but the 'shot,' together with the nearest point of the tree, were merely two points for the establishment of a line of direction; of course the error, however trivial in the beginning, increased as we proceeded with the line, and by the time we had gone fifty feet, threw us quite off the scent. But for my deep-seated convictions that treasure was here somewhere actually buried, we might have had all our labor in vain."

"I presume the fancy of *the skull*—of letting fall a bullet through the skull's eye—was suggested to Kidd by the piratical flag. No doubt he felt a kind of poetical consistency in recovering his money through this ominous insignium."

"Perhaps so; still, I can not help thinking that common-sense had quite as much to do with the matter as poetical consistency. To be visible from the Devil's seat, it was necessary that the object, if small, should be *white;* and there is nothing like your human skull for retaining and even increasing its whiteness under exposure to all vicissitudes of weather."

"But your grandiloquence, and your conduct in swinging the beetle—how excessively odd! I was sure you were mad. And why did you insist on letting fall the bug, instead of a bullet, from the skull?"

"Why, to be frank, I felt somewhat annoyed by your evident suspicions touching my sanity, and so resolved to punish you quietly, in my own way, by a little bit of sober mystification. For this reason I swung the beetle, and for this reason I let it fall from the tree. An observation of yours about its great weight suggested the latter idea."

"Yes, I perceive; and now there is only one point which puzzles me. What are we to make of the skeletons found in the hole?"

"That is a question that I am no more able to answer than yourself. There seems, however, only one plausible way of accounting for them—and yet it is dreadful to believe in such atrocity as my suggestion would imply. It is clear that Kidd—if Kidd indeed secreted this treasure, which I doubt not—it is clear that he must have had assistance in the labor. But the worst of this labor concluded, he may have thought it expedient to remove all participants in his secret. Perhaps a couple of blows with a mattock were sufficient, while his coadjutors were busy in the pit; perhaps it required a dozen—who shall tell?"

THE HAUNTED PALACE

In the greenest of our valleys
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace—
Radiant palace—reared its head.
In the monarch Thought's dominion,
It stood there;
Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair!

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow
(This—all this—was in the olden
Time long ago),
And every gentle air that dallied,
In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
A wingèd odor went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley
Through two luminous windows saw
Spirits moving musically,
To a lute's well-tunèd law,
Round about a throne where, sitting,
Porphyrogene,
In state his glory well befitting,
The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
Was the fair palace door,
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,
And sparkling evermore,

A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty
  Was but to sing,
In voices of surpassing beauty,
  The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
  Assailed the monarch's high estate;
(Ah, let us mourn, for never morrow
  Shall dawn upon him desolate!)
And round about his home the glory
  That blushed and bloomed,
Is but a dim-remembered story
  Of the old time entombed.

And travellers now within that valley
  Through the red-litten windows see
Vast forms that move fantastically
  To a discordant melody;
While, like a ghastly rapid river,
  Through the pale door
A hideous throng rush out forever,
  And laugh—but smile no more.

THE RAVEN

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.

"'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door:
Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore,
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore:
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating
"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door,
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door:
This it is and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,

And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door:—
Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore?"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore":
Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore;
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore:
'Tis the wind and nothing more!"

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.

Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door,
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door:
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,—
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the Nightly shore:
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door,
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.

Nothing further then he uttered, not a feather then he fluttered,
Till I scarcely more than muttered,—"Other friends have flown before;
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my Hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore:
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never—nevermore.'"

But the Raven still beguiling all my fancy into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore,
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining

On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore:
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that Heaven that bends above us, by that God we both adore,

Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore:
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting:
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken! quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor:
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

THE PHILOSOPHY OF COMPOSITION

Charles Dickens, in a note now lying before me, alluding to an examination I once made of the mechanism of "Barnaby Rudge," says—"By the way, are you aware that Godwin wrote his 'Caleb Williams' backwards? He first involved his hero in a web of difficulties, forming the second volume, and then, for the first, cast about him for some mode of accounting for what had been done."

I cannot think this the *precise* mode of procedure on the part of Godwin—and indeed what he himself acknowledges is not altogether in accordance with Mr. Dickens's idea; but the author of "Caleb Williams" was too good an artist not to perceive the advantage derivable from at least a somewhat similar process. Nothing is more clear than that every plot, worth the name, must be elaborated to its *dénouement* before anything be attempted with the pen. It is only with the *dénouement* constantly in view that we can give a plot its indispensable air of consequence, or causation, by making the incidents, and especially the tone of all points, tend to the development of the intention.

There is a radical error, I think, in the usual mode of constructing a story. Either history affords a thesis, or one is suggested by an incident of the day, or, at best, the author sets himself to work in the combination of striking events to form merely the basis of his narrative, designing, generally, to fill in with description, dialogue, or authorial comment whatever crevices of fact or action may from page to page render themselves apparent.

I prefer commencing with the consideration of an *effect*. Keeping originality *always* in view—for he is false to himself who ventures to dispense with so obvious

and so easily attainable a source of interest—I say to myself, in the first place,—"Of the innumerable effects, or impressions, of which the heart, the intellect, or (more generally) the soul is susceptible, what one shall I, on the present occasion, select?" Having chosen a novel, first, and secondly a vivid effect, I consider whether it can be best wrought by incident or tone—whether by ordinary incidents and peculiar tone, or the converse, or by peculiarity both of incident and tone—afterward looking about me (or rather within) for such combinations of event, or tone, as shall best aid me in the construction of the effect.

I have often thought how interesting a magazine paper might be written by an author who would—that is to say, who could—detail, step by step, the processes by which any one of his compositions attained its ultimate point of completion. Why such a paper has never been given to the world, I am much at a loss to say; but, perhaps, the authorial vanity has had more to do with the omission than any one other cause. Most writers—poets in especial—prefer having it understood that they compose by a species of fine frenzy—an ecstatic intuition; and would positively shudder at letting the public take a peep behind the scenes at the elaborate and vacillating crudities of thought, at the true purposes seized only at the last moment, at the innumerable glimpses of idea that arrived not at the maturity of full view, at the fully matured fancies discarded in despair as unmanageable, at the cautious selections and rejections, at the painful erasures and interpolations—in a word, at the wheels and pinions, the tackle for scene-shifting, the step-ladders and demon-traps, the cock's feathers, the red paint and the black patches, which in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred constitute the properties of the literary *histrio*.

I am aware, on the other hand, that the case is by no

means common in which an author is at all in condition to retrace the steps by which his conclusions have been attained. In general, suggestions, having arisen pell-mell, are pursued and forgotten in a similar manner.

For my own part, I have neither sympathy with the repugnance alluded to, nor at any time the least difficulty in recalling to mind the progressive steps of any of my compositions; and, since the interest of an analysis, or reconstruction, such as I have considered a *desideratum*, is quite independent of any real or fancied interest in the thing analyzed, it will not be regarded as a breach of decorum on my part to show the *modus operandi* by which some one of my own works was put together. I select "The Raven" as most generally known. It is my design to render it manifest that no one point in its composition is referable either to accident or intuition; that the work proceeded, step by step, to its completion with the precision and rigid consequence of a mathematical problem.

Let us dismiss, as irrelevant to the poem *per se*, the circumstance—or say the necessity—which in the first place gave rise to the intention of composing *a* poem that should suit at once the popular and the critical taste.

We commence, then, with this intention.

The initial consideration was that of extent. If any literary work is too long to be read at one sitting, we must be content to dispense with the immensely important effect derivable from unity of impression; for, if two sittings be required, the affairs of the world interfere, and everything like totality is at once destroyed. But since, *ceteris paribus*, no poet can afford to dispense with *anything* that may advance his design, it but remains to be seen whether there is, in extent, any advantage to counterbalance the loss of unity which attends it. Here I say no, at once. What we term a long poem is, in fact,

merely a succession of brief ones—that is to say, of brief poetical effects. It is needless to demonstrate that a poem is such, only inasmuch as it intensely excites, by elevating, the soul; and all intense excitements are, through a psychal necessity, brief. For this reason, at least one half of the "Paradise Lost" is essentially prose—a succession of poetical excitements interspersed, *inevitably*, with corresponding depressions—the whole being deprived, through the extremeness of its length, of the vastly important artistic element, totality, or unity, of effect.

It appears evident, then, that there is a distinct limit, as regards length, to all works of literary art—the limit of a single sitting; and that, although in certain classes of prose composition, such as "Robinson Crusoe" (demanding no unity), this limit may be advantageously overpassed, it can never properly be overpassed in a poem. Within this limit, the extent of a poem may be made to bear mathematical relation to its merit—in other words, to the excitement or elevation—again, in other words, to the degree of the true poetical effect which it is capable of inducing; for it is clear that the brevity must be in direct ratio of the intensity of the intended effect:—this, with one proviso—that a certain degree of duration is absolutely requisite for the production of any effect at all.

Holding in view these considerations, as well as that degree of excitement which I deemed not above the popular while not below the critical taste, I reached at once what I conceived the proper *length* for my intended poem—a length of about one hundred lines. It is, in fact, a hundred and eight.

My next thought concerned the choice of an impression, or effect, to be conveyed: and here I may as well observe that, throughout the construction, I kept steadily in view the design of rendering the work *universally*

appreciable. I should be carried too far out of my immediate topic were I to demonstrate a point upon which I have repeatedly insisted, and which with the poetical stands not in the slightest need of demonstration—the point, I mean, that Beauty is the sole legitimate province of the poem. A few words, however, in elucidation of my real meaning, which some of my friends have evinced a disposition to misrepresent. That pleasure which is at once the most intense, the most elevating, and the most pure, is, I believe, found in the contemplation of the beautiful. When, indeed, men speak of Beauty, they mean, precisely, not a quality, as is supposed, but an effect; they refer, in short, just to that intense and pure elevation of *soul—not* of intellect, or of heart—upon which I have commented, and which is experienced in consequence of contemplating "the beautiful." Now I designate Beauty as the province of the poem, merely because it is an obvious rule of Art that effects should be made to spring from direct causes—that objects should be attained through means best adapted for their attainment—no one as yet having been weak enough to deny that the peculiar elevation alluded to is *most readily* attained in the poem. Now the object, Truth, or the satisfaction of the intellect, and the object, Passion, or the excitement of the heart, are, although attainable to a certain extent in poetry, far more readily attainable in prose. Truth, in fact, demands a precision, and Passion a *homeliness* (the truly passionate will comprehend me), which are absolutely antagonistic to that Beauty which, I maintain, is the excitement, or pleasurable elevation, of the soul. It by no means follows from anything here said that passion, or even truth, may not be introduced, and even profitably introduced, into a poem—for they may serve in elucidation, or aid the general effect, as do discords in music, by contrast;

but the true artist will always contrive, first, to tone them into proper subservience to the predominant aim, and, secondly, to enveil them, as far as possible, in that Beauty which is the atmosphere and the essence of the poem.

Regarding, then, Beauty as my province, my next question referred to the *tone* of its highest manifestation; and all experience has shown that this tone is one of *sadness*. Beauty of whatever kind, in its supreme development, invariably excites the sensitive soul to tears. Melancholy is thus the most legitimate of all the poetical tones.

The length, the province, and the tone, being thus determined, I betook myself to ordinary induction, with the view of obtaining some artistic piquancy which might serve me as a key-note in the construction of the poem—some pivot upon which the whole structure might turn. In carefully thinking over all the usual artistic effects—or more properly *points*, in the theatrical sense—

I did not fail to perceive immediately that no one had been so universally employed as that of the *refrain*. The universality of its employment sufficed to assure me of its intrinsic value, and spared me the necessity of submitting it to analysis. I considered it, however, with regard to its susceptibility of improvement, and soon saw it to be in a primitive condition. As commonly used, the *refrain*, or burden, not only is limited to lyric verse, but depends for its impression upon the force of monotone—both in sound and thought. The pleasure is deduced solely from the sense of identity—of repetition. I resolved to diversify, and so heighten, the effect, by adhering, in general, to the monotone of sound, while I continually varied that of thought: that is to say, I determined to produce continuously novel effects, by the variation *of the application* of the *refrain*—the *refrain* itself remaining, for the most part, unvaried.

These points being settled, I next bethought me of the *nature* of my *refrain*. Since its application was to be repeatedly varied, it was clear that the *refrain* itself must be brief, for there would have been an insurmountable difficulty in frequent variations of application in any sentence of length. In proportion to the brevity of the sentence, would, of course, be the facility of the variation. This led me at once to a single word as the best *refrain*.

The question now arose as to the *character* of the word. Having made up my mind to a *refrain*, the division of the poem into stanzas, was, of course, a corollary: the *refrain* forming the close to each stanza. That such a close, to have force, must be sonorous and susceptible of protracted emphasis, admitted no doubt; and these considerations inevitably led me to the long *o* as the most sonorous vowel, in connection with *r* as the most producible consonant.

The sound of the *refrain* being thus determined, it became necessary to select a word embodying this sound and at the same time in the fullest possible keeping with that melancholy which I had predetermined as the tone of the poem. In such a search it would have been absolutely impossible to overlook the word "Nevermore." In fact, it was the very first which presented itself.

The next desideratum was a pretext for the continuous use of the one word "nevermore." In observing the difficulty which I at once found in inventing a sufficiently plausible reason for its continuous repetition, I did not fail to perceive that this difficulty arose solely from the preassumption that the word was to be so continuously or monotonously spoken by *a human* being; I did not fail to perceive, in short, that the difficulty lay in the reconciliation of this monotony with the exercise of reason on the part of the creature repeating the word. Here, then,

immediately arose the idea of a *non*-reasoning creature capable of speech; and, very naturally, a parrot, in the first instance, suggested itself, but was superseded forthwith by a Raven as equally capable of speech, and infinitely more in keeping with the intended *tone*.

I had now gone so far as the conception of a Raven—the bird of ill-omen—monotonously repeating the word, "Nevermore," at the conclusion of each stanza, in a poem of melancholy tone, and in length about one hundred lines. Now, never losing sight of the object *supremeness*, or perfection, at all points, I asked myself—"Of all melancholy topics, what, according to the *universal* understanding of mankind, is the *most* melancholy?" Death—was the obvious reply. "And when," I said, "is this most melancholy of topics most poetical?" From what I have already explained at some length, the answer here also is obvious—"When it most closely allies itself to *Beauty;* the death, then, of a beautiful woman is, unquestionably, the most poetical topic in the world—and equally is it beyond doubt that the lips best suited for such a topic are those of a bereaved lover."

I had now to combine the two ideas, of a lover lamenting his deceased mistress and a Raven continuously repeating the word "Nevermore." I had to combine these, bearing in mind my design of varying at every turn the *application* of the word repeated; but the only intelligible mode of such combination is that of imagining the Raven employing the word in answer to the queries of the lover. And here it was that I saw at once the opportunity afforded for the effect on which I had been depending—that is to say, the effect of the *variation of application*. I saw that I could make the first query propounded by the lover—the first query to which the Raven should reply "Nevermore"—that I could make this first query a commonplace one, the

second less so, the third still less, and so on, until at length the lover, startled from his original nonchalance by the melancholy character of the word itself, by its frequent repetition and by a consideration of the ominous reputation of the fowl that uttered it, is at length excited to superstition, and wildly propounds queries of a far different character—queries whose solution he has passionately at heart—propounds them half in superstition and half in that species of despair which delights in self-torture—propounds them, not altogether because he believes in the prophetic or demoniac character of the bird (which, reason assures him, is merely repeating a lesson learned by rote), but because he experiences a frenzied pleasure in so modelling his questions as to receive from the *expected* "Nevermore" the most delicious because the most intolerable of sorrow. Perceiving the opportunity thus afforded me—or, more strictly, thus forced upon me in the progress of the construction—I first established in mind the climax, or concluding query—that query to which "Nevermore" should be in the last place an answer—that query in reply to which this word "Nevermore" should involve the utmost conceivable amount of sorrow and despair.

Here then the poem may be said to have its beginning—at the end, where all works of art should begin; for it was here, at this point of my preconsiderations, that I first put pen to paper in the composition of the stanza:—

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that Heaven that bends above us, by that God we both adore,
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore:
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

I composed this stanza, at this point, first, that by

establishing the climax I might the better vary and gradu- 305
ate, as regards seriousness and importance, the preceding queries of the lover, and, secondly, that I might definitely settle the rhythm, the metre, and the length and general arrangement of the stanza, as well as graduate the stanzas which were to precede so that none of them might 310
surpass this in rhythmical effect. Had I been able, in the subsequent composition, to construct more vigorous stanzas, I should, without scruple, have purposely enfeebled them, so as not to interfere with the climacteric effect.

And here I may as well say a few words of the versifi- 315
cation. My first object (as usual) was originality. The extent to which this has been neglected, in versification, is one of the most unaccountable things in the world. Admitting that there is little possibility of variety in mere *rhythm*, it is still clear that the possible varieties of metre 320
and stanza are absolutely infinite—and yet, *for centuries, no man, in verse, has ever done, or ever seemed to think of doing, an original thing.* The fact is, that originality (unless in minds of very unusual force) is by no means a matter, as some suppose, of impulse or intuition. In 325
general, to be found, it must be elaborately sought, and, although a positive merit of the highest class, demands in its attainment less of invention than negation.

Of course, I pretend to no originality in either the rhythm or metre of the "Raven." The former is trochaic, 330
the latter is octameter acatalectic, alternating with heptameter catalectic repeated in the *refrain* of the fifth verse, and terminating with tetrameter catalectic. Less pedantically—the feet employed throughout (trochees) consist of a long syllable followed by a short; the first line 335
of the stanza consists of eight of these feet, the second of seven and a half (in effect two-thirds), the third of eight, the fourth of seven and a half, the fifth the same, the sixth

three and a half. Now, each of these lines, taken individually, has been employed before, and what originality the "Raven" has is in their *combination into stanza;* nothing even remotely approaching this combination has ever been attempted. The effect of this originality of combination is aided by other unusual and some altogether novel effects, arising from an extension of the application of the principles of rhyme and alliteration.

The next point to be considered was the mode of bringing together the lover and the Raven; and the first branch of this consideration was the *locale*. For this the most natural suggestion might seem to be a forest, or the fields; but it has always appeared to me that a close *circumscription of space* is absolutely necessary to the effect of insulated incident:—it has the force of a frame to a picture. It has an indisputable moral power in keeping concentrated the attention, and, of course, must not be confounded with mere unity of place.

I determined, then, to place the lover in his chamber—in a chamber rendered sacred to him by memories of her who had frequented it. The room is represented as richly furnished—this in mere pursuance of the ideas I have already explained on the subject of Beauty, as the sole true poetical thesis.

The *locale* being thus determined, I had now to introduce the bird, and the thought of introducing him through the window was inevitable. The idea of making the lover suppose in the first instance that the flapping of the wings of the bird against the shutter is a "tapping" at the door, originated in a wish to increase, by prolonging, the reader's curiosity, and in a desire to admit the incidental effect arising from the lover's throwing open the door, finding all dark, and thence adopting the half-fancy that it was the spirit of his mistress that knocked.

I made the night tempestuous, first, to account for the Raven's seeking admission, and secondly, for the effect of contrast with the (physical) serenity within the chamber.

I made the bird alight on the bust of Pallas, also for the effect of contrast between the marble and the plumage—it being understood that the bust was absolutely *suggested* by the bird; the bust of *Pallas* being chosen, first, as most in keeping with the scholarship of the lover, and, secondly, for the sonorousness of the word, Pallas, itself.

About the middle of the poem, also, I have availed myself of the force of contrast with a view of deepening the ultimate impression. For example, an air of the fantastic, approaching as nearly to the ludicrous as was admissible, is given to the Raven's entrance. He comes in "with many a flirt and flutter."

Not the *least obeisance made he;* not a minute stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door.

In the two stanzas which follow, the design is more obviously carried out:—

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling
By the *grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,*—
"Though thy *crest be shorn and shaven*, thou," said I, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the Nightly shore:
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the raven "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled *this ungainly fowl* to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door,
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

The effect of the *dénouement* being thus provided for,

I immediately drop the fantastic for a tone of the most profound seriousness:—this tone commencing in the stanza directly following the one last quoted, with the line,

> But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only, etc.

From this epoch the lover no longer jests—no longer sees anything even of the fantastic in the Raven's demeanor. He speaks of him as a "grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore," and feels the "fiery eyes" burning into his "bosom's core." This revolution of thought, or fancy, on the lover's part, is intended to induce a similar one on the part of the reader—to bring the mind into a proper frame for the *dénouement*, which is now brought about as rapidly and as *directly* as possible.

With the *dénouement* proper—with the Raven's reply, "Nevermore," to the lover's final demand if he shall meet his mistress in another world—the poem, in its obvious phase, that of a simple narrative, may be said to have its completion. So far, everything is within the limits of the accountable, of the real. A raven, having learned by rote the single word "Nevermore," and having escaped from the custody of its owner, is driven at midnight through the violence of a storm to seek admission at a window from which a light still gleams—the chamber-window of a student, occupied half in poring over a volume, half in dreaming of a beloved mistress deceased. The casement being thrown open at the fluttering of the bird's wings, the bird itself perches on the most convenient seat out of the immediate reach of the student, who, amused by the incident and the oddity of the visitor's demeanor, demands of it, in jest and without looking for a reply, its name. The raven addressed, answers with its customary word, "Nevermore"—a word which finds immediate echo in the melancholy heart of the student, who,

giving utterance aloud to certain thoughts suggested by the occasion, is again startled by the fowl's repetition of "Nevermore." The student now guesses the state of the case, but is impelled, as I have before explained, by the human thirst for self-torture, and in part by superstition, to propound such queries to the bird as will bring him, the lover, the most of the luxury of sorrow, through the anticipated answer "Nevermore." With the indulgence, to the extreme, of this self-torture, the narration, in what I have termed its first or obvious phase, has a natural termination, and so far there has been no overstepping of the limits of the real.

But in subjects so handled, however skilfully, or with however vivid an array of incident, there is always a certain hardness or nakedness, which repels the artistical eye. Two things are invariably required: first, some amount of complexity, or more properly, adaptation; and secondly, some amount of suggestiveness, some under-current, however indefinite, of meaning. It is this latter, in especial, which imparts to a work of art so much of that *richness* (to borrow from colloquy a forcible term) which we are too fond of confounding with *the ideal*. It is the *excess* of the suggested meaning—it is the rendering this the upper instead of the under current of the theme—which turns into prose (and that of the very flattest kind) the so-called poetry of the so-called transcendentalists.

Holding these opinions, I added the two concluding stanzas of the poem—their suggestiveness being thus made to pervade all the narrative which has preceded them. The under-current of meaning is rendered first apparent in the lines—

> "Take thy beak from out *my heart*, and take thy form from off my door!"
>
> Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

It will be observed that the words, "from out my heart," involve the first metaphorical expression in the poem. They, with the answer, "Nevermore," dispose the mind to seek a moral in all that has been previously narrated. The reader begins now to regard the Raven as emblematical—but it is not until the very last line of the very last stanza that the intention of making him emblematical of *Mournful and Never-ending Remembrance* is permitted distinctly to be seen:—

> And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
> On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
> And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
> And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
> And my soul *from out that shadow* that lies floating on the floor
> Shall be lifted—nevermore.

THE BELLS

I

Hear the sledges with the bells,
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars, that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

II

Hear the mellow wedding bells
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

III

Hear the loud alarum bells,
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,

Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor
Now—now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of Despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,—
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells,
Of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamor and the clanging of the bells!

IV

Hear the tolling of the bells,
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.

And the people—ah, the people,
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman,
They are neither brute nor human
They are Ghouls:
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
A pæan from the bells;
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells,
And he dances, and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells,
Of the bells:
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells,
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

ANNABEL LEE

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea,
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me;—
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we,
Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in heaven above,

Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:

For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In her sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH

The "Red Death" had long devastated the country. No pestilence had ever been so fatal, or so hideous. Blood was its avatar and its seal—the redness and the horror of blood. There were sharp pains, and sudden dizziness, and then profuse bleeding at the pores, with dissolution. The scarlet stains upon the body, and especially upon the face, of the victim were the pest ban which shut him out from the aid and from the sympathy of his fellow-men. And the whole seizure, progress, and termination of the disease were the incidents of half an hour.

But the Prince Prospero was happy and dauntless and sagacious. When his dominions were half depopulated, he summoned to his presence a thousand hale and light-hearted friends from among the knights and dames of his court, and with these retired to the deep seclusion of one of his castellated abbeys. This was an extensive and magnificent structure, the creation of the Prince's own eccentric yet august taste. A strong and lofty wall

girdled it in. This wall had gates of iron. The courtiers, having entered, brought furnaces and massy hammers, and welded the bolts. They resolved to leave means neither of ingress nor egress to the sudden impulses of despair or of frenzy from within. The abbey was amply provisioned. With such precautions the courtiers might bid defiance to contagion. The external world could take care of itself. In the mean time it was folly to grieve, or to think. The Prince had provided all the appliances of pleasure. There were buffoons, there were improvisatori, there were ballet-dancers, there were musicians, there was Beauty, there was wine. All these and security were within. Without was the "Red Death."

It was toward the close of the fifth or sixth month of his seclusion, and while the pestilence raged most furiously abroad, that the Prince Prospero entertained his thousand friends at a masked ball of the most unusual magnificence.

It was a voluptuous scene, that masquerade. But first let me tell of the rooms in which it was held. There were seven—an imperial suite. In many palaces, however, such suites form a long and straight vista, while the folding doors slide back nearly to the walls on either hand, so that the view of the whole extent is scarcely impeded. Here the case was very different, as might have been expected from the Prince's love of the bizarre. The apartments were so irregularly disposed that the vision embraced but little more than one at a time. There was a sharp turn at every twenty or thirty yards, and at each turn a novel effect. To the right and left, in the middle of each wall, a tall and narrow Gothic window looked out upon a closed corridor which pursued the windings of the suite. These windows were of stained glass, whose color varied in accordance with the prevailing

hue of the decorations of the chamber into which it opened. That at the eastern extremity was hung, for example, in blue—and vividly blue were its windows. The second chamber was purple in its ornaments and tapestries, and here the panes were purple. The third was green throughout, and so were the casements. The fourth was furnished and lighted with orange, the fifth with white, the sixth with violet. The seventh apartment was closely shrouded in black velvet tapestries that hung all over the ceiling and down the walls, falling in heavy folds upon a carpet of the same material and hue. But, in this chamber only, the color of the windows failed to correspond with the decorations. The panes here were scarlet—a deep blood-color. Now in no one of the seven apartments was there any lamp or candelabrum, amid the profusion of golden ornaments that lay scattered to and fro or depended from the roof. There was no light of any kind emanating from lamp or candle within the suite of chambers. But in the corridors that followed the suite there stood, opposite to each window, a heavy tripod, bearing a brazier of fire, that projected its rays through the tinted glass and so glaringly illumined the room. And thus were produced a multitude of gaudy and fantastic appearances. But in the western or black chamber the effect of the firelight that streamed upon the dark hangings through the blood-tinted panes was ghastly in the extreme, and produced so wild a look upon the countenances of those who entered that there were few of the company bold enough to set foot within its precincts at all.

It was in this apartment, also, that there stood against the western wall a gigantic clock of ebony. Its pendulum swung to and fro with a dull, heavy, monotonous clang; and when the minute-hand made the circuit of the face,

and the hour was to be stricken, there came from the brazen lungs of the clock a sound which was clear and loud and deep and exceedingly musical, but of so peculiar a note and emphasis that, at each lapse of an hour, the musicians of the orchestra were constrained to pause, momentarily, in their performance, to hearken to the sound; and thus the waltzers perforce ceased their evolutions; and there was a brief disconcert of the whole gay company; and, while the chimes of the clock yet rang, it was observed that the giddiest grew pale, and the more aged and sedate passed their hands over their brows as if in confused revery or meditation. But when the echoes had fully ceased, a light laughter at once pervaded the assembly; the musicians looked at each other and smiled as if at their own nervousness and folly, and made whispering vows, each to the other, that the next chiming of the clock should produce in them no similar emotion; and then, after the lapse of sixty minutes (which embrace three thousand and six hundred seconds of the Time that flies) there came yet another chiming of the clock, and then were the same disconcert and tremulousness and meditation as before.

But, in spite of these things, it was a gay and magnificent revel. The tastes of the Prince were peculiar. He had a fine eye for colors and effects. He disregarded the *decora* of mere fashion. His plans were bold and fiery, and his conceptions glowed with barbaric lustre. There are some who would have thought him mad. His followers felt that he was not. It was necessary to hear and see and touch him to be *sure* that he was not.

He had directed, in great part, the movable embellishments of the seven chambers, upon occasion of this great *fete;* and it was his own guiding taste which had given character to the masqueraders. Be sure they were

grotesque. There were much glare and glitter and piquancy and phantasm—much of what has been since seen in *Hernani*. There were arabesque figures with unsuited limbs and appointments. There were delirious fancies such as the madman fashions. There was much of the beautiful, much of the wanton, much of the bizarre, something of the terrible, and not a little of that which might have excited disgust. To and fro in the seven chambers there stalked, in fact, a multitude of dreams. And these—the dreams—writhed in and about, taking hue from the rooms, and causing the wild music of the orchestra to seem as the echo of their steps. And, anon, there strikes the ebony clock which stands in the hall of the velvet. And then, for a moment, all is still, and all is silent save the voice of the clock. The dreams are stiff-frozen as they stand. But the echoes of the chime die away—they have endured but an instant—and a light, half-subdued laughter floats after them as they depart. And now again the music swells, and the dreams live, and writhe to and fro more merrily than ever, taking hue from the many tinted windows through which stream the rays from the tripods. But to the chamber which lies most westwardly of the seven, there are now none of the maskers who venture; for the night is waning away, and there flows a ruddier light through the blood-colored panes; and the blackness of the sable drapery appals; and to him whose foot falls upon the sable carpet, there comes from the near clock of ebony a muffled peal more solemnly emphatic than any which reaches *their* ears who indulge in the more remote gayeties of the other apartments.

But these other apartments were densely crowded, and in them beat feverishly the heart of life. And the revel went whirlingly on, until at length there commenced the sounding of midnight upon the clock. And then the music

ceased, as I have told; and the evolutions of the waltzers were quieted; and there was an uneasy cessation of all things as before. But now there were twelve strokes to be sounded by the bell of the clock; and thus it happened, perhaps, that more of thought crept, with more of time, into the meditations of the thoughtful among those who revelled. And thus too it happened, perhaps, that before the last echoes of the last chime had utterly sunk into silence, there were many individuals in the crowd who had found leisure to become aware of the presence of a masked figure which had arrested the attention of no single individual before. And the rumor of this new presence having spread itself whisperingly around, there arose at length from the whole company a buzz, or murmur, expressive of disapprobation and surprise—then, finally, of terror, of horror, and of disgust.

In an assembly of phantasms such as I have painted, it may well be supposed that no ordinary appearance could have excited such sensation. In truth the masquerade license of the night was nearly unlimited; but the figure in question had out-Heroded Herod, and gone beyond the bounds of even the Prince's indefinite decorum. There are chords in the hearts of the most reckless which cannot be touched without emotion. Even with the utterly lost, to whom life and death are equally jests, there are matters of which no jest can be made. The whole company, indeed, seemed now deeply to feel that in the costume and bearing of the stranger neither wit not propriety existed. The figure was tall and gaunt, and shrouded from head to foot in the habiliments of the grave. The mask which concealed the visage was made so nearly to resemble the countenance of a stiffened corpse that the closest scrutiny must have had difficulty in detecting the cheat. And yet all this might have been endured, if not

approved, by the mad revellers around. But the mummer had gone so far as to assume the type of the Red Death. His vesture was dabbled in *blood*—and his broad brow, with all the features of the face, was besprinkled with the scarlet horror.

When the eyes of Prince Prospero fell upon this spectral image (which with a slow and solemn movement, as if more fully to sustain its *role*, stalked to and fro among the waltzers) he was seen to be convulsed, in the first moment, with a strong shudder either of terror or distaste; but, in the next, his brow reddened with rage.

"Who dares?" he demanded hoarsely of the courtiers who stood near him,—"who dares insult us with this blasphemous mockery? Seize him and unmask him—that we may know whom we have to hang at sunrise, from the battlements!"

It was in the eastern or blue chamber in which stood the Prince Prospero as he uttered these words. They rang throughout the seven rooms loudly and clearly—for the Prince was a bold and robust man, and the music had become hushed at the waving of his hand.

It was in the blue room where stood the Prince, with a group of pale courtiers by his side. At first, as he spoke, there was a slight rushing movement of this group in the direction of the intruder, who at the moment was also near at hand, and now, with deliberate and stately step, made closer approach to the speaker. But from a certain nameless awe with which the mad assumptions of the mummer had inspired the whole party, there were found none who put forth hand to seize him; so that, unimpeded, he passed within a yard of the Prince's person; and, while the vast assembly, as if with one impulse, shrank from the centres of the rooms to the walls, he made his way uninterruptedly, but with the same solemn and

measured step which had distinguished him from the first, through the blue chamber to the purple—through the purple to the green—through the green to the orange—through this again to the white—and even thence to the violet, ere a decided movement had been made to arrest him. It was then, however, that the Prince Prospero, maddening with rage and the shame of his own momentary cowardice, rushed hurriedly through the six chambers, while none followed him on account of a deadly terror that had seized upon all. He bore aloft a drawn dagger, and had approached, in rapid impetuosity, to within three or four feet of the retreating figure, when the latter, having attained the extremity of the velvet apartment, turned suddenly and confronted his pursuer. There was a sharp cry—and the dagger dropped gleaming upon the sable carpet, upon which, instantly afterwards, fell prostrate in death the Prince Prospero. Then, summoning the wild courage of despair, a throng of the revellers at once threw themselves into the black apartment, and, seizing the mummer, whose tall figure stood erect and motionless within the shadow of the ebony clock, gasped in unutterable horror at finding the grave cerements and corpse-like mask, which they handled with so violent a rudeness, untenanted by any tangible form.

And now was acknowledged the presence of the Red Death. He had come like a thief in the night. And one by one dropped the revellers in the blood-bedewed halls of their revel, and died each in the despairing posture of his fall. And the life of the ebony clock went out with that of the last of the gay. And the flames of the tripods expired. And Darkness and Decay and the Red Death held illimitable dominion over all.

ALEXANDER BEAUFORT MEEK

Once famous as judge, editor, lawmaker, historian, orator, to-day Alexander Beaufort Meek is remembered chiefly—we might almost say wholly—by a small sheaf of lyric poems. He was born in Columbia, South Carolina, July 17, 1814; but when he was only five years of age his father moved to Tuscaloosa, Alabama, so Meek is usually recognized as an Alabamian. He entered the University of Alabama in the first year of its history, 1831, and two years later, with the highest honors, completed the course of the initial graduating class. He then studied law in the University of Georgia, and began the practice of his profession in Tuscaloosa in 1835. He was made Attorney-general of Alabama in 1836 to fill a temporary vacancy; and in 1842 was appointed Judge of Probate in Tuscaloosa County for an unexpired term. Three years later he was made Assistant Secretary of the United States Treasury. He remained in Washington only two years, however, removing in 1847 to Mobile, Alabama, where he lived until shortly before his death. Meek took a prominent part in state politics, being elected twice to the State Legislature. He was author of the bill providing for a system of free public schools for the state. Though living during the time of the Civil War, Meek took little part in it except when he could aid the cause with his pen. After the war he moved to Columbus, Mississippi, where he died, November 30, 1865.

During all these busy years Judge Meek kept up intermittently his connection with the literary life of his section. Early in his career he was the editor of the *Flag of the Union* and the *Southron* at Tuscaloosa, and when he removed to Mobile he became an associate editor of the *Register*, one of the oldest of the Alabama daily papers. He kept up a literary correspondence with William Gilmore Simms, and also contributed to some of the magazines fostered by that indefatigable editor. Besides, Meek published a

volume of prose sketches and orations and two volumes of poetry, *Red Eagle* (1855), a romantic poem on Weatherford, the noted Creek chieftain, and *Songs and Poems of the South* (1857). In the poem *Red Eagle* occurs the beautiful blue-bird song, supposed to be sung by an Indian maiden to her lover, but it is in the volume last named that the best of Meek's poetry is to be found, the most notable single poems being *The Mocking-bird* and *Land of the South.*

(The best essays on Meek are those by Charles Hunter Ross in the *Sewanee Review*, August, 1896, and Peter J. Hamilton in *The Library of Southern Literature*, Vol. VIII.)

LAND OF THE SOUTH

I

Land of the South!—imperial land!—
How proud thy mountains rise!—
How sweet thy scenes on every hand!
How fair thy covering skies!
But not for this,—oh, not for these,
I love thy fields to roam,—
Thou hast a dearer spell for me,—
Thou art my native home!

II

Thy rivers roll their liquid wealth,
Unequalled to the sea,—
Thy hills and valleys bloom with health,
And green with verdure be!
But not for thy proud ocean streams,
Not for thine azure dome,—
Sweet, sunny South!—I cling to thee,—
Thou art my native home!

III

I 've stood beneath Italia's clime,
  Beloved of tale and song,—
On Helvyn's hills, proud and sublime,
  Where nature's wonders throng;
By Tempe's classic sunlit streams,
  Where gods, of old, did roam,—
But ne'er have found so fair a land
  As thou—my native home!

IV

And thou hast prouder glories too
  Than nature ever gave,—
Peace sheds o'er thee her genial dew,
  And Freedom's pinions wave,—
Fair science flings her pearls around,
  Religion lifts her dome,—
These, these endear thee to my heart,—
  My own, loved native home!

V

And "heaven's best gift to man" is thine,—
  God bless thy rosy girls!—
Like sylvan flowers, they sweetly shine,—
  Their hearts are pure as pearls!
And grace and goodness circle them,
  Where'er their footsteps roam,—
How can I, then, whilst loving them,
  Not love my native home!

VI

Land of the South!—imperial land!—
  Then here 's a health to thee,—
Long as thy mountain barriers stand,
  May'st thou be blest and free!

May dark dissension's banner ne'er
  Wave o'er thy fertile loam,—
But should it come, there 's one will die
  To save his native home.

THE MOCKING-BIRD

From the vale, what music ringing,
  Fills the bosom of the night,
On the sense, entrancèd, flinging
  Spells of witchery and delight!
O'er magnolia, lime, and cedar,
  From yon locust-top it swells,
Like the chant of serenader,
  Or the rhymes of silver bells!
    Listen! dearest, listen to it!
      Sweeter sounds were never heard!
    'T is the song of that wild poet—
      Mime and minstrel—mocking-bird.

See him, swinging in his glory,
  On yon topmost bending limb!
Carolling his amorous story,
  Like some wild crusader's hymn!
Now it faints in tones delicious
  As the first low vow of love!
Now it bursts in swells capricious,
  All the moonlit vale above!
    Listen! dearest, listen to it!
      Sweeter sounds were never heard!
    'T is the song of that wild poet—
      Mime and minstrel—mocking-bird.

Why is't thus this sylvan Petrarch
  Pours all night his serenade?
'T is for some proud woodland Laura,
  His sad sonnets all are made!
But he changes now his measure—
  Gladness bubbling from his mouth—
Jest, and gibe, and mimic pleasure—
  Winged Anacreon of the South!
    Listen! dearest, listen to it!
      Sweeter sounds were never heard!
    'T is the song of that wild poet—
      Mime and minstrel—mocking-bird.

Bird of music, wit, and gladness,
  Troubadour of sunny climes,
Disenchanter of all sadness,—
  Would thine art were in my rhymes.
O'er the heart that's beating by me,
  I would weave a spell divine;
Is there aught she could deny me,
  Drinking in such strains as thine?
    Listen! dearest, listen to it!
      Sweeter sounds were never heard
    'T is the song of that wild poet—
      Mime and minstrel—mocking-bird.

THEODORE O'HARA

Theodore O'Hara was born at Danville, Kentucky, February 11, 1820. He was of Irish parentage, his father being a political exile from Ireland. O'Hara received a fairly good classical education at St. Joseph's College, in Bardstown, Kentucky, and afterward read law and was admitted to the bar. In 1846 he was made captain of a company being raised for the war with Mexico. He was promoted to the rank of major for conspicuous gallantry in several battles of this war.

It was in this period that he wrote *The Bivouac of the Dead*, the poem that made him famous. The battle of Buena Vista was fought in 1847, between the American forces under General Zachary Taylor and the Mexicans under General Santa Anna. Two noted regiments, one from Mississippi under the command of Colonel Jefferson Davis, and the other from Kentucky, bore the brunt of the attack of the vastly superior Mexican forces. The Americans won a decisive victory, but many of the brave Mississippians and Kentuckians fell. When the bodies of the Kentucky soldiers were sent to their native state for burial, O'Hara wrote this magnificent elegy in commemoration of their valor, and the poem at once sprang into wide popularity. It has appeared in practically every considerable collection of verse published in this country within the past half century. O'Hara's poetical genius was limited to a single note. He wrote one other poem of an elegiac nature—*The Old Pioneer*—composed in exactly the same meter and tone as *The Bivouac of the Dead*, but he did little or nothing else worthy to be remembered.

Between the period of the Mexican War and the Civil War, O'Hara made some effort to practice law, but he was of too restless a nature to succeed. He joined Lopez in the latter's attempt to liberate Cuba, and was also interested in Walker's ill-fated expedition into Central America. In the meantime he was engaged with some

success in editorial work on several newspapers, among them the Mobile *Register*, the *Yeoman* of Frankfort, Kentucky, and the Louisville *Times*.

At the opening of the Civil War he was commissioned colonel of the Twelfth Alabama Regiment, and he later served on the staffs of Generals Albert Sidney Johnston and John C. Breckenridge. After the war O'Hara engaged in the cotton business in Columbus, Georgia, but he lost all he had in a fire and retired to a small place across the Chattahoochee in Alabama, where he died, June 6, 1867. Some years later, the Legislature of Kentucky appropriated money to remove his body to Frankfort and place it beside the remains of the soldiers whose valor he had so nobly embalmed in his one great poem.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
  The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on Life's parade shall meet
  That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping ground
  Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
  The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
  Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
  Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
  The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn nor screaming fife
  At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust;
  Their plumèd heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
  Is now their martial shroud.
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
  The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
  Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
  The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
  The din and shout, are past;
Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
  Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that nevermore may feel
  The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
  That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
  Came down the serried foe.
Who heard the thunder of the fray
  Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
  Was "Victory or Death."

Long had the doubtful conflict raged
  O'er all that stricken plain,
For never fiercer fight had waged
  The vengeful blood of Spain;
And still the storm of battle blew,
  Still swelled the gory tide;
Not long, our stout old chieftain knew,
  Such odds his strength could bide.

'Twas in that hour his stern command
  Called to a martyr's grave
The flower of his belovèd land
  The nation's flag to save.
By rivers of their fathers' gore
  His first-born laurels grew,
And well he deemed the sons would pour
  Their lives for glory too.

Full many a norther's breath has swept,
  O'er Angostura's plain,—
And long the pitying sky has wept
  Above its mouldered slain.
The raven's scream or eagle's flight
  Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone awakes each sullen height
  That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody ground,
  Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
  Along the heedless air.
Your own proud land's heroic soil
  Shall be your fitter grave:
She claims from war his richest spoil—
  The ashes of her brave.

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,
  Far from the gory field
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
  On many a bloody shield;
The sunshine of their native sky
  Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
  The heroes' sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood ye gave,
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your story be forgot,
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of glory's light
That gilds your deathless tomb.

LAMAR, PINKNEY, AND COOKE

Mirabeau Buonaparte Lamar, Edward Coote Pinkney, and Philip Pendleton Cooke are three Southerners of ante-bellum days who may be grouped together because each is best remembered for a single poem of sentiment—Lamar for *The Daughter of Mendoza*, Pinkney for *A Health*, and Cooke for *Florence Vane*.

Mirabeau Buonaparte Lamar, born in Louisville, Georgia, August 16, 1798, won enduring fame as a patriot, statesman, and poet in Texas and therefore is generally known as a Texan. He received a common-school education in Georgia and began life as a business man; but being a great reader and student, he soon turned his attention to journalism, becoming for a time the editor of the Columbus (Georgia) *Enquirer*, a paper which still enjoys a wide circulation in west Georgia and east Alabama. In 1835 Lamar removed to Texas and took part in the war which led to its independence, entering the service as a private. In the battle of San Jacinto, having been raised to the rank of colonel, he won fame as leader of the cavalry division which put the Mexicans to rout and captured their general, Santa Anna. Judge A. W. Terrell of Austin, Texas, who saw Lamar about 1835, says: "His long, jet-black hair was tinged with gray; he was of dark complexion and about five feet ten inches tall, with broad shoulders, deep chest, symmetrical limbs, and under his high forehead blue eyes looked out in calm repose. His clean-cut, handsome features spoke of high resolve and indomitable will." Speaking of his rapid rise to positions of trust, Judge Terrell further says: "Within ten days [after the battle of San Jacinto] Lamar was made Secretary of War; in four weeks the cabinet appointed him Commander-in-chief of the Army; in four months he was elected Vice-president of the Republic; and in three years, President without opposition. No private soldier

ever rose so rapidly from the ranks to the supreme authority through so many important offices, military and civil." After the admission of Texas into the Union, President Lamar was appointed successively to diplomatic posts in the Argentine Republic and in Nicaragua and Costa Rica. In 1857 he published his *Verse Memorials*, a volume of fairly good poetry; but he is better known through his single poem, *The Daughter of Mendoza*, written about 1858, while he was minister to Nicaragua and Costa Rica. For a fuller description of this poem see the notes on page 424.

President Lamar died December 19, 1859, and was buried at Richmond, Texas, his home. He was a very methodical and industrious man, and he amassed a large collection of valuable manuscripts of his own private compositions and public documents, and of the diaries and memoirs of other early settlers in Texas. These valuable papers are now to be found in the State Library at Austin, Texas.

Edward Coote Pinkney, son of William Pinkney, the famous orator and statesman, was born in London, October 1, 1802, while his father was United States minister to the court of St. James. The family returned to America in 1804, but again went to London in 1806, and Edward was about nine years old when he was finally brought to America and put in school at Baltimore. At fourteen he entered the United States navy as a midshipman, serving for eight years, during which time he traveled extensively. Resigning from the navy in 1822, he prepared for the practice of law, and two years later was admitted to the bar. Like many another Southern lawyer, he preferred literature to law, and he presently became editor of the *Marylander*. His health gave way, however, and on April 3, 1827, less than a year after he assumed his editorial position, he died. In his short life he wrote a considerable volume of poetry, all of which is above mediocrity; but it is on *A Health* that his fame chiefly rests so far as the general public is concerned. English critics have admired this poem; and Edgar Allan Poe reprinted it in his essay on *The Poetic Principle*, saying:

"The poem just cited is especially beautiful; but the poetic elevation which it induces we must refer chiefly to our sympathy in the poet's enthusiasm. We pardon his hyperboles for the evident earnestness with which they are uttered." For further comment on this poem see the notes, page 425.

Philip Pendleton Cooke, an elder brother of the novelist John Esten Cooke, was born in Martinsburg, Virginia, October 26, 1816. He was educated at Princeton College and later took up the study of law. But he never rose to eminence in his profession, for it is said that he was too fond of hunting and of writing poetry and novels ever to make a great success at the law. His novels were fairly popular in their day, but they are no longer remembered; his poetry, however, has met with more lasting favor. The best of all his productions, according to popular estimation, is the sentimental ballad here reprinted. Cooke was a very modest man and took his popularity modestly and unaffectedly. He did not have the energy or ambition to do great work, and what he did was thrown off without excessive labor or hard study. In 1847 his single volume of poetry, *Froissart Ballads and Other Poems*, appeared. Some of the ballads are long and somewhat tiresome, but the short poems of a sad and pathetic turn, like *Florence Vane* and *Young Rosalie Lee*, are well worthy of the fame which has been accorded them. An historical note on the first-named of these poems will be found in the notes of this volume, page 426.

Cooke died January 20, 1850, from an attack of pneumonia brought on by exposure during a hunting trip.

THE DAUGHTER OF MENDOZA

O lend to me, sweet nightingale,
  Your music by the fountains!
And lend to me your cadences,
  O river of the mountains!
That I may sing my gay brunette,
A diamond spark in coral set,
Gem for a prince's coronet—
  The daughter of Mendoza.

How brilliant is the morning star!
  The evening star, how tender!
The light of both is in her eye,
  Their softness and their splendor.
But for the lash that shades their light,
They were too dazzling for the sight;
And when she shuts them, all is night—
  The daughter of Mendoza.

O! ever bright and beauteous one,
  Bewildering and beguiling,
The lute is in thy silvery tone,
  The rainbow in thy smiling.
And thine is, too, o'er hill and dell,
The bounding of the young gazelle,
The arrow's flight and ocean's swell—
  Sweet daughter of Mendoza!

What though, perchance, we meet no more?
  What though too soon we sever?

Thy form will float like emerald light,
  Before my vision ever.
For who can see and then forget
The glories of my gay brunette?
Thou art too bright a star to set—
  Sweet daughter of Mendoza!

A HEALTH

I fill this cup to one made up of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex the seeming paragon;
To whom the better elements and kindly stars have given
A form so fair that, like the air, 'tis less of earth than heaven.

Her every tone is music's own, like those of morning birds,
And something more than melody dwells ever in her words;
The coinage of her heart are they, and from her lips each flows
As one may see the burthened bee forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her, the measures of her hours;
Her feelings have the fragrancy, the freshness of young flowers;
And lovely passions, changing oft, so fill her, she appears
The image of themselves by turns—the idol of past years!

Of her bright face one glance will trace a picture on the brain,
And of her voice in echoing hearts a sound must long remain,

But memory such as mine of her so very much endears,
When death is nigh, my latest sigh will not be life's but hers.
I filled this cup to one made up of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex the seeming paragon—
Her health! and would on earth there stood some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry, and weariness a name.

FLORENCE VANE

I loved thee long and dearly,
Florence Vane;
My life's bright dream and early
Hath come again;
I renew in my fond vision,
My heart's dear pain—
My hope, and thy derision,
Florence Vane.

The ruin lone and hoary,
The ruin old,
Where thou did'st hark my story
At even told—
That spot, the hues Elysian
Of sky and plain,
I treasure in my vision,
Florence Vane.

Thou wast lovelier than the roses
In their prime;
Thy voice excelled the closes
Of sweetest rhyme.

Thy heart was as a river
    Without a main—
Would I had loved thee never,
    Florence Vane!

But fairest, coldest wonder!
    Thy glorious clay
Lieth the green sod under—
    Alas the day!
And it boots not to remember
    Thy disdain—
To quicken love's pale ember,
    Florence Vane.

The lilies of the valley,
    By young graves weep,
The pansies love to dally
    Where maidens sleep.
May their bloom, in beauty vying,
    Never wane,
Where thine earthly part is lying,
    Florence Vane!

ALBERT PIKE

Though born in Boston, in 1809, and reared and educated in New England, Albert Pike is known distinctly as a Southerner, for he spent almost sixty years of his life in Southern states and during those years devoted his talents to the South. He worked his way upward, directing his own career from early youth, when he was left an orphan, and earning the money with which to pay for his education. In 1831 he left his native state and started for the West, to seek his fortune.

The destination that he had in mind was the Pacific Coast, but after wandering here and there, he finally stopped at Fort Smith, Arkansas, and determined to cast his lot with the people of this new middle-west country. Here he at first supported himself by teaching, devoting his free time to writing. Having attracted attention by his contributions to the Little Rock *Advocate*, Pike was presently invited to become associate editor of that paper. He gave up his position as teacher at Fort Smith, and began to learn the newspaper business from the ground up, setting type, managing the circulation, and writing editorials. But his was a large and restless spirit, and soon he turned to new spheres of activity. After studying law by himself for a time, he was admitted without examination to practice in the Arkansas courts. Later he decided to change his practice to the Louisiana courts, and this necessitated his reviewing his Latin and French studies in order to be able to interpret the Louisiana law. In a short time he removed to New Orleans, where he practiced successfully for several years.

In his youth Pike had written much poetry — some of it classic in quality as well as in subject matter. In 1831 he published his *Hymns to the Gods*, and a few years later Christopher North, editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*, recognizing the worth of these poems and praising them highly, republished them in his periodical. In 1834

Prose Sketches and Poems appeared and, shortly afterward, *Ariel*, an imaginative long poem, said to have been written on the prairie while the poet's horse was grazing by his side. The famous *Ode to the Mocking-bird* was written in this same year, but not published until 1836; it was republished in *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1840. A final volume of collected poems, *Nugæ*, was published for private circulation in 1854.

In the meantime Pike had won fame and fortune as a lawyer, as a man of affairs, as a leader in fraternal orders, and as a soldier. When the Mexican War broke out in 1846 he organized and became captain of a cavalry troop, serving brilliantly under General Taylor. At the opening of the Civil War he joined the Confederate army and was commissioned brigadier-general. Resigning from the army, he later became a judge of the supreme court of Arkansas.

After the war, General Pike practiced law in Memphis, Tennessee, and for a time was editor-in-chief of the Memphis *Appeal*. In 1868 he sold his interest in this paper and moved to Washington, D. C., where, except for a brief residence in Alexandria, Virginia, he remained until his death in 1891.

General Pike early became interested in the work of the fraternal orders, and was a leading Oddfellow and Mason. He wrote many books and delivered many lectures on masonic subjects, and was recognized as the most distinguished Mason in America. He held the highest offices within the gift of the order, being for thirty-two years Grand Commander of the Scottish Rite Masons.

As a poet General Pike has not taken high rank, but a few of his poems, notably the *Ode to the Mocking-bird*, *Ode to Spring*, *Every Year*, and his fiery war song *Dixie*, will long be cherished by lovers of poetry. He had the fire and imagination requisite for the production of great poetry, but he was lacking in the sense for perfect form and compact structure, and so even the best of his poems are marred by diffuseness and weakness.

(The authoritative sketch of General Pike's life, by his daughter, Mrs. Lillian Pike Roome, is to be found in the complete edition of his *Poems*, published in 1900.)

EVERY YEAR

Life is a count of losses,
Every year;
For the weak are heavier crosses,
Every year;
Lost Springs with sobs replying
Unto weary Autumn's sighing,
While those we love are dying,
Every year.

It is growing darker, colder,
Every year;
As the heart and soul grow older,
Every year;
I care not now for dancing,
Or for eyes with passion glancing,
Love is less and less entrancing,
Every year.

The days have less of gladness,
Every year;
The nights more weight of sadness,
Every year;
Fair Springs no longer charm us,
The winds and weather harm us,
The threats of Death alarm us,
Every year.

There come new cares and sorrows,
Every year;

Dark days and darker morrows,
Every year;
The ghosts of dead loves haunt us,
The ghosts of changed friends taunt us,
And disappointments daunt us,
Every year.

Of the loves and sorrows blended,
Every year;
Of the charms of friendship ended,
Every year;
Of the ties that still might bind me,
Until Time to Death resigned me,
My infirmities remind me,
Every year.

Ah! how sad to look before us,
Every year;
While the cloud grows darker o'er us,
Every year;
When we see the blossoms faded,
That to bloom we might have aided,
And immortal garlands braided,
Every year.

To the Past go more dead faces,
Every year;
As the loved leave vacant places,
Every year;
Everywhere the sad eyes meet us,
In the evening's dusk they greet us,
And to come to them entreat us,
Every year.

"You are growing old," they tell us,
"Every year;
You are more alone," they tell us,
"Every year;
You can win no new affection,
You have only recollection,
Deeper sorrow and dejection,
Every year."

The shores of life are shifting,
Every year;
And we are seaward drifting,
Every year;
Old places, changing, fret us,
The living more forget us,
There are fewer to regret us,
Every year.

But the truer life draws nigher,
Every year;
And its morning star climbs higher,
Every year;
Earth's hold on us grows slighter,
And the heavy burden lighter,
And the Dawn Immortal brighter,
Every year.

JOHN REUBEN THOMPSON

John Reuben Thompson won more distinction as an editor and professional journalist than as an original or creative writer. He was one of the leading literary spirits of his day; yet he never was able to set himself steadily to any creative work that was worthy of his ability, his fine literary taste, and his broad knowledge and attainments. He was quick to discover and encourage literary gifts possessed by others, and assisted many of his contemporaries in the South to the attainment of that fame which he himself never won.

He was born in Richmond, Virginia, October 23, 1823. Having received his preliminary education in Connecticut, he entered the law department of the University of Virginia and was graduated in 1844. He began the practice of his profession in his native city, but in 1847 he abandoned law for journalism, having accepted the editorship of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, a journal of which Poe had been editor for a time, and which had attained a high position among the periodicals of the day. It is generally acknowledged that to Thompson is due the credit of making the *Messenger*, during his long incumbency as editor, not only the chief literary organ of the South but one of the two or three most influential magazines in America. In 1854 Thompson went to Europe, where he met many distinguished literary people—Macaulay, Thackeray, Dickens, the Brownings, and Bulwer Lytton; he became particularly intimate with Macaulay and Thackeray, and it is said that for the latter he wrote one chapter of *The Virginians*. After his return to America he earned an enviable reputation as a lecturer, his most popular and often-repeated lecture being "The Life and Genius of Edgar Allan Poe."

In 1860 Thompson gave up his position on the *Messenger* to accept a more lucrative position on the *Southern Field and Fireside*, published in Augusta, Georgia. Within a

year the Civil War broke out, and practically all literary and journalistic activity was at once suspended. Thompson returned to Virginia to take part in the conflict, but ill health prevented him from entering into active military service. He became Assistant Secretary of the Commonwealth, wrote vigorous articles for the press, composed many stirring war poems, and in every way possible aided the Southern cause. In 1864 he went to England to assume the editorship of the *Index*, a journal published in London to arouse interest in the Confederacy. His articles in this paper at once attracted attention. Here also he renewed his association with the literary people whom he had met on his previous visit and made the acquaintance of many other prominent persons, among them Carlyle and Tennyson, with both of whom he became intimate.

Returning to America in 1866, he again entered upon his journalistic work, contributing reviews and criticism to various periodicals. Eventually he was invited by William Cullen Bryant to join the literary staff of the New York *Evening Post*. He did notable work for this paper for several years, but his health finally became so impaired that he was induced to seek relief in a drier climate. He went to Colorado in 1873, but soon realizing that his days were numbered, he returned to his work after a few weeks. He died in New York, April 30, 1873, and was buried in his native city, Richmond, Virginia.

Thompson wrote a number of good war poems, among them *Ashley*, *The Battle Rainbow*, *The Burial of Latané*, and *The Death of Stuart*—the last-named being aptly characterized by Margaret Junkin Preston as a "ringing ballad" which "sends the bold Stuart riding down the years." But by far the most popular of his productions is *Music in Camp*.

MUSIC IN CAMP

Two armies covered hill and plain,
  Where Rappahannock's waters
Ran deeply crimsoned with the stain
  Of battle's recent slaughters.

The summer clouds lay pitched like tents
  In meads of heavenly azure;
And each dread gun of the elements
  Slept in its hid embrasure.

The breeze so softly blew, it made
  No forest leaf to quiver,
And the smoke of the random cannonade
  Rolled slowly from the river.

And now, where circling hills looked down
  With cannon grimly planted,
O'er listless camp and silent town
  The golden sunset slanted.

When on the fervid air there came
  A strain, now rich, now tender;
The music seemed itself aflame
  With day's departing splendor.

A Federal band, which, eve and morn,
  Played measures brave and nimble,
Had just struck up, with flute and horn
  And lively clash of cymbal.

Down flocked the soldiers to the banks,
  Till, margined by its pebbles,
One wooded shore was blue with "Yanks,"
  And one was gray with "Rebels."

Then all was still, and then the band,
  With movement light and tricksy,
Made stream and forest, hill and strand,
  Reverberate with "Dixie."

The conscious stream with burnished glow
  Went proudly o'er its pebbles,
But thrilled throughout its deepest flow
  With yelling of the Rebels.

Again a pause, and then again
  The trumpets pealed sonorous,
And "Yankee Doodle" was the strain
  To which the shore gave chorus.

The laughing ripple shoreward flew,
  To kiss the shining pebbles;
Loud shrieked the swarming Boys in Blue
  Defiance to the Rebels.

And yet once more the bugle sang
  Above the stormy riot;
No shout upon the evening rang—
  There reigned a holy quiet.

The sad, slow stream its noiseless flood
  Poured o'er the glistening pebbles;
All silent now the Yankees stood,
  And silent stood the Rebels.

No unresponsive soul had heard
That plaintive note's appealing,
So deeply "Home, Sweet Home" had stirred
The hidden founts of feeling.

Or Blue or Gray, the soldier sees
As by the wand of fairy,
The cottage 'neath the live-oak trees,
The cabin by the prairie.

Or cold or warm, his native skies
Bend in their beauty o'er him;
Seen through the tear-mist in his eyes,
His loved ones stand before him.

As fades the iris after rain
In April's tearful weather,
The vision vanished as the strain
And daylight died together.

But memory, waked by Music's art,
Expressed in simplest numbers,
Subdues the sternest Yankee's heart,
Made light the Rebel's slumbers.

And fair the form of Music shines,
That bright, celestial creature,
Who still, 'mid war's embattled lines,
Gave this one touch of Nature.

FRANCIS ORRAY TICKNOR

Dr. Orray Ticknor and Harriot Coolidge, the parents of Dr. Francis Orray Ticknor the poet, came from Connecticut and settled near Savannah, Georgia, in 1815. Shortly afterward they moved to Fortville in Jones County, in the central part of the state, and here their three children, of whom Francis Orray was the youngest, were born. The date of Francis's birth was November 13, 1822, and five months later the father died. The widow moved with her three young children to Columbus, Georgia, in order to give her family better advantages. Here the children grew up and attended school. At an early age Francis was sent to college in Massachusetts, and then given a good medical education in New York and Philadelphia institutions.

After graduation, young Dr. Ticknor spent a year with his mother's people in Norwich, Connecticut, studying under the tutelage of the best physician of the town. He then returned to Georgia, settling in Lumpkin County to practice his profession. He married Rosalie Nelson, daughter of Major Thomas M. Nelson of Virginia, then living in Columbus, Georgia. Three years after his marriage, Dr. Ticknor moved with his family to an estate seven miles from Columbus, and here he soon became a sort of Good Samaritan in his community, riding far and near to relieve suffering, and devoting himself unselfishly to the needs of his people. He named his home Torch Hill, and it became, as it were, a beacon light of hope and relief to the distressed of all classes in the neighborhood.

He was passionately fond of flowers, and prided himself on having the finest rose garden to be found in his state. He loved his orchards and his fields of cotton and corn as well, and he wrote for the newspapers a number of articles on horticulture and kindred subjects. In his leisure, either for his own or his friends' pleasure, he wrote occasional poems. These were mere fugitive pieces, for

the most part, for he had no idea of publishing any of them and no thought of producing anything of permanent value. After his verses had served the purpose of pleasing his friends, he usually destroyed the manuscripts; but his wife, setting a higher value on these ephemeral productions, saved such scraps of the doctor's writing as she could collect, many of his poems being scattered here and there in the neighborhood, written on prescription blanks and odd fragments of paper while he was watching by his patients.

Much of Dr. Ticknor's poetry found its way into journals and newspapers, however, and won for him a somewhat wider and more appreciative audience. During the Civil War, when the good physician was devoting himself to the service of his sick and wounded fellow countrymen, his poetic faculty seems to have been quickened into a finer productivity, gaining notably in power; and some of the poems written in those years are now among the most highly prized lyrics in our war literature. *The Virginians of the Valley* is one of his best-known songs, but *Little Giffen* is beyond question his strongest and most original poem. Many others of his songs deserve and have latterly received high praise, but his poems as a whole have not been widely read. In fact, until recently they have not been accessible to the public in any large way. Five years after Dr. Ticknor's death, in 1874, an incomplete volume of his poems was published, edited by Miss Kate Roland and having an appreciative introduction by Paul Hamilton Hayne, a warm friend and admirer of the poet-physician. In 1911 an enlarged edition with additional biographical material from authoritative sources was published, edited by Miss Michelle Cutliff Ticknor, the poet's grand-daughter.

LITTLE GIFFEN

Out of the focal and foremost fire,
Out of the hospital walls as dire,
Smitten of grape-shot and gangrene,
(Eighteenth battle, and he sixteen!)
Specter! such as you seldom see,
Little Giffen, of Tennessee!

"Take him and welcome!" the surgeons said:
Little the doctor can help the dead!
So we took him, and brought him where
The balm was sweet in the summer air;
And we laid him down on a wholesome bed—
Utter Lazarus, heel to head!

And we watched the war with abated breath,
Skeleton boy against skeleton death.
Months of torture, how many such?
Weary weeks of the stick and crutch;
And still a glint of the steel-blue eye
Told of a spirit that wouldn't die.

And didn't. Nay, more! in death's despite
The crippled skeleton learned to write.
"Dear Mother," at first, of course; and then,
"Dear Captain," inquiring about the men.
Captain's answer: "Of eighty and five,
Giffen and I are left alive."

Word of gloom from the war, one day;
Johnston pressed at the front, they say.

Little Giffen was up and away;
A tear—his first—as he bade good-by,
Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye.
"I 'll write, if spared!" There was news of the fight;
But none of Giffen. He did not write.

I sometimes fancy that were I king
Of the princely knights of the Golden Ring,
With the song of the minstrel in mine ear,
And the tender legend that trembles here.
I'd give the best on his bended knee,
The whitest soul of my chivalry,
For "Little Giffen," of Tennessee.

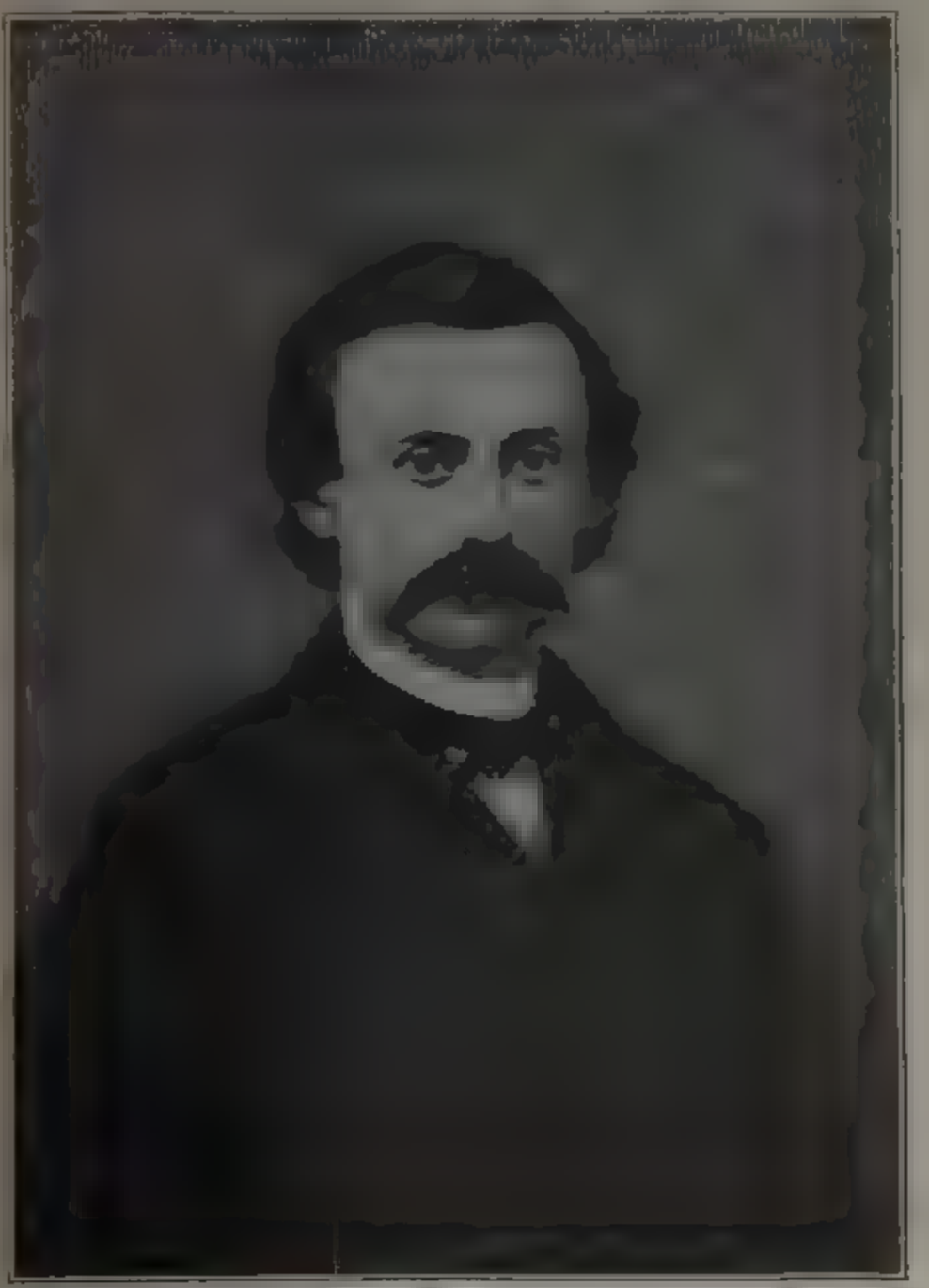
HENRY TIMROD

Time has dealt both harshly and kindly with Henry Timrod. During his life this young South Carolinian suffered perhaps more than any one of his long-suffering fellow poets of the Civil War and Reconstruction periods, but gradually his fame has expanded until now he is universally recognized as one of the four or five major poets of the South, being placed second only to Lanier and Poe. His work at times undoubtedly reaches a higher level than that of his lifelong friend, Paul Hamilton Hayne, and the actual product of his thirty-seven years of ill-starred, poverty-stricken, diseased-haunted life, though but an indication of what he might have accomplished under more favorable circumstances, yet gives him the right to an honorable place among the song-crowned sons of America.

Like Paul Hayne, Henry Timrod came of an excellent family, who in Revolutionary times had settled in the aristocratic and cultured city of Charleston, South Carolina. There was less than a month's difference between the natal days of the two poets, Timrod being born on December 8, 1829, and Hayne on January 1, 1830. The boys became acquainted while attending the same private school in Charleston, where they sat together for a time and became intimate cronies.

Although Timrod is described as a shy and timid youth, slow of speech while quick to learn, he was a thoroughly likable lad, and was a general favorite among his playmates. He took an active part in all outdoor sports and games, even in fighting, and he was fond of getting away from the city to take long rambles in the woods.

When he was about seventeen years old Timrod entered the University of Georgia with bright prospects. He made a fairly good record as a student, especially in the literary and classic branches, but he spent much of his time in verse-making. His education was cut short through



[illegible] Charleston
Library Society. Courtesy of the trustees

HENRY TIMROD

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lack of financial means, however, and he left college without a degree. This was the first great disappointment of his life.

Returning to Charleston, he entered the office of the Honorable J. L. Petigru, one of the best-known lawyers of the city, to prepare for a professional career; but he soon found law work distasteful and his preceptor uncongenial, and so he went out to earn his livelihood by tutoring in private families. Aspiring to a professorship in the classics, Timrod read diligently to prepare himself for this work. But he was born under an unlucky star, it seems, for he was always approaching very near to, but never quite realizing, his most cherished desires. He found no suitable opening for a successful teaching career, so for about ten years he toiled on at private tutoring here and there, wherever he found work.

All this time poetry was his constant companion and consolation. He contributed both prose and verse to Southern literary journals, such as *Russell's Magazine* and the *Southern Literary Messenger*. He published a small volume of poems in 1860, and as Hayne said, "a better first volume of the kind has seldom appeared anywhere." In this volume were *The Lily Confidante*, *A Vision of Poesy*, and other worthy efforts. The book was well received by the reviewers, but there could not have been in the whole history of our country, perhaps, a more unpropitious moment for the publication of a volume of purely nature and personal lyrics. The people were in no mood to read love songs or disquisitions on the nature of poesy. Again we find disappointment and failure Timrod's portion, for there were few buyers of his modest volume, and consequently no material returns to the impecunious young author.

But hope smiled anew, and Timrod threw himself with intense zeal into the approaching struggle between the sections. He was too frail physically to bear arms or undergo the hardships of military life, but he went to the front as a war correspondent for the Charleston *Mercury*, and was continually helping the Southern cause by composing the fiery war songs which gave him such wide fame in those years of struggle and which won for him a place

in the foremost rank of our war poets. His *Ethnogenesis*, written in February, 1861, on the birth of the Southern Confederacy at Montgomery, Alabama, is a magnificent ode, and except for the fact that it celebrates a "lost cause" there is no doubt that long ago it would have been crowned as one of the supreme productions of our nation in this kind of poetry. By far the best-known and most highly praised of Timrod's longer poems, *The Cotton Boll*, was written about the same time. Though more strictly a nature poem, it concludes with a strong patriotic appeal, and is sometimes classed as a war poem. His *Carolina* and *A Cry to Arms* are fiery war songs. These poems, and many others like them, were widely circulated and enthusiastically received all over the South. So prominent had Timrod become as a representative Southern poet that in 1862 his friends proposed to bring out an illustrated edition of his poems in England, the artist Vizetelli, then war correspondent of the *London Illustrated News*, promising to supply the engravings. But in the stress of the war period the project fell through, and again, on the very verge of apparent success, our poet met his old foes, misfortune and disappointment.

Early in 1864 Timrod accepted an editorial position on the *South Carolinian* of Columbia, South Carolina, and with this prospect for permanent employment he married Miss Kate Goodwin, an English girl. This lady was the ideal of many of his poetic fancies and the heroine of some of his best love poems. The long poem *Katie*, which celebrates the beauty and charm of Miss Goodwin, is full of exquisite imagery and fine descriptive passages.

Little more than a year of happiness was vouchsafed him. On December 24, 1864, was born to him a son, the "Little Willie" whom he mourns in a pathetic lyric in less than a year after the child's birth. After the death of his son the poet lost much of his hopefulness and buoyancy. General Sherman's army had destroyed the beautiful city of Columbia almost exactly one year after the date of Timrod's marriage, and there was nothing left to him but poverty and distress from that time on to the end of his life. He tried to bear up bravely, and in a letter to his friend Hayne in 1866 he humorously refers to the

gradual sale of what little furniture and silverware that had been saved from the wreck, to meet the bare necessities of existence. "We have—let me see—yes, we have eaten two silver pitchers, one or two dozen silver forks, several sofas, innumerable chairs, and a huge bedstead." He continued his work on the *Carolinian*,—the paper had now been moved to Charleston,—but in a letter to Hayne he stated that for four months he had not received a dollar of his promised salary.

One brief respite came before the end, when in the summer of 1867 Timrod, by the advice of his physicians and at the urgent solicitation of his old friend, went for two visits of about one month each to Copse Hill, the home of Paul Hamilton Hayne, who was now living in the pine barrens of Georgia about sixteen miles from Augusta. Hayne writes sympathetically of their comradeship during these visits, both in his introductory memoir in the 1873 edition of Timrod's poems and in his beautiful reminiscences of the poet in *Under the Pine* and *By the Grave of Henry Timrod*. From this visit, though greatly revived in spirits and apparently in health also, Timrod returned home to die. On September thirteenth he wrote to Hayne that he had suffered a severe hemorrhage from the lungs, and this was speedily followed by others, still more severe. He died October 7, 1867.

Since the publication, by the Timrod Memorial Society, of his poems (in 1889), Timrod's grave in Trinity Church Cemetery, Columbia, which for many years remained unmarked, and for many more was marked only by a small shaft erected by a few of his admirers, has been crowned with a huge bowlder of gray granite. Historians of American literature have been drawn to give more prominence to Timrod's work, and what is quite as gratifying, his poetry is being read and studied more and more every year.

(For appreciations of Timrod see the Introduction to the Memorial Volume of his Poems and the essay by Charles Hunter Ross in the *Quarterly Review* of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, January, 1893.)

THE LILY CONFIDANTE

Lily! lady of the garden!
  Let me press my lip to thine!
Love must tell its story, Lily!
  Listen thou to mine.

Two I choose to know the secret—
  Thee, and yonder wordless flute;
Dragons watch me, tender Lily,
  And thou must be mute.

There's a maiden, and her name is ....
  Hist! was that a rose-leaf fell?
See, the rose is listening, Lily,
  And the rose may tell.

Lily-browed and lily-hearted,
  She is very dear to me;
Lovely? yes, if being lovely
  Is—resembling thee.

Six to half a score of summers
  Make the sweetest of the "teens"—
Not too young to guess, dear Lily,
  What a lover means.

Laughing girl, and thoughtful woman,
  I am puzzled how to woo—
Shall I praise or pique her, Lily?
  Tell me what to do.

"Silly lover, if thy Lily
  Like her sister lilies be,
Thou must woo, if thou wouldst wear her,
  With a simple plea.

"Love 's the lover's only magic,
  Truth the very subtlest art;
Love that feigns, and lips that flatter,
  Win no modest heart.

"Like the dewdrop in my bosom,
  Be thy guileless language, youth;
Falsehood buyeth falsehood only,
  Truth must purchase truth.

"As thou talkest at the fireside,
  With the little children by—
As thou prayest in the darkness,
  When thy God is nigh—

"With a speech as chaste and gentle,
  And such meanings as become
Ear of child, or ear of angel,
  Speak, or be thou dumb.

"Woo her thus, and she shall give thee
  Of her heart the sinless whole,
All the girl within her bosom,
  And her woman's soul."

STORM AND CALM

Sweet are these kisses of the South,
As dropped from woman's rosiest mouth,
And tenderer are those azure skies
Than this world's tenderest pair of eyes!

But ah! beneath such influence
Thought is too often lost in Sense;
And Action, faltering as we thrill,
Sinks in the unnerved arms of Will.

Awake, thou stormy North, and blast
The subtle spells around us cast;
Beat from our limbs these flowery chains
With the sharp scourges of thy rains!

Bring with thee from thy Polar cave
All the wild songs of wind and wave,
Of toppling berg and grinding floe,
And the dread avalanche of snow!

Wrap us in Arctic night and clouds!
Yell like a fiend amid the shrouds
Of some slow-sinking vessel, when
He hears the shrieks of drowning men!

Blend in thy mighty voice whate'er
Of danger, terror, and despair
Thou hast encountered in thy sweep
Across the land and o'er the deep.

Pour in our ears all notes of woe,
That, as these very moments flow,
Rise like a harsh discordant psalm,
While we lie here in tropic calm.

Sting our weak hearts with bitter shame,
Bear us along with thee like flame;
And prove that even to destroy
More God-like may be than to toy
And rust or rot in idle joy!

CAROLINA

I

The despot treads thy sacred sands,
Thy pines give shelter to his bands,
Thy sons stand by with idle hands,
Carolina!
He breathes at ease thy airs of balm,
He scorns the lances of thy palm;
Oh! who shall break thy craven calm,
Carolina!
Thy ancient fame is growing dim,
A spot is on thy garment's rim;
Give to the winds thy battle hymn,
Carolina!

II

Call on thy children of the hill,
Wake swamp and river, coast and rill,
Rouse all thy strength and all thy skill,
Carolina!
Cite wealth and science, trade and art,
Touch with thy fire the cautious mart,
And pour thee through the people's heart,
Carolina!
Till even the coward spurns his fears,
And all thy fields and fens and meres
Shall bristle like thy palm with spears,
Carolina!

III

Hold up the glories of thy dead;
Say how thy elder children bled,
And point to Eutaw's battle-bed,
Carolina!
Tell how the patriot's soul was tried,
And what his dauntless breast defied;
How Rutledge ruled and Laurens died,
Carolina!
Cry! till thy summons, heard at last,
Shall fall like Marion's bugle-blast
Re-echoed from the haunted Past,
Carolina!

IV

I hear a murmur as of waves
That grope their way through sunless caves,
Like bodies struggling in their graves,
Carolina!
And now it deepens; slow and grand
It swells, as, rolling to the land,
An ocean broke upon thy strand,
Carolina!
Shout! let it reach the startled Huns!
And roar with all thy festal guns!
It is the answer of thy sons,
Carolina!

V

They will not wait to hear thee call;
From Sachem's Head to Sumter's wall
Resounds the voice of hut and hall,
Carolina!
No! thou hast not a stain, they say,
Or none save what the battle-day

Shall wash in seas of blood away,
Carolina!
Thy skirts indeed the foe may part,
Thy robe be pierced with sword and dart,
They shall not touch thy noble heart,
Carolina!

VI

Ere thou shalt own the tyrant's thrall
Ten times ten thousand men must fall;
Thy corpse may hearken to his call,
Carolina!
When, by thy bier, in mournful throngs
The women chant thy mortal wrongs,
'Twill be their own funereal songs,
Carolina!
From thy dead breast by ruffians trod
No helpless child shall look to God;
All shall be safe beneath thy sod,
Carolina!

VII

Girt with such wills to do and bear,
Assured in right, and mailed in prayer,
Thou wilt not bow thee to despair,
Carolina!
Throw thy bold banner to the breeze!
Front with thy ranks the threatening seas
Like thine own proud armorial trees,
Carolina!
Fling down thy gauntlet to the Huns,
And roar the challenge from thy guns;
Then leave the future to thy sons,
Carolina!

ODE

SUNG ON THE OCCASION OF DECORATING THE GRAVES OF THE CONFEDERATE DEAD AT MAGNOLIA CEMETERY, CHARLESTON, S. C., 1867.

I

Sleep sweetly in your humble graves,
  Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause;
Though yet no marble column craves
  The pilgrim here to pause.

II

In seeds of laurel in the earth
  The blossom of your fame is blown,
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
  The shaft is in the stone!

III

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years
  Which keep in trust your storied tombs,
Behold! your sisters bring their tears,
  And these memorial blooms.

IV

Small tributes! but your shades will smile
  More proudly on these wreaths to-day,
Than when some cannon-moulded pile
  Shall overlook this bay.

V

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!
  There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies,
  By mourning beauty crowned!

JOHN ESTEN COOKE

John Esten Cooke of Virginia was descended from distinguished ancestry on both sides of the house. His grandfather, Stephen Cooke, a surgeon in the Continental Army during the Revolution, was captured by the British and sent as a prisoner to the Bermuda Islands. Here he met and married Catherine Esten (pronounced Easten), daughter of the governor-general of the island, a distinguished member of an old English family. In 1791 the Cookes left the islands and settled in Alexandria, Virginia. John Rogers Cooke, the father of John Esten, was educated at Princeton, and became a noted lawyer in Virginia at a time when the state was full of great legal lights. He married Maria Pendleton, of the well-known Pendleton family of Virginia, and lived at various places in the state. Near Winchester, in Frederick County, John Esten was born, November 3, 1830. Later the family moved to Richmond, where Esten attended school. Instead of going to college as did his elder brother, Philip Pendleton Cooke, he decided to study law at home in order to become an immediate help to his father.

Although he was admitted to the bar and began the practice of his profession in a small way, he never attained eminence as a lawyer, for he devoted most of his time to literary pursuits, constantly reading all sorts of books, and writing all kinds of material for the newspapers and magazines of the time. On two separate occasions he became for brief periods acting editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, during the absence of the regular editor, John Reuben Thompson. In 1854 Cooke published *The Virginia Comedians*, his novel dealing with pre-revolutionary times. He had already written several novels and many biographical sketches and reviews, but this was as yet his most ambitious production; by competent critics it has been classed among the best works of fiction produced in the South before the Civil War.

Cooke enlisted as a private at the beginning of the war, was gradually promoted, and finally was raised to the rank of major, serving as a staff officer under General J. E. B. Stuart. After Stuart's death Cooke was transferred to the staff of General Pendleton. During the war he saw much hard military service and won for himself an enviable reputation for courage and discretion as a soldier and an officer. Moreover, he did good service for the cause by constantly writing. He kept full notes of all that he saw and experienced, writing up his impressions of men and events at night by the camp fires, or in the saddle by day, and sometimes in the very roar of the battle field itself. Later, in his romances dealing with the Civil War period, he skillfully turned these notes to account. For instance, his most famous book, *Surry of Eagle's-Nest*, is supposed to be the memoirs of an officer on General J. E. B. Stuart's staff, and much of Cooke's own experience is woven into the romance.

Of particular interest in connection with the selection given in these pages is Cooke's *Life of Stonewall Jackson*, written during the most trying period of the war and published in 1863, less than a year after Jackson's death. Much of the material in this excellent biography has been used by later writers on Jackson, and Cooke's work is still quoted as an authority. The account of Jackson's death in *Surry of Eagle's-Nest* is in the main the same as that found in the *Life of Jackson*.

Cooke fought on with the Army of Virginia until the final surrender at Appomattox, and then, returning to his brother Philip's home in the Shenandoah Valley, he began to pour forth, in an ever-increasing stream, volume after volume of war story, revolutionary romance, biography, and history. In 1866 appeared *Surry of Eagle's-Nest*, which at once became popular and has steadily held its place in the public esteem, being still one of the most widely read romances dealing with the Civil War. After 1867, in which year Cooke married Miss Mary Page and settled in Clark County, he lived quietly and peacefully at his home "The Briars," supporting his family almost entirely by his pen. Some of his most famous books written after the war are *Fairfax*, *Mohun*, *Hilt to Hilt*,

Wearing the Gray, Lee and his Lieutenants, Virginia: a History of Her People, My Lady Pokahontas. In all, he produced more than thirty volumes, besides a vast amount of ephemeral matter which has never been collected in book form.

There is no more admirable representative of the fine old Virginia type of character than John Esten Cooke. His life was in every way above reproach, and his devotion to the ideals and history of the Old Dominion has rarely, if ever, been surpassed. Whether or not he aspired to do for Virginia what Simms had done for South Carolina or Hayne had done for Georgia, he remains the most truly representative Virginia writer of the Civil War and Reconstruction periods.

The faults of his writings are a straining after romantic effects, an over-sentimentality, a lack of restraint and finish, and a failure to coördinate and properly proportion the larger masses of his material. He recognized his own faults, and in his later years said of one of his earlier productions: "Crude art must be everywhere seen in it—the hurry of youth, the hot pulse, the absence of repose, more than all, of that nice finish which is the cameo-work of literature, and is so agreeable. The writer can only urge in reply to this criticism, which is perfectly just, that, unable to attain either this nice finish or repose, he was forced to depend upon drama. But after all that is something. It is only another word for the play of the passions of the human heart; and to paint these was the end of the art of Shakspere."

(The most recent and most satisfactory essay on John Esten Cooke is that by J. L. Armstrong in *Library of Southern Literature*, Vol. VIII.)

THE DEATH OF STONEWALL JACKSON

Here my memoirs might terminate—for the present, if not forever. All the personages disappear, lost in the bloody gulf, or have reached that crisis in their lives when we can leave them.

But one scene remains to wind up the tragedy—another figure is about to fall, as the mighty pine falls in the depths of the forest, making the woods resound as it crashes to the earth. The hours drew onward now when the form of him to whom all the South looked in her day of peril was to disappear—when the eagle eye was to flash no more, the voice to be hushed—when the hero of a hundred battles was to leave the great arena of his fame, and pass away amid the wailing of a nation.

Come with me, reader, and we will look upon this "last scene of all." Then the curtain falls.

At daylight . . . Jackson put his column in motion . . . At the Catherine Furnace he was observed and attacked by the advance force of the enemy, but, pushing on without stopping—his flank covered by the cavalry—he reached the Brock road, and, finally, the Orange plank-road.

Here I joined him at the moment when General Fitz Lee, who commanded the cavalry under Stuart, informed him that, by ascending a neighboring eminence, he could obtain a good view of the enemy's works. Jackson immediately rode to the point thus indicated, in company with Generals Fitz Lee and Stuart; and the works of Hooker were plainly descried over the tops of the trees.

The whole was seen at a glance, and, to attack to

advantage, it was obviously necessary to move further still around the enemy's flank.

"Tell my column to cross that road," Jackson said to one of his aides; and the troops moved on steadily until they reached the Old Turnpike, at a point between the Wilderness Tavern and Chancellorsville.

Here instant preparations were made for attack. The force which Jackson had consisted of Rodes's, Colston's, and A. P. Hill's divisions—in all, somewhat less than twenty-two thousand men—and line of battle was immediately formed for an advance upon the enemy. Rodes moved in front, Colston followed within two hundred yards, and Hill marched in column, with the artillery as a reserve.

Jackson gave the order to advance at about six in the evening, and, as the sinking sun began to throw its long shadows over the Wilderness, the long line of bayonets was seen in motion. Struggling on through the dense thickets on either side of the turnpike, the troops reached the open ground near Melzi Chancellor's—and there, before them, was the long line of the enemy's works.

Jackson rode in front, and, as soon as his lines were formed for the attack, ordered the works to be stormed with the bayonet.

At the word, Rodes rushed forward—the men cheering wildly—and, in a few moments, they had swept over the Federal earthworks, driving the Eleventh Corps in wild confusion before them. The woods swarmed with panic-stricken infantry, in utter confusion; artillery galloped off, and was overturned in ditches, or by striking against the trees. At one blow the entire army of Hooker, as events subsequently proved, was entirely demoralized.

Jackson pressed straight on upon the track of the flying enemy; and I soon discovered that he was straining every

nerve to extend his left, and so cut off their retreat to the Rappahannock. Unavoidable delays, however, ensued. The lines of Rodes and Colston had been mingled in inextricable confusion in the charge; officers could not find their commands: before advancing further, it was absolutely necessary to halt and re-form the line of battle. Rodes and Colston were, accordingly, ordered to stop their advance, re-form their divisions, and give way to Hill, who was directed to take the front with his fresh division, not yet engaged.

Before these orders could be carried out, it was nearly nine o'clock at night, and the weird scene was only lit up by the struggling beams of a pallid moon. On all sides the scattered troops were seen gathering around their colors again, and forming a new line of battle—and soon A. P. Hill was heard steadily advancing to take his place in front, for the decisive attack on Chancellorsville, about a mile distant.

Such was the condition of things, when General Jackson, accompanied by his staff and escort, rode in advance of his line down the road toward Chancellorsville, listening, at every step, for some indications of a movement in the Federal camps.

When nearly opposite an old wooden house, in the thicket by the roadside, he checked his horse to listen; and the whole cortège, General, staff, and couriers, remained for some moments silent and motionless, gazing toward the enemy.

From the narrative of what followed I shrink with a sort of dread, and a throbbing heart. Again that sombre and lugubrious Wilderness rises up before me, lit by the pallid moon; again the sad whippoorwill's cry; again I see the great soldier, motionless upon his horse—and then I hear the fatal roar of the guns which laid him low!

Jackson had halted thus, and remained motionless in the middle of the road, listening intently, when, suddenly, for what reason has never yet been discovered, one of his brigades in rear, and on the right of the turnpike, opened a heavy fire upon the party.

Did they take us for Federal cavalry, or were they firing at random, under the excitement of the moment? I know not, and it is probable that the truth will never be known. But the fire had terrible results. Some of the staff were wounded; others threw themselves from their horses, who were running from the fire toward the Federal lines, not two hundred yards distant; and Captain Boswell, engineer upon the General's staff, was killed, and his body dragged by his maddened horse to Chancellorsville.

As the bullets whistled around him, Jackson wheeled his horse to the left, and galloped into the thicket. Then came the fatal moment. The troops behind him, on the left of the road, imagined that the Federal cavalry was charging; and, kneeling on the right knee, with bayonets fixed, poured a volley upon the General, at the distance of thirty yards.

Two balls passed through his left arm, shattering the bone, and a third through his right hand, breaking the fingers.

Mad with terror, his horse wheeled round and ran off; and, passing under a low bough, extending horizontally from a tree, Jackson was struck in the forehead, his cap torn from his head, and his form hurled back almost out of the saddle. He rose erect again, however; grasped the bridle with his bleeding fingers; and, regaining control of his horse, turned again into the high road, near the spot which he had left.

The fire had ceased as suddenly as it began, and not a human being was seen. Of the entire staff and escort,

no one remained but myself and a single courier. The rest had disappeared before the terrible fire, as leaves disappear before the blasts of winter.

Jackson reeled in the saddle, but no sound had issued from his lips during the whole scene. He now declared, in faint tones, that his arm was broken; and, leaning forward, he fell into my arms.

More bitter distress than I experienced at that moment I would not wish to have inflicted upon my deadliest enemy. Nor was my anxiety less terrible. The lines of the enemy were in sight of the spot where the General lay. At any moment they might advance, when he would fall into their hands.

No time was to be lost. I sent the courier for an ambulance; and, taking off the General's military satchel and his arms, endeavored to stanch his wound. While I was thus engaged, I experienced a singular consciousness that other eyes than the General's were intently watching me. I can only thus describe the instinctive feeling which induced me to look up—and there, in the edge of the thicket, within ten paces of me, was a dark figure, motionless, on horseback, gazing at me.

"Who is that?" I called out.

But no reply greeted my address.

"Is that one of the couriers? If so, ride up there, and see what troops those are that fired upon us."

At the order, the dark figure moved; went slowly in the direction which I indicated; and never again appeared. Who was that silent horseman? I know not, nor ever expect to know.

I had turned again to the General, and was trying to remove his bloody gauntlets, when the sound of hoofs was heard in the direction of our own lines, and soon General A. P. Hill appeared, with his staff. Hastily dismounting,

he expressed the deepest regret at the fatal occurrence, and urged the General to permit himself to be borne to the rear, as the enemy might, at any moment, advance.

As he was speaking, an instant proof was afforded of the justice of his fears.

"Halt! surrender! Fire on them, if they do not surrender!" came from one of the staff in advance of the spot, toward the enemy; and, in a moment, the speaker appeared, with two Federal skirmishers, who expressed great astonishment at finding themselves so near the Southern lines.

It was now obvious that no time was to be lost in bearing off the General, and Lieutenant Morrison, one of the staff, exclaimed: "Let us take the General up in our arms and carry him off!"

"No; if you can help me up, I can walk!" replied Jackson, faintly.

And, as General Hill, who had drawn his pistol and mounted his horse, hastened back to throw forward his line, Jackson rose to his feet.

He had no sooner done so, than a roar like thunder came from the direction of Chancellorsville, and a hurricane of shell swept the road in which we stood. A fragment struck the horse of Captain Leigh, of Hill's staff, who had just ridden up with a litter, and his rider had only time to leap to the ground when the animal fell. This brave officer did not think of himself, however; he hastened to Jackson, who leaned his arm upon his shoulder; and, slowly dragging himself along, his arm bleeding profusely, the General approached his own lines again.

Hill was now in motion, steadily advancing to the attack, and the troops evidently suspected, from the number and rank of the wounded man's escort, that he was a superior officer.

"Who is that?" was the incessant question of the men; but the reply came as regularly, "Oh, only a friend of ours."

"When asked, just say it is a Confederate officer!" murmured Jackson.

And he continued to walk on, leaning heavily upon the shoulders of the two officers at his side. The horses were led along between him and the passing troops; but many of the soldiers peered curiously around them, to discover who the wounded officer was.

At last one of them recognized him as he walked, bare-headed, in the moonlight, and exclaimed, in the most piteous tone ever heard:

"Great God! that is General Jackson!"

"You are mistaken, my friend," was the reply of one of the staff; and, as he heard this denial of Jackson's identity, the man looked utterly bewildered. He said nothing more, however, and moved on, shaking his head.

Jackson then continued to drag his feet along—slowly and with obvious pain.

At last his strength was exhausted, and it was plain that he could go no further. The litter, brought by Captain Leigh, was put in requisition, the General laid upon it, and four of the party grasped the handles and bore it on toward the rear.

Such, up to this moment, had been the harrowing scenes of the great soldier's suffering; but the gloomiest and most tragic portion was yet to come.

No sooner had the litter begun to move, than the enemy, who had, doubtless, divined the advance of Hill, opened a frightful fire of artillery from the epaulments near Chancellorsville. The turnpike was swept by a veritable hurricane of shell and canister—men and horses fell before it, mowed down like grass—and, where a moment before had been seen the serried ranks of Hill, the eye could now

discern only riderless horses, men writhing in the death agony, and others seeking the shelter of the woods.

That sudden and furious fire did not spare the small party who were bearing off the great soldier. Two of the litter-bearers were shot, and dropped the handles to the ground. Of all present, none remained but myself and another; and we were forced to lower the litter to the earth, and lie beside it, to escape the terrific storm of canister tearing over us. It struck millions of sparks from the flint of the turnpike, and every instant I expected would be our last.

The General attempted, during the hottest portion of the fire, to rise from the litter; but this he was prevented from doing; and the hurricane soon ceased. He then rose erect, and, leaning upon our shoulders, while another officer brought on the litter, made his way into the woods, where the troops were lying down in line of battle.

As we passed on in the moonlight, I recognized General Pender, in front of his brigade, and he also recognized me.

"Who is wounded, Colonel?" he said.

"Only a Confederate officer, General."

But, all at once, he caught a sight of General Jackson's face.

"Oh! General!" he exclaimed, "I am truly sorry to see you are wounded. The lines here are so much broken that I fear we will be obliged to fall back!"

The words brought a fiery flush to the pale face of Jackson. Raising his drooping head, his eyes flashed, and he replied:

"You must hold your ground, General Pender! You must hold your ground, sir!"

Pender bowed, and Jackson continued his slow progress to the rear.

He had given his last order on the field.

Fifty steps further, his head sank upon his bosom, his shoulders bent forward, and he seemed about to fall from exhaustion. In a tone so faint that it sounded like a murmur, he asked to be permitted to lie down and die.

Instead of yielding to this prayer, we placed him again upon the litter—some bearers were procured—and, amid bursting shell, which filled the moonlit sky above with their dazzling coruscations, we slowly bore the wounded General on, through the tangled thicket, toward the rear.

So dense was the undergrowth that we penetrated it with difficulty, and the vines which obstructed the way more than once made the litter-bearers stumble. From this proceeded a most distressing accident. One of the men, at last, caught his foot in a grape-vine, and fell—and, in his fall, he dropped the handle of the litter. It descended heavily, and then, as the General's shattered arm struck the ground, and the blood gushed forth, he uttered, for the first time, a low, piteous groan.

We raised him quickly, and at that moment, a ray of moonlight, glimmering through the deep foliage overhead, fell upon his pale face and his bleeding form. His eyes were closed, his bosom heaved—I thought that he was about to die.

What a death for the man of Manassas and Port Republic! What an end to a career so wonderful! Here, lost in the tangled and lugubrious depths of this weird Wilderness, with the wan moon gliding like a ghost through the clouds—the sad notes of the whippoorwill echoing from the thickets—the shell bursting in the air, like showers of falling stars—here, alone, without other witnesses than a few weeping officers, who held him in their arms, the hero of a hundred battles, the idol of the Southern people, seemed about to utter his last sigh! Never will the

recollection of that scene be obliterated. Again my pulses throb, and my heart is oppressed with its bitter load of anguish, as I go back in memory to that night in the Wilderness.

I could only mutter a few words, asking the General if his fall had hurt him—and, at these words, his eyes slowly opened. A faint smile came to the pale face, and in a low murmur he said:

"No, my friend; do not trouble yourself about me!"

And again the eyes closed, his head fell back. With his grand courage and patience, he had suppressed all evidences of suffering; and, once more taking up the litter, we continued to bear him toward the rear.

As we approached Melzi Chancellor's, a staff-officer of General Hill recognized Jackson, and announced that Hill had been wounded by the artillery fire which had swept down the turnpike.

Jackson rose on his bleeding right arm, and exclaimed:

"Where is Stuart!"

As though in answer to that question, we heard the quick clatter of hoofs, and all at once the martial figure of the great cavalier was seen rapidly approaching.

"Where is General Jackson?" exclaimed Stuart, in a voice which I scarcely recognized.

And suddenly he checked his horse right in front of the group. His drawn sabre was in his hand—his horse foaming. In the moonlight I could see that his face was pale, and his eyes full of gloomy emotion.

For an instant no one moved or spoke—and again I return in memory to that scene. Stuart, clad in his "fighting jacket," with the dark plume floating from his looped-up hat, reining in his foaming horse, while the moonlight poured on his martial features; and before him, on the litter, the bleeding form of Jackson, the face pale, the

eyes half-closed, the bosom rising and falling as the life of the great soldier ebbed away.

In an instant Stuart had recognized his friend, and had thrown himself from his horse.

"You are dangerously wounded!"

"Yes," came in a murmur from the pale lips of Jackson, as he faintly tried to hold out his hand. Then his cheeks suddenly filled with blood, his eyes flashed, and, half rising from the litter, he exclaimed:

"Oh! for two hours of daylight! I would then cut off the enemy from United States Ford, and they would be entirely surrounded!"

Stuart bent over him, and their eyes met.

"Take command of my corps!" murmured Jackson, falling back; "follow your own judgment—I have implicit confidence in you!"

Stuart's face flushed hot at this supreme recognition of his courage and capacity—and I saw a flash dart from the fiery blue eyes.

"But you will be near, General! You will still send me orders!" he exclaimed.

"You will not need them," murmured Jackson; "to-night or early to-morrow you will be in possession of Chancellorsville! Tell my men that I am watching them—that I am with them in spirit!"

"The watchword in the charge shall be, 'Remember Jackson!'"

And, with these fiery words, Stuart grasped the bleeding hand; uttered a few words of farewell, and leaped upon his horse. For a moment his sword gleamed, and his black plume floated in the moonlight; then he disappeared, at full speed, toward Chancellorsville.

At ten o'clock next morning he had stormed the intrenchments around Chancellorsville; swept the enemy, with

the bayonet, back toward the Rappahannock; and as the troops, mad with victory, rushed through the blazing forest, a thousand voices were heard shouting:

"Remember Jackson!"

. . . . . .

Here I terminate my memoirs for the present, if not forever.

The great form of Jackson has disappeared from the stage. What remains but a cold and gloomy theatre, from which the spectators have vanished, where the lights are extinguished, and darkness has settled down upon the pageant.

Other souls of fire, and valor, and unshrinking nerve were left, and their career was glorious; but the finger of Fate seemed to mark out, with its bloody point, the name of "Chancellorsville," and the iron lips to unclose and mutter: "Thus far, no further!" With the career of this man of destiny had waned the strength of the South —when he fell, the end was in sight. Thenceforward as good fighting as the world ever saw seemed useless, and to attain no result. Even the soldiership of Lee—such soldiership as renders famous forever a race and an epoch—could achieve nothing. From the day of Chancellorsville, the battle-flag, torn in so many glorious encounters, seemed to shine no more in the light of victory. It drooped upon its staff, however defiantly at times it rose —slowly it descended. It fluttered for a moment amid the fiery storm of Gettysburg, in the woods of Spottsylvania, and on the banks of the Appomattox; but never again did its dazzling folds flaunt proudly in the wind, and burn like a beacon light on victorious fields. It was natural that the army should connect the declining fortunes of the great flag which they had fought under with the death of him who had rendered it so illustrious. The form of

Jackson had vanished from the scene: that king of battle had dropped his sword, and descended into the tomb: from that moment the star of hope, like the light of victory, seemed to sink beneath ebon clouds. The hero had gone down in the bloody gulf of battle, and the torrent bore us away!

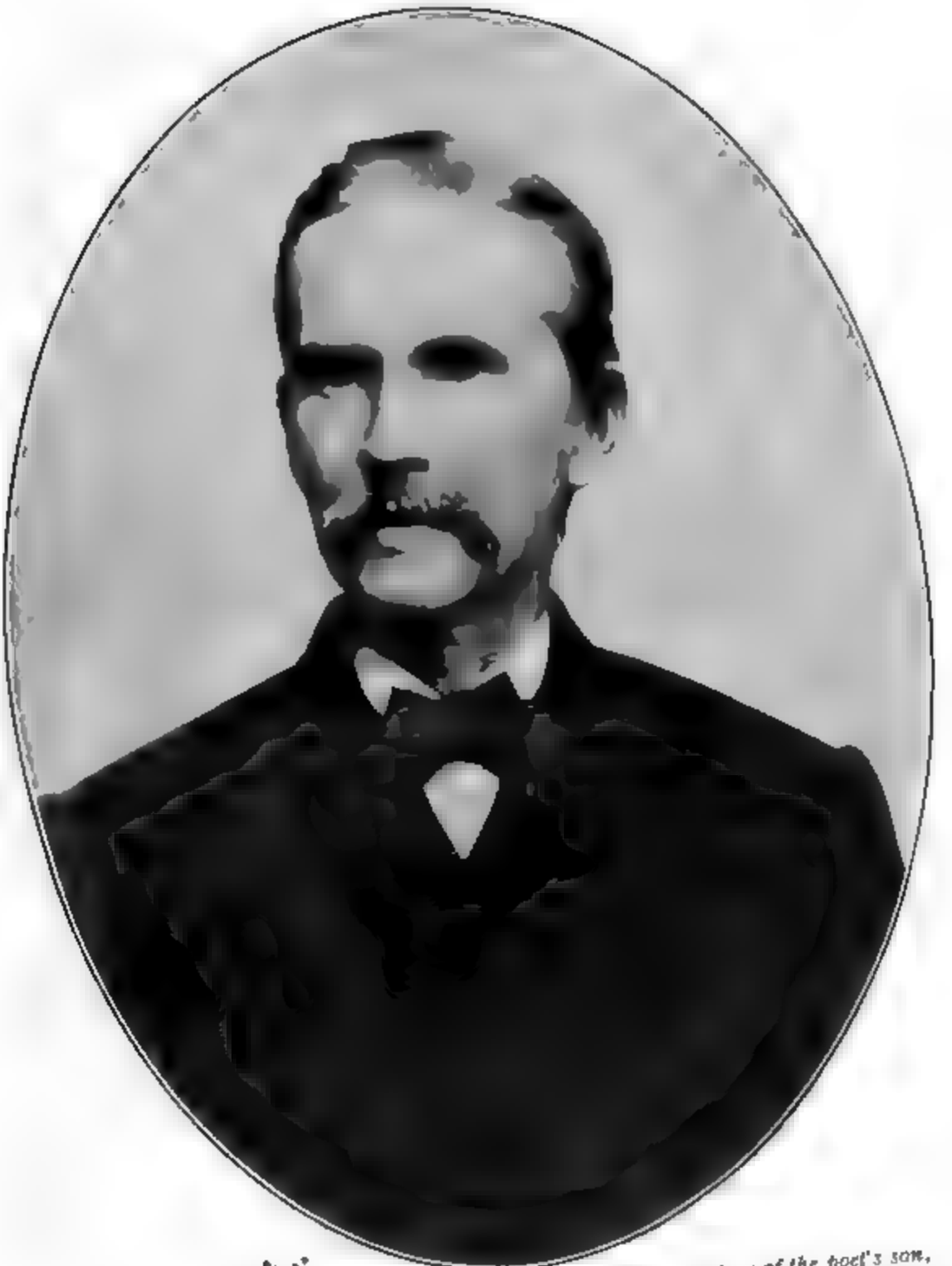
In the scenes of this volume, the great soldier has appeared as I saw him. Those of his last hours I did not witness, but many narratives upon the subject have been printed. Those last moments were as serene as his life had been stormy—and there, as everywhere, he was victorious. On the field it was his enemies he conquered: here it was pain and suffering. That faith which overcomes all things was in his heart, and among his last words were: "It is all right!"

In that delirium which immediately precedes death, he gave his orders as on the battle-field, and was distinctly heard directing A. P. Hill to "prepare for action!" But these clouds soon passed—his eye grew calm again—and, murmuring, "Let us cross over the river, and rest under the shade of the trees!" he fell back and expired.

Such was the death of this strange man. To me he seems so great that all words fail in speaking of him. Not in this poor page do I attempt a characterization of this king of battle: I speak no further of him—but I loved and shall ever love him.

A body laid in state in the capitol at Richmond, the coffin wrapped in the pure white folds of the newly-adopted Confederate flag; a great procession, moving to the strains of the Dead March, behind the hearse, and the war-horse of the dead soldier; then the thunder of the guns at Lexington; the coffin borne upon a caisson of his own old battery, to the quiet grave—that was the last of Jackson. Dead, he was immortal!

1982-83



From a photograph. Courtesy of the poet's son, William Hamilton Hayne

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

Paul Hamilton Hayne, a grandson of the distinguished statesman and orator Robert Young Hayne, was born in Charleston, South Carolina, on New Year's Day, in 1830. His father, Lieutenant Paul Hamilton Hayne of the United States Navy, died when Paul was a mere infant, and the boy was brought up amid the wealth and luxury of his grandfather's home. He received careful training in the best schools of Charleston, and was graduated from Charleston College in 1850.

Like many young Southerners of good family, Hayne prepared himself for the bar, but the call of poetry was stronger than that of the law. He became an associate editor of the *Southern Literary Gazette*, and later co-founder and editor of *Russell's Magazine*, which he made a decided success. He published a volume of poems in 1855, and three other volumes followed—*Sonnets and Other Poems* (1857), *Avolio and Other Poems* (1860), *Legends and Lyrics* (1872), and a complete edition of his poems, arranged by himself and published with an introductory biographical sketch by his friend and fellow poet Margaret J. Preston, about four years before his death on July 6, 1886.

The Civil War came on just in time to interfere seriously with the development of his genius and the spread of his fame. True, he threw himself whole-heartedly into the struggle, writing a number of good war poems; but his muse was better suited to the home, the winter fireside, and the summer forest retreat than to the battle field, the march, the camp. In spite of his delicate constitution and frail physique he volunteered his services to the Confederate cause, becoming an aide on Governor Pickens's staff.

Home, library, wealth, all were swept away by the war. When peace came, Hayne moved with his devoted wife and only son, William Hamilton (now a poet of no mean ability), into the pine barrens of Georgia, and settled

in a little cottage—or, rather, log cabin—near Augusta. In this primitive home, which he named "Copse Hill," he spent the remainder of his life, striving to build up his health, and devoting himself exclusively to literature for a livelihood. His poems and prose articles found a ready reception in the magazines and periodicals of the North as well as in those of the South, but the remuneration was small and the family was forced to live under the severest economy.

Hayne's lyric genius has been highly praised, but he is still little more than a name to many readers North and South. He wrote a large amount of poetry of a singularly uniform excellence, but no single poem so far superior to the great mass of his work as to make itself particularly noteworthy or noticeable. Poets of far less literary merit are more generally known, through some single popular work, while Hayne, for the very reason of his uniform excellence, is neglected. He was not strikingly original in his poetry, but he had an individual note, and his art was rarely at fault. He deserves a more generous and general recognition than he has received. His longer narrative poems and his dramatic pieces are not without merit, but his best work is undoubtedly in the purer lyric and descriptive types. Especially noteworthy are his sonnets, of which he wrote considerably more than one hundred. Maurice Thompson said: "As a sonneteer, Hayne was strong, ranking well with the best in America"; and again, "I can pick twenty of Hayne's sonnets to equal almost any in the language"; and Professor Painter adds, "It is hardly too much to claim that Hayne is the prince of American sonneteers."

Paul Hamilton Hayne lived as he wrote—simply, purely, bravely. The latter part of his life was marked by struggle and heartache, privation and disease; yet he kept up his courage and maintained a calm, sweet temper to the end, making of his own life, perhaps, a more beautiful poem than any he ever penned.

(Perhaps the best essays on Hayne are those by Margaret Junkin Preston in the latest edition of his poems (1882) and by William Hamilton Hayne in *Lippincott's Magazine* for December, 1892.)

LYRIC OF ACTION

'Tis the part of a coward to brood
O'er the past that is withered and dead:
What though the heart's roses are ashes and dust?
What though the heart's music be fled?
Still shine the grand heavens o'erhead,
Whence the voice of an angel thrills clear on the soul,
"Gird about thee thine armor, press on to the goal!"

If the faults or the crimes of thy youth
Are a burden too heavy to bear,
What hope can rebloom on the desolate waste
Of a jealous and craven dispair?
Down, down with the fetters of fear!
In the strength of thy valor and manhood arise,
With the faith that illumes and the will that defies.

"*Too late!*" through God's infinite world,
From His throne to life's nethermost fires,
"*Too late!*" is a phantom that flies at the dawn
Of the soul that repents and aspires.
If pure thou hast made thy desires,
There's no height the strong wings of immortals may gain
Which in striving to reach thou shalt strive for in vain.

Then, up to the contest with fate,
Unbound by the past which is dead!
What though the heart's roses are ashes and dust?
What though the heart's music be fled?
Still shine the fair heavens o'erhead;
And sublime as the seraph who rules in the sun
Beams the promise of joy when the conflict is won!

AËTHRA

It is a sweet tradition, with a soul
Of tenderest pathos! Hearken, love!—for all
The sacred undercurrents of the heart
Thrill to its cordial music:

Once, a chief,
Philantus, king of Sparta, left the stern
And bleak defiles of his unfruitful land—
Girt by a band of eager colonists—
To seek new homes on fair Italian plains.
Apollo's oracle had darkly spoken:
"*Where'er from cloudless skies a plenteous shower*
Outpours, the Fates decree that ye should pause
And rear your household deities!"

Racked by doubt
Philantus traversed with his faithful band
Full many a bounteous realm; but still defeat
Darkened his banners, and the strong-walled towns
His desperate sieges grimly laughed to scorn!
Weighed down by anxious thoughts, one sultry eve
The warrior—his rude helmet cast aside—
Rested his weary head upon the lap
Of his fair wife, who loved him tenderly;
And there he drank a generous draught of sleep.
She, gazing on his brow all worn with toil
And his dark locks, which pain had silvered over
With glistening touches of a frosty rime,
Wept on the sudden bitterly; her tears
Fell on his face, and, wondering, he woke.
"O blest art thou, my Aëthra, *my clear sky*,"
He cried exultant, "from whose pitying blue
A heart-rain falls to fertilize my fate:
Lo! the deep riddle's solved—the gods spake truth!'

So the next night he stormed Tarentum, took
The enemy's host at vantage, and o'erthrew
His mightiest captains. Thence with kindly sway
He ruled those pleasant regions he had won,—
But dearer even than his rich demesnes
The love of her whose gentle tears unlocked
The close-shut mystery of the Oracle!

SONNETS

Great Poets and Small

Shall I not falter on melodious wing,
In that my notes are weak and may not rise
To those world-wide entrancing harmonies,
Which the great poets to the ages sing?
Shall my thought's humble heaven no longer ring
With pleasant lays, because the empyreal height
Stretches beyond it, lifting to the light
The anointed pinion of song's radiant king?
Ah! a false thought! the thrush her fitful flight
Ventures in vernal dawns; a happy note
Trills from the russet linnet's gentle throat,
Though far above the eagle soars in might,
And the glad skylark—an ethereal mote—
Sings in high realms that mock our straining sight.

Poets

Some thunder on the heights of song, their race
Godlike in power, while others at their feet
Are breathing measures scarce less strong and sweet
Than those which peal from out that loftiest place;
Meantime, just midway on the mount, his face

Fairer than April heavens, when storms retreat,
And on their edges rain and sunshine meet,
Pipes the soft lyrist lays of tender grace;
But where the slopes of bright Parnassus sweep
Near to the common ground, a various throng
Chant lowlier measures—yet each tuneful strain
(The silvery minor of earth's perfect song)
Blends with that music of the topmost steep,
O'er whose vast realm the master minstrels reign!

My Study

This is my world! within these narrow walls,
I own a princely service; the hot care
And tumult of our frenzied life are here
But as a ghost, and echo; what befalls
In the far mart to me is less than naught,
I walk the fields of quiet Arcadies,
And wander by the brink of hoary seas,
Calmed to the tendance of untroubled thought:
Or if a livelier humor should enhance
The slow-timed pulse, 'tis not for present strife,
The sordid zeal with which our age is rife,
Its mammon conflicts crowned by fraud or chance,
But gleamings of the lost, heroic life,
Flashed through the gorgeous vistas of romance.

To Henry W. Longfellow

I think earth's noblest, most pathetic sight
Is some old poet, round whose laurel-crown
The long gray locks are streaming softly down;—
Whose evening, touched by prescient shades of night,
Grows tranquillized, in calm, ethereal light:—

Such, such art *thou*, O master! worthier grown
In the fair sunset of thy full renown,—
Poising, perchance, thy spiritual wings for flight!
Ah, heaven! why shouldst thou from thy place depart?
God's court is thronged with minstrels, rich with song;
Even now, a new note swells the immaculate choir,—
But thou, whose strains have filled our lives so long,
Still from the altar of thy reverent heart
Let golden dreams ascend, and thoughts of fire!

The Mocking-bird amid Yellow Jasmine

Of all the woodland flowers of earlier spring,
These golden jasmines, each an air-hung bower,
Meet for the Queen of Fairies' tiring hour,
Seem loveliest and most fair in blossoming;
How yonder mock-bird thrills his fervid wing
And long, lithe throat, where twinkling flower on flower
Rains the globed dewdrops down, a diamond shower,
O'er his brown head poised as in act to sing;
Lo! the swift sunshine floods the flowery urns,
Girding their delicate gold with matchless light,
Till the blent life of bough, leaf, blossom, burns;
Then, then outbursts the mock-bird clear and loud,
Half-drunk with perfume, veiled by radiance bright,
A star of music in a fiery cloud!

JAMES RYDER RANDALL

James Ryder Randall, born in Baltimore, January 1, 1839, sang himself into fame with a single war lyric—*Maryland! My Maryland!* His mother was his first teacher, and he once expressed the wish that all he had ever written be dedicated to her memory. He was sent to Georgetown College, where he was noted as the youngest boy who had ever attended, for he was only eleven years old when he entered.

After leaving Georgetown, he received an appointment as professor of English literature in Poydras College, Point Coupée, Louisiana, and here in the first year of the Civil War he wrote the famous lyric already mentioned. It is said that on April 23, 1861, the night after he heard the news of the clash of a few days before, between the citizens of Baltimore and the soldiers of the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment, he could not sleep, but paced up and down his room in a restless and perfervid mood. He seized a pencil and wrote the fiery lines of *Maryland! My Maryland!* The next day he read the verses to his literature class and then sent them off to the New Orleans *Delta*, in which they appeared three days later. The stanzas were copied widely over the South and were received with wild enthusiasm in city and camp throughout the Confederacy. The words were first sung to the French air of *Ma Normandie*, but later they were set to that famous and beautiful old German tune, *Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum*. The song has been called the *Marseillaise* of the Confederacy. Randall wrote other patriotic lyrics, but none to equal, in fervid diction and patriotic glow, *Maryland! My Maryland!*

Thoroughly aroused by the Federal invasion of the South, Randall enlisted in the Confederate Army. However, before the company left for the front he suffered a severe hemorrhage from the lungs and was immediately mustered out. Although he partially recovered from his illness, he

was never a strong or robust man. He tried hard to establish himself in newspaper work in Augusta, Georgia, but he never succeeded beyond making a bare living. He gained some notice as Washington correspondent for the Augusta *Chronicle*, and he was also connected with other papers, being the editor in his later years of the *Hot Blast* of Anniston, Alabama; but he fought a losing battle, unrecognized and almost forgotten.

A rift came in the clouds before the end. In 1907 he was invited to Baltimore to be guest of honor in the great home-coming festivities which were being held throughout the state. A plan was put on foot to reward the veteran poet who had immortalized his state in song. Before these plans were consummated, however, he returned to Augusta, Georgia, where he died, January 14, 1908. In this year an edition of his poems was published, and the volume brought forth generous recognition from critics both in the North and in the South. Another and more complete volume appeared in 1910 under the editorship of Matthew P. Andrews.

Randall's right to a recognized place among the minor poets of America now seems fully established. He wrote, besides the famous war poem already mentioned, an elegy on Major John Pelham which deserves to rank with the best poems of the kind in our literature. Among his other war lyrics worthy of remembrance are *There's Life in the Old Land Yet*, *The Lone Sentry*, *The Battle Cry of the South*, and *At Arlington*. Randall also possessed a vein of sentiment and in his youthful years wrote some excellent love songs, among which *Mary, my Heart*, *Ma Belle Creole*, *Ha! Ha!*, and *My Bonny Kate* may be mentioned as preëminent. Miscellaneous poems and poems of a memorial or religious nature make up the remainder of Randall's poetic work. His most recent biographer says: "He gave the best he had to his friends, his life to his home and family, to his native state an immortal name, and to the English language perhaps the greatest of battle-hymns."

(The best memoir of Randall is that by Matthew P. Andrews, prefixed as an introduction to the 1910 edition of *Poems of James Ryder Randall*.)

MARYLAND! MY MARYLAND!

The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle queen of yore,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Hark to an exiled son's appeal,
Maryland!
My mother State! to thee I kneel,
Maryland!
For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,—
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Come! 't is the red dawn of the day,
Maryland!

Come with thy panoplied array,
Maryland!
With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
With Watson's blood at Monterey,
With fearless Lowe and dashing May,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Come! for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland!
Come! for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland!
Come to thine own heroic throng,
Stalking with Liberty along,
And chaunt thy dauntless slogan song,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Dear Mother! burst the tyrant's chain,
Maryland!
Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland!
She meets her sisters on the plain—
"*Sic semper!*" 't is the proud refrain
That baffles minions back again,
Maryland! My Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland!
For thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland!
But lo! there surges forth a shriek
From hill to hill, from creek to creek—
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
Maryland!
Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland!
Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the blade, the shot, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland! My Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder-hum,
Maryland!
The Old Line's bugle, fife, and drum,
Maryland!
She is not dead, not deaf, nor dumb—
Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum!
She breathes! she burns! she'll come! she'll come!
Maryland! My Maryland!

PELHAM

Just as the Spring came laughing through the strife,
With all its gorgeous cheer;
In the bright April of historic life,
Fell the great cannoneer.

A wondrous lulling of a hero's breath,
His bleeding country weeps;
Hushed in the alabaster arms of Death,
Our young Marcellus sleeps.

Nobler and grander than the Child of Rome,
Curbing his chàriot steeds,
The knightly scion of a Southern home
Dazzled the land with deeds.

Gentlest and bravest in the battle's brunt,
The Champion of the Truth;
He won his banner in the very front
Of our immortal youth.

A clang of sabres 'mid Virginian snow,
The fiery pang of shells—
And there 's a wail of immemorial woe
In Alabama dells.

The pennon droops that led the sacred band
Along the crimson field;
The meteor blade sinks from the nerveless hand
Over the spotless shield.

We gazed and gazed upon that beauteous face,
While round the lips and eyes,
Couched in their marble slumber flashed the grace
Of a divine surprise.

O mother of a blessèd soul on high!
Thy tears may soon be shed—
Think of thy boy with princes of the sky,
Among the Southern Dead.

How must he smile on this dull wo- beneath
Favored with swift renown;
He with the martyr's amaranthine wreath
Twining the victor's crown!

MARGARET JUNKIN PRESTON

The chief woman poet of the South—in fact, of America—is Margaret Junkin Preston of Virginia. Though born in Germantown, Pennsylvania, May 19, 1820, and reared and educated in her native state, she belongs to the South because of her long residence in Lexington, Virginia, because of her marriage to a noted Southern teacher and soldier, but chiefly because she espoused the cause of the South and wrote her best poems on Southern themes and in warm Southern tones. In her youth she was a brilliant student and was rapidly becoming a profound scholar, when, in her twenty-first year, partial blindness slammed, as she said, the door of knowledge in her face. The trouble was due to eye strain from close study of Greek texts by candlelight night after night. Though she suffered greatly with her eyes throughout life, she never gave up her literary ambitions. She wrote and published anonymously a novel called *Silverwood*, and was continually composing poems, rimed letters, and literary essays of various kinds.

Her father, Dr. George Junkin, was the founder and for many years the president of LaFayette College, Easton, Pennsylvania. In 1848 he accepted the presidency of Washington College, Lexington, Virginia, now Washington and Lee University. Margaret, the eldest daughter, familiarly known as "Miss Maggie," was then twenty-seven years old; brilliant, kindly, helpful, noble, she was the life of her father's home, and the leading spirit in its social activities. Major Thomas J. Jackson, afterward the great "Stonewall" Jackson, who was then professor of mathematics in the Virginia Military Institute, located almost within a stone's throw of Washington College, was a constant visitor at Dr. Junkin's home. The beautiful and saintly Eleanor Junkin became Jackson's first wife, and during his brief married life of one year and for four years after his wife's death, Jackson lived in

Dr. Junkin's home. Margaret, whom he called "Sister Maggie," was in the young professor's most intimate confidence, and she learned to appreciate Jackson long before he became famous. No wonder, then, that after his death she was well prepared to commemorate his life and character in two notable poems, *The Shade of the Trees* and *Jackson's Grave*.

In 1857 Margaret Junkin married Colonel J. T. L. Preston, professor of Latin in the Virginia Military Institute, then a widower with seven children. She assumed the great responsibilities of this large household in a beautiful spirit, giving her life unstintedly to her home duties. For three years she lived in perfect happiness with her husband and his children and her own two baby boys. Then came the distressful period of the Civil War.

For Margaret Preston this was indeed a trying time. Her father was faithful to his section, and when war was declared he returned to Pennsylvania. But she had given her heart and hand to a Southern soldier, and she unhesitatingly and loyally espoused the cause of the South. She was without bitterness toward the North, but she once said that she was ashamed of her section because of the disgraceful conduct of some soldiers who depredated her home. Colonel Preston became a member of Jackson's staff, and was almost continually away from home during the war. Mrs. Preston's journals of this period show how her heart was racked with anxiety for her husband on one side and for her kinsmen on the other. But through it all she showed a brave and beautiful spirit, confidently trusting that God would bring all right in the end.

During the war Mrs. Preston wrote *Beechenbrook: a Rhyme of the War*, and sent it to her husband at the front. He read it to delighted audiences of officers and soldiers, and was so impressed with it that he had it printed in Richmond. But a fire destroyed almost the entire edition, and the book was not circulated until it was republished in 1866. After the war she continued her literary activities with the help of amanuenses. She wrote poetry, stories, reviews, essays, and reminiscences, and kept

up a voluminous correspondence with many literary men and women of her day. From time to time she published collections of her poems—*Old Songs and New*, *Cartoons*, *For Love's Sake*, and *Colonial Ballads*.

Elizabeth Preston Allan, stepdaughter and biographer of Mrs. Preston, says: "Margaret Junkin Preston did not claim to be a poet. Her standard of what a true poet should measure up to was so high that she repudiated, almost indignantly, that claim as made in her behalf by the lovers and admirers of her writings. She called herself a 'singer with a slender trill,' and declared that there were those for whom the lark and nightingale soared with a song too distant, who yet listened with pleasure to her 'quiet cooings in the leafy dark'; for them, she said, she sang; but let no one think she aspired to be called lark or nightingale. Nevertheless, the claim was made for her during her lifetime, and steadily persists, now that her voice has been hushed by the Great Silence, that she was a true poet, and one of no mean rank. There is, indeed, much of her verse which fits her own modest estimate of her writings; and were she judged by this 'quiet cooing,' the name 'poet' might be found too large for her; but she could leave these level fields, when she willed, and rise to heights of imagination, passion, and poetic feeling; nor did she lack words that 'breathe and burn' in which to give utterance to her inspiration."

Excepting in the troublous times of the Civil War, Mrs. Preston's life was a quiet one; and yet she did a great work in the world. She was a devoted mother to her own and her stepchildren, and all who knew her in her home rise up to call her blessed. She gave her talents and her energies to the cause of her adopted section. She wrote some of the purest poetry that ever came from the brain and heart of a woman. She lived a beautiful Christian life, and as Professor James A. Harrison of the University of Virginia says, she deserves the threefold appellation of woman, poet, saint.

(The standard work on Mrs. Preston is *The Life and Letters of Margaret Junkin Preston* by her stepdaughter Elizabeth Preston Allan.)

GONE FORWARD

I

Yes, "Let the tent be struck": Victorious morning
  Through every crevice flashes in a day
Magnificent beyond all earth's adorning:
  The night is over; wherefore should he stay?
  And wherefore should our voices choke to say,
    "The General has gone forward"?

II

Life's foughten field not once beheld surrender;
  But with superb endurance, present, past,
Our pure Commander, lofty, simple, tender,
  Through good, through ill, held his high purpose fast,
  Wearing his armor spotless,—till at last,
    Death gave the final, "*Forward.*"

III

All hearts grew sudden palsied: Yet what said he
  Thus summoned?—"*Let the tent be struck!*"—For when
Did call of duty fail to find him ready
  Nobly to do his work in sight of men,
  For God's and for his country's sake—and then,
    To watch, wait, or go forward?

IV

We will not weep,—we dare not! Such a story
  As his large life writes on the century's years,
Should crowd our bosoms with a flush of glory,
  That manhood's type, supremest that appears
  To-day, *he* shows the ages. Nay, no tears
    Because he has gone forward!

V

Gone forward?—Whither?—Where the marshall'd legions,
Christ's well-worn soldiers, from their conflicts cease;—
Where Faith's true Red-cross knights repose in regions
Thick-studded with the calm, white tents of peace,—
Thither, right joyful to accept release,
The General has gone forward!

THE SHADE OF THE TREES

What are the thoughts that are stirring his breast?
What is the mystical vision he sees?
—"*Let us pass over the river and rest*
Under the shade of the trees."

Has he grown sick of his toils and his tasks?
Sighs the worn spirit for respite or ease?
Is it a moment's cool halt that he asks
Under the shade of the trees?

Is it the gurgle of waters whose flow
Oft-time has come to him, borne on the breeze,
Memory listens to, lapsing so low,
Under the shade of the trees?

Nay—though the rasp of the flesh was so sore,
Faith that had yearnings far keener than these,
Saw the soft sheen of the Thitherward Shore,
Under the shade of the trees;—

Caught the high psalms of ecstatic delight,—
Heard the harps harping, like soundings of seas,—
Watched earth's assoilèd ones walking in white
Under the shade of the trees.

O, was it strange he should pine for release,
  Touched to the soul with such transports as these,—
He who so needed the balsam of peace,
    Under the shade of the trees?

Yea, it was noblest for *him*—it was best
  (Questioning naught of our Father's decrees)
There to pass over the river and rest
    Under the shade of the trees!

THE COLOR-BEARER

The shock of battle swept the lines,
  And wounded men and slain
Lay thick as lie in summer fields
  The ridgy swathes of grain.

The deadly phalanx belched its fire,
  The raking cannon pealed,
The lightning-flash of bayonets
  Went glittering round the field.

On rushed the steady Twenty-fourth
  Against the bristling guns,
As if their gleams could daunt no more
  Than that October sun's.

It mattered not though heads went down,
  Though gallant steps were stayed,
Though rifles dropped from bleeding hands,
  And ghastly gaps were made,—

"Close up!"—was still the stern command,
And with unwavering tread,
They held right on, though well they knew
They tracked their way with dead.

As fast they pressed with laboring breath,
Clinched teeth and knitted frown,
The sharp, arrestive cry rang out,—
"The color-bearer's down!"

Quick to the front sprang, at the word,
The youngest of the band,
And caught the flag still tightly held
Within the fallen hand.

With cheer he reared it high again,
Yet claimed one instant's pause
To lift the dying head and see
What comrade's face it was.

"Forward!"—the captain shouted loud,
Still "Forward!"—and the men
Snatched madly up the shrill command,
And shrieked it out again.

But like a statue stood the boy,
Without a foot's advance,
Until the captain shook his arm,
And roused him from his trance.

His home had flashed upon his sight,
The peaceful, sunny spot!
He did not hear the crashing shells,
Nor heed the hissing shot.

He saw his mother wring her hands,
  He caught his sister's shriek,—
And sudden anguish racked his brow,
  And blanched his ruddy cheek.

The touch dissolved the spell,—he knew,
  He felt the fearful stir;
He raised his head and softly said,
  "He was my brother, sir!".

Then grasping firm the crimson flag
  He flung it free and high,
While patriot-passion stanched his grief,
  And drank its channels dry.

Between his close-set teeth he spake,
  And hard he drew his breath,—
"God help me, sir,—I'll bear this flag
  To victory,—or to death!"

The bellowing batteries thundered on,
  The sulph'rous smoke rose higher,
And from the columns in their front,
  Poured forth the galling fire.

But where the bullets thickest fell,
  Where hottest raged the fight,
The steady colors tossed aloft
  Their blood-red trail of light.

Firm and indomitable still
  The Twenty-fourth moved on,
A dauntless remnant only left,—
  The staunch three-score were gone!

And now once more the shout arose
  Which not the guns could drown,—
"Ho, boys!—Up with the flag again!
  The color-bearer's down!"

They strove to free his grasp,—but fast
  He clung with desperate will;
"The arm that's broken is my left,
  See! I can hold it still!"

And "Forward! Twenty-fourth!" rang out
  Above the deafening roar,
Till, all at once, the colors lowered,
  Sank, and were seen no more.

And when the stubborn fight was done,
  And from the fast-held field
The order'd remnant slow retired,
  Too resolute to yield,—

They found a boy whose face still wore
  A look resolved and grand,
Who held a riddled flag close clutched
  Within his shatter'd hand.

ABRAM JOSEPH RYAN

From a photograph

ABRAM JOSEPH RYAN

"These verses (which some friends call by the higher title of poems—to which appellation the author objects) were written at random—off and on, here, there, anywhere—just when the mood came, with little of study and less of art, and always in a hurry."

Such are the opening words of Father Ryan's brief preface to his volume of poems. He goes on to say that he does not expect to be ranked even in the lowest place among authors, and yet somehow, he can hardly tell why, he has tried to sing. And somehow, we can hardly tell why, his simple, unambitious songs have sunk deep into the hearts of his people. While some of the critics have continued to point out the trivial faults and inartistic blemishes of his verse, his poems hold their place in the popular regard, *The Conquered Banner* and *The Sword of Robert Lee* being especial favorites.

Abram Joseph Ryan—better known, from his priestly office, as "Father Ryan"—was born at Norfolk, Virginia, August 15, 1839, his parents being Irish immigrants who had shortly before landed in America. When he was seven or eight years of age his parents moved to St. Louis, where he was put into a Roman Catholic school. He had a fine mind, and even as a boy he showed the deeply religious tendency of his nature. This tendency led him, early in his teens, to resolve to enter the priesthood. He studied in the Roman Catholic Seminary at Niagara, New York, and was consecrated as a priest in 1861. He immediately afterward joined the Confederate Army, and served, either as chaplain or soldier, throughout the war. He appeared to court death in any form, taking his place in the front rank in battle, attending the wounded and dying amid flying bullets, and serving in prisons during smallpox epidemics. But he was spared for twenty years or more, to comfort many a wearier heart than his own.

After the war he moved around from place to place, doing priestly service in various Southern cities, among them being Nashville and Knoxville, Tennessee; Augusta, Georgia; and Mobile, Alabama. He founded and edited literary and religious journals, lectured, wrote verse, and ministered to the unfortunate. He was finally sent to St. Mary's Church, in Mobile, and there he remained for ten years. During the last five years of his life, being relieved on account of ill-health from his active priestly offices, he devoted himself to literary pursuits, editing his poems, and preparing a *Life of Christ*, which he left unfinished at his death. He died at the Franciscan monastery at Louisville, Kentucky, April 22, 1886.

(No full biography of Father Ryan has been written, and many facts of his life remain obscure. Perhaps the best memoir is that by John Moran in the Household Edition of Father Ryan's *Poems*.)

THE CONQUERED BANNER

Furl that Banner, for 'tis weary;
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary;
  Furl it, fold it, it is best;
For there 's not a man to wave it,
And there 's not a sword to save it,
And there 's not one left to lave it
In the blood which heroes gave it;
And its foes now scorn and brave it;
  Furl it, hide it—let it rest!

Take that Banner down! 'tis tattered;
Broken is its staff and shattered;
And the valiant hosts are scattered
  Over whom it floated high.
Oh! 'tis hard for us to fold it;
Hard to think there 's none to hold it;

Hard that those who once unrolled it
  Now must furl it with a sigh.

Furl that Banner! furl it sadly!
Once ten thousands hailed it gladly,
And ten thousands wildly, madly,
  Swore it should forever wave;
Swore that foeman's sword should never
Hearts like theirs entwined dissever,
Till that flag should float forever
  O'er their freedom or their grave!

Furl it! for the hands that grasped it,
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
  Cold and dead are lying low;
And that Banner—it is trailing!
While around it sounds the wailing
  Of its people in their woe.

For, though conquered, they adore it!
Love the cold, dead hands that bore it!
Weep for those who fell before it!
Pardon those who trailed and tore it!
But, oh! wildly they deplore it,
  Now who furl and fold it so.

Furl that Banner! True, 't is gory,
Yet 't is wreathed around with glory,
And 't will live in song and story,
  Though its folds are in the dust:
For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,

Shall go sounding down the ages—
Furl its folds though now we must.

Furl that Banner, softly, slowly!
Treat it gently—it is holy—
For it droops above the dead.
Touch it not—unfold it never,
Let it droop there, furled forever,
For its people's hopes are dead!

THE SWORD OF ROBERT LEE

Forth from its scabbard, pure and bright,
Flashed the sword of Lee!
Far in the front of the deadly fight,
High o'er the brave in the cause of Right,
Its stainless sheen, like a beacon light,
Led us to Victory!

Out of its scabbard, where, full long,
It slumbered peacefully,
Roused from its rest by the battle's song,
Shielding the feeble, smiting the strong,
Guarding the right, avenging the wrong,
Gleamed the sword of Lee!

Forth from its scabbard, high in air
Beneath Virginia's sky—
And they who saw it gleaming there,
And knew who bore it, knelt to swear
That where that sword led they would dare
To follow—and to die!

Out of its scabbard! Never hand
Waved sword from stain as free,
Nor purer sword led braver band,
Nor braver bled for a brighter land,
Nor brighter land had a cause so grand,
Nor cause a chief like Lee!

Forth from its scabbard! How we prayed
That sword might victor be;
And when our triumph was delayed,
And many a heart grew sore afraid,
We still hoped on while gleamed the blade
Of noble Robert Lee!

Forth from its scabbard all in vain
Bright flashed the sword of Lee;
'T is shrouded now in its sheath again,
It sleeps the sleep of our noble slain,
Defeated, yet without a stain,
Proudly and peacefully!

LUCIUS QUINTUS CINCINNATUS LAMAR

Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus Lamar was born in Putnam County, Georgia, September 17, 1825. He was of a notable Georgia family, his father, whose full name he bore, being a judge in the Georgia courts and his uncle, Mirabeau B. Lamar, a poet, soldier, and statesman famous in the history of the Republic of Texas. As a boy, Lucius did not show any marked indication of his future greatness. He was a quiet, thoughtful, pure-minded, and faithful lad, but not at all brilliant in his school work. He was of frail physique, and the manual labor which was a part of the regular work of the school he attended near Covington did much toward developing him and hardening his constitution. He rarely took part in the sports of the other boys, but sought retirement and spent much time in solitary musing. He was not especially good in his lessons, and his teach
and companions interpreted his absent-mindedness as evidence of dullness; but there was in this sober, thoughtful boy the making of a remarkable man.

When he was old enough to enter college, he was sent to Emory College, Oxford, Georgia. Here he was graduated in 1845. He had in his early school life shown a predilection for oratory and debate, and when he entered college he at once took rank among the best debaters there, always winning a speaker's place for the formal public meetings of the debating society to which he belonged.

After his graduation he took up the study of law under Judge A. H. Chappell of Macon, Georgia, and on his admission to the bar was invited to become the law partner of his preceptor. In the year that he was admitted to the bar, Mr. Lamar married Miss Virginia Longstreet, the daughter of Judge A. B. Longstreet, author of *Georgia Scenes*. Two years later, when Judge Longstreet was called to the presidency of the University of Mississippi,

From a photograph

LUCIUS QUINTUS CINCINNATUS LAMAR

Mr. Lamar removed to Oxford, Mississippi, to practice law. He became for a time an adjunct professor of mathematics in the university, but he did not give up his law practice. It was here that he began his career as a political speaker, in his debate with Senator Foote of Mississippi. The States Rights party had no champion; Mr. Lamar was asked to meet the distinguished senator, and the result was a triumph for the young orator.

Then the state of Georgia lured her son back for a time. In 1852 he went to Carrington and formed a law partnership with his old college friend Robert G. Harper. In 1853 he was elected to the Georgia Legislature. In 1855 he returned to Mississippi and purchased a plantation which he called "Solitude." Here on his broad acres with his slaves about him, he lived the secluded life of a Southern planter. But he was not long to remain in the retirement of "Solitude," for in 1857 he was sent by the people of his state to represent them in Congress.

Mr. Lamar made a strong impression as a ready debater, but he had hardly begun to make his influence felt in Congress when the question of secession became acute in the Southern States, and he resigned and retired to Oxford, Mississippi, to become professor of ethics and metaphysics in the university. But the classroom was not the place for a man of his gifts in those stirring times. He joined the Confederate Army in the first year of the struggle, and speedily rose to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. In the later years of the war, Colonel Lamar went abroad on the prospect of appointment to a diplomatic post, but some hitch occurred and his nomination as ambassador to Russia was not confirmed by the Confederate Government. On his return he did not go into the field again, but served his country in a judicial capacity during the remainder of the war.

When peace was declared, Colonel Lamar resumed his duties as professor of ethics and metaphysics in the State University at Oxford. Some years later he was made professor of law. In 1873 he was again called into politics and sent to Congress. He had served hardly a year when he was given the opportunity to make a great speech of reconciliation, being asked to second the resolution for

the suspension of public business out of respect to the memory of Senator Charles Sumner. An account of this speech, its reception, and its influence is given in the notes.

It will be impossible here to follow, except in barest outline, the career of Justice Lamar from this point to the end of his life. In 1877 he became Senator from Mississippi, and in 1885 he was appointed Secretary of the Interior by President Cleveland. In 1887 he was nominated, and in 1888 confirmed, justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. He filled all these offices with credit to himself and his people, and his fame continued to grow brighter and brighter, to the close of his life. He died January 23, 1893, and was buried at Macon, Georgia. It is not as a writer that Justice Lamar is chiefly remembered; but his speeches approach pure literature in their elegance and finish of structure and style. There is, perhaps, no better example of the eulogy to be found in the body of our literature than Lamar's heart-moving speech on Charles Sumner.

(Dr. Edward Mayes, formerly Chancellor of the University of Mississippi, is the author of a valuable volume of over eight hundred pages on the *Life, Times, and Speeches of L. Q. C. Lamar.*)

EULOGY ON CHARLES SUMNER

Mr. Speaker: In rising to second the resolutions just offered, I desire to add a few remarks which have occurred to me as appropriate to the occasion. I believe that they express a sentiment which pervades the hearts of all the people whose Representatives are here assembled. Strange as, in looking back upon the past, the assertion may seem, impossible as it would have been ten years ago to make it, it is not the less true that to-day Mississippi regrets the death of Charles Sumner, and sincerely unites in paying honor to his memory. Not because of the splendor of his intellect, though in him was extinguished one of the brightest of the lights which have illustrated the councils of the Government for nearly a quarter of a century; not because of the high culture, the elegant scholarship, and the varied learning which revealed themselves so clearly in all his public efforts as to justify the application to him of Johnson's felicitous expression, "He touched nothing which he did not adorn"; not this, though these are qualities by no means, it is to be feared, so common in public places as to make their disappearance, in even a single instance, a matter of indifference; but because of those peculiar and strongly marked moral traits of his character which gave the coloring to the whole tenor of his singularly dramatic public career; traits which made him for a long period to a large portion of his countrymen the object of as deep and passionate a hostility as to another he was one of enthusiastic admiration, and which are not the less the cause that now unites all these parties, ever so widely differing, in a common sorrow to-day over his lifeless remains.

It is of these high moral qualities which I wish to speak; for these have been the traits which in after years, as I have considered the successive acts and utterances of this remarkable man, fastened most strongly my attention, and impressed themselves most forcibly upon my imagination, my sensibilities, my heart. I leave to others to speak of his intellectual superiority, of those rare gifts with which nature had so lavishly endowed him, and of the power to use them which he had acquired by education. I say nothing of his vast and varied stores of historical knowledge, or of the wide extent of his reading in the elegant literature of ancient and modern times, or of his wonderful power of retaining what he had read, or of his readiness in drawing upon these fertile resources to illustrate his own arguments. I say nothing of his eloquence as an orator, of his skill as a logician, or of his powers of fascination in the unrestrained freedom of the social circle, which last it was my misfortune not to have experienced. These, indeed, were the qualities which gave him eminence not only in our country but throughout the world; and which have made the name of Charles Sumner an integral part of our nation's glory. They were the qualities which gave to those moral traits of which I have spoken the power to impress themselves upon the history of the age and of civilization itself; and without which those traits, however intensely developed, would have exerted no influence beyond the personal circle immediately surrounding their possessor. More eloquent tongues than mine will do them justice. Let me speak of the characteristics which brought the illustrious Senator who has just passed away into direct and bitter antagonism for years with my own State and her sister States of the South.

Charles Sumner was born with an instinctive love of freedom, and was educated from his earliest infancy to the

belief that freedom is the natural and indefeasible right of every intelligent being having the outward form of man. In him in fact this creed seems to have been something more than a doctrine imbibed from teachers, or a result of education. To him it was a grand intuitive truth inscribed in blazing letters upon the tablet of his inner consciousness, to deny which would have been for him to deny that he himself existed. And along with this all-controlling love of freedom he possessed a moral sensibility keenly intense and vivid, a conscientiousness which would never permit him to swerve by the breadth of a hair from what he pictured to himself as the path of duty. Thus were combined in him the characteristics which have in all ages given to religion her martyrs, and to patriotism her self-sacrificing heroes.

To a man thoroughly permeated and imbued with such a creed, and animated and constantly actuated by such a spirit of devotion, to behold a human being or a race of human beings restrained of their natural right to liberty, for no crime by him or them committed, was to feel all the belligerent instincts of his nature roused to combat. The fact was to him a wrong which no logic could justify. It mattered not how humble in the scale of rational existence the subject of this restraint might be, how dark his skin, or how dense his ignorance. Behind all that lay for him the great principle that liberty is the birthright of all humanity, and that every individual of every race who has a soul to save is entitled to the freedom which may enable him to work out his salvation. It mattered not that the slave might be contented with his lot; that his actual condition might be immeasurably more desirable than that from which it had transplanted him; that it gave him physical comfort, mental and moral elevation, and religious culture not possessed by his race in any other condition;

that his bonds had not been placed upon his hands by the living generation; that the mixed social system of which he formed an element had been regarded by the fathers of the Republic, and by the ablest statesmen who had risen up after them, as too complicated to be broken up without danger to society, itself, or even to civilization; or finally, that the actual state of things had been recognized and explicitly sanctioned by the very organic law of the Republic. Weighty as these considerations might be, formidable as were the difficulties in the way of the practical enforcement of his great principle, he held none the less that it must sooner or later be enforced, though institutions and constitutions should have to give way alike before it. But here let me do this great man the justice which amid the excitement of the struggle between the sections, now past, I may have been disposed to deny him. In this fiery zeal and this earnest warfare against the wrong, as he viewed it, there entered no enduring personal animosity toward the men whose lot it was to be born to the system which he denounced.

It has been the kindness of the sympathy which in these later years he has displayed toward the impoverished and suffering people of the Southern States that has unveiled to me the generous and tender heart which beat beneath the bosom of the zealot, and has forced me to yield him the tribute of my respect, I might even say of my admiration. Nor in the manifestation of this has there been anything which a proud and sensitive people, smarting under a sense of recent discomfiture and present suffering, might not frankly accept, or which would give them just cause to suspect its sincerity. For though he raised his voice, as soon as he believed the momentous issues of this great military conflict were decided, in behalf of amnesty to the vanquished, and though he stood forward ready to welcome

back as brothers and to reëstablish in their rights as citizens those whose valor had so nearly riven asunder the Union which he loved, yet he always insisted that the most ample protection and the largest safeguards should be thrown around the liberties of the newly enfranchised African race. Though he knew very well that of his conquered fellow-citizens of the South by far the larger portion, even those who most heartily acquiesced in and desired the abolition of slavery, seriously questioned the expediency of investing in a single day and without any preliminary tutelage so vast a body of inexperienced and uninstructed men with the full rights of freemen and voters, he would tolerate no half-way measures upon a point to him so vital.

Indeed, immediately after the war, while other minds were occupying themselves with different theories of reconstruction, he did not hesitate to impress most emphatically upon the administration, not only in public, but in the confidence of private intercourse, his uncompromising resolution to oppose to the last any and every scheme which should fail to provide the surest guarantees for the personal freedom and political rights of the race which he had undertaken to protect. Whether his measures to secure this result showed him to be a practical statesman or a theoretical enthusiast is a question on which any decision we may pronounce to-day must await the inevitable revision of posterity. The spirit of magnanimity, therefore, which breathes in his utterances and manifests itself in all his acts affecting the South during the last two years of his life, was as evidently honest as it was grateful to the feelings of those toward whom it was displayed.

It was certainly a gracious act toward the South — though unhappily it jarred upon the sensibilities of the people at the other extreme of the Union, and estranged from him the great body of his political friends — to propose to erase

from the banners of the national army the mementos of the bloody internecine struggle, which might be regarded as assailing the pride or wounding the sensibilities of the Southern people. That proposal will never be forgotten by that people so long as the name of Charles Sumner lives in the memory of man. But while it touched the heart of the South and elicited her profound gratitude, her people would not have asked of the North such an act of self-renunciation.

Conscious that they themselves were animated by devotion to constitutional liberty, and that the brightest pages of history are replete with evidences of the depth and sincerity of that devotion, they cannot but cherish the recollections of sacrifices endured, the battles fought, and the victories won in defense of their hapless cause. And respecting, as all true and brave men must respect, the martial spirit with which the men of the North vindicated the integrity of the Union, and their devotion to the principles of human freedom, they do not ask, they do not wish, the North to strike the mementos of her heroism and victory from either records or monuments or battle flags. They would rather that both sections should gather up the glories won by each section, not envious, but proud of each other, and regard them a common heritage of American valor. Let us hope that future generations, when they remember the deeds of heroism and devotion done on both sides, will speak not of Northern prowess and Southern courage, but of the heroism, fortitude, and courage of Americans in a war of ideas—a war in which each section signalized its consecration to the principles, as each understood them, of American liberty and of the constitution received from their fathers.

It was my misfortune, perhaps my fault, personally never to have known this eminent philanthropist and statesman. The impulse was often strong upon me to go to him and offer

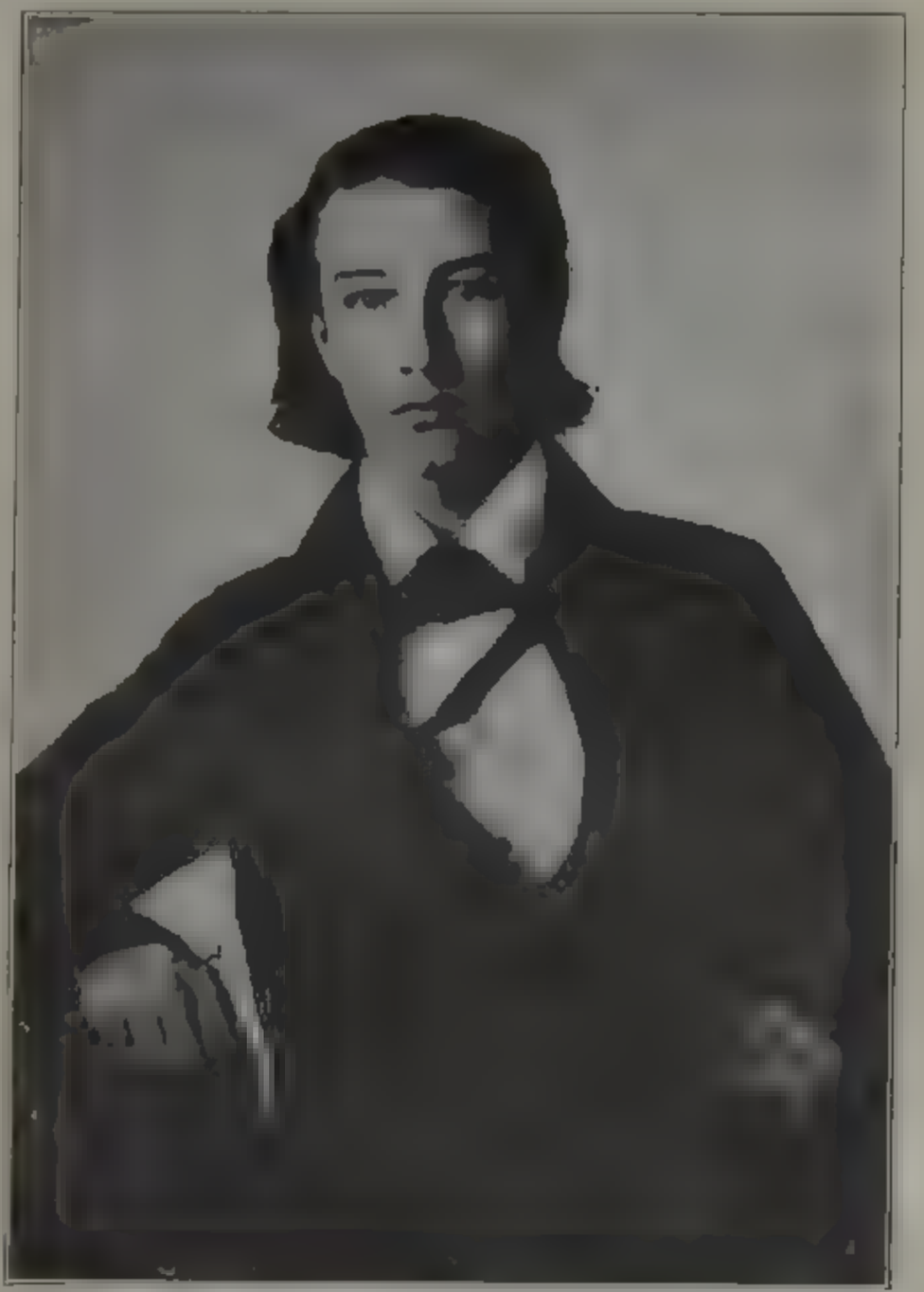
him my hand, and my heart with it, and to express to him my thanks for his kind and considerate course toward the people with whom I am identified. If I did not yield to that impulse, it was because the thought occurred that other days were coming in which such a demonstration might be more opportune and less liable to misconstruction. Suddenly, and without premonition, a day has come at last to which, for such a purpose, there is no to-morrow. My regret is therefore intensified by the thought that I failed to speak to him out of the fullness of my heart while there was yet time.

How often is it that death thus brings unavailingly back to our remembrance opportunities unimproved; in which generous overtures, prompted by the heart, remain unoffered; frank avowals which rose to the lips remain unspoken; and the injustice and wrong of bitter resentments remain unrepaired! Charles Sumner in life believed that all occasion for strife and distrust between the North and South had passed away, and that there no longer remained any cause for continued estrangement between these two sections of our common country. Are there not many of us who believe the same thing? Is not that the common sentiment, or if it is not ought it not to be, of the great mass of our people North and South? Bound to each other by a common constitution, destined to live together under a common government, forming unitedly but a single member of the great family of nations, shall we not now at last endeavor to grow *toward* each other once more in heart, as we are already indissolubly linked to each other in fortunes? Shall we not, over the honored remains of this great champion of human liberty, this feeling sympathizer with human sorrow, this earnest pleader for the exercise of human tenderness and charity, lay aside the concealments which serve only to perpetuate

misunderstandings and distrust, and frankly confess that on both sides we most earnestly desire to be one; one not merely in political organization; one not merely in identity of institutions; one not merely in community of language and literature and traditions and country; but more, and better than all that, one also in feeling and in heart? Am I mistaken in this?

Do the concealments of which I speak still cover animosities which neither time nor reflection nor the march of events has yet sufficed to subdue? I cannot believe it. Since I have been here I have watched with anxious scrutiny your sentiments as expressed not merely in public debate, but in the *abandon* of personal confidence. I know well the sentiments of these my Southern brothers, whose hearts are so infolded that the feeling of each is the feeling of all; and I see on both sides only the seeming of a constraint, which each apparently hesitates to dismiss. The South—prostrate, exhausted, drained of her lifeblood, as well as of her material resources, yet still honorable and true—accepts the bitter award of the bloody arbitrament without reservation, resolutely determined to abide the result with chivalrous fidelity; yet, as if struck dumb by the magnitude of her reverses, she suffers on in silence. The North, exultant in her triumph, and elated by success, still cherishes, as we are assured, a heart full of magnanimous emotions toward her disarmed and discomfited antagonist; and yet, as if mastered by some mysterious spell, silencing her better impulses, her words and acts are the words and acts of suspicion and distrust.

Would that the spirit of the illustrious dead whom we lament to-day could speak from the grave to both parties to this deplorable discord in tones which should reach each and every heart throughout this broad territory, "My countrymen! *know* one another, and you will *love* one another."



From a private photograph, courtesy of
Henry W. Lanier

SIDNEY LANIER

SIDNEY LANIER

In one of his earlier poems, called *Life and Song*, Sidney Lanier says that none of the poets has ever yet so perfectly united the ideal of his minstrelsy with the reality of his daily life as to cause the world in wonder to exclaim:

"His song was only living aloud,
His work, a singing with his hand!"

but so near did Lanier himself come to a realization of his ideal of "a perfect life in perfect labor writ," that the ever growing circle of his admirers is ready to place him among that very small number of the gifted sons of genius who have nobly conceived and nobly striven toward the ideal. Outwardly his life was a hard one. The story of his struggle against poverty, disease, and adversity often has been told, but not too often, for it is as inspiring as it is pathetic. It is the old, old story of genius making its way in spite of all obstructions.

Sidney Lanier was born at Macon, Georgia, February 3, 1842. His father, Robert S. Lanier, was a fairly successful lawyer who was able to keep his family in that moderate degree of comfort which seems conducive to the highest happiness in home life. The simple little cottage in which Sidney was born was the scene of many a hospitable gathering of friends and neighbors at impromptu family musical entertainments. The three children, Sidney, Clifford, and Gertrude, as well as the father and mother, were talented in music, and each member of the family contributed to the home concerts. The Laniers had for many generations been distinguished for their attainments in various kinds of artistic expression, particularly in painting and in music. Sidney early showed his remarkable musical talent, becoming a performer on almost all kinds of instruments at an early age, learning with that ease and rapidity which come only from natural genius. He was so fascinated by the music of the violin that he would sometimes fall into deep reveries or trances as

he played. His father, fearing the power of the instrument over the boy and not wishing him to become a professional musician, forbade him to practice on it; and Sidney turned to the instrument which after the violin most appealed to him, the flute. On this he produced marvelous effects, not only fascinating his schoolmates at Oglethorpe College and his fellow soldiers during the Civil War, but later earning as a professional the distinction of being the greatest flute-player in the world. The sweetness, mellowness, and passionate appeal of the tones of his flute are said to have held all hearers spellbound. He could imitate bird notes with ease, and was even able to obtain in his extemporized variations and embellishments tones imitative of those of the violin. He was not merely a virtuoso, but a composer as well.

But later on we find the conviction taking possession of Lanier that he must be a poet. He writes to his father, "Gradually I find that my whole soul is merging itself into this business of writing." He had begun while at college to test his powers as a writer. He was ambitious to prepare himself by study in Germany for a college professorship, but the war came on, and like many another talented young Southerner, he threw himself with great enthusiasm into the cause of the Confederacy. He entered the army as a private, and rather than accept promotion which would separate him from his brother Clifford, he remained such. Near the close of the war, when both he and Clifford were put in charge of blockade-running vessels, Sidney was captured and confined for five months in the Federal prison at Point Lookout. During the war, Lanier did not neglect his mental development. He read all the books he could lay hands on, studied German, translated many poems from foreign languages, and played on his beloved flute whenever he had an opportunity to do so. He began work on a novel in which he made use of some of the experiences and aspirations of this period. This immature production was published shortly after the war, under the title of *Tiger Lilies*.

Returning home from prison just in time to see his mother before her death, he sadly set to work to make a living for himself and thus to help retrieve the broken

fortunes of the family. He began teaching as a tutor on a plantation near Macon, and then he became a clerk in the old Exchange Hotel at Montgomery, Alabama. In 1867 he accepted the principalship of the village school at Prattville, Alabama, and it was while he was occupying this position that he married Miss Mary Day of Macon, Georgia. Lanier was now writing poetry with a serious purpose, and the new and rich emotions incident to his love, courtship, and marriage were blossoming forth into many beautiful tributes to the object of his lifelong devotion. No more exquisite love poem is to be found in our literature than *My Springs*.

After his marriage, Lanier decided to become a lawyer in order to be able to provide more adequately for his family. He went to Macon to study with the firm of which his father was a member, and he was shortly afterward admitted to the bar. He did not practice long, however, for clients came slowly, and he was inwardly yearning for a literary career. He said he had in his heart a thousand songs that were oppressing him because they remained unsung. His health was already beginning to fail, and from this time on he fought a brave but losing fight against consumption. He spent some time in San Antonio, Texas, in the winter of 1872.

The next year he determined to go to the North or East, where he could find encouragement and opportunity to devote himself to the twin arts of music and poetry. He was engaged as first flute in the Peabody Symphony Concerts in Baltimore, and for the remaining nine years of his life he reveled in the musical and scholarly atmosphere of this and other eastern cities. He soon made warm friends of many notable persons, such as Bayard Taylor, Charlotte Cushman, Gibson Peacock of Philadelphia, Leopold Damrosch, President Gilman, and others. Again he was under the necessity of being separated from his family; but while these enforced periods of separation were extremely painful to the poet and his wife, the general public may count them fortunate, in that they were the occasion of a series of beautiful personal letters giving the musical impressions and aspirations of the poet-musician. Lanier ranks easily among the first letter

writers of America. The brief selections from his letters found in this book are wholly inadequate to give one a just appreciation of the fullness with which the poet has expressed himself by means of the delicate art of personal correspondence. Students who are interested in his life or in this kind of composition should read the published volume of his letters.

The later years of the poet's life, while consciously devoted to art, were a struggle against poverty and disease. In the winter of 1876–7 his health became so greatly impaired that his physicians and friends prevailed on him to go to Tampa, Florida, to recuperate. In the leisure of this visit Lanier produced many notable poems, among them being *Tampa Robins*, *Beethoven*, *The Waving of the Corn*, *The Song of the Chattahoochee*, *The Stirrup Cup*, *An Evening Song*, *The Mocking-bird*. On his return to Baltimore in the spring, he tried to find some employment to supplement the meager income from his position in the Peabody Symphony Orchestra. All the efforts of himself and his friends seemed of no avail. It was at this time that what Professor Mims calls "perhaps the most pathetic words in all his letters" were written by the poet: "Altogether, it seems as if there was n't any place for me in the world, and if it were not for May [his wife] I should certainly quit it, in mortification at being so useless."

Finally he hit upon the idea of organizing private classes for a series of lectures on English poetry. He had been taking every advantage of the excellent libraries and opportunities for culture in Baltimore, and he had developed rapidly under the inspiration of the literary and artistic life of that city. He was reading deeply into the Old and Middle English and the Elizabethan writers. His sympathetic interpretations attracted a goodly number of students to his classes, and the success of these private lectures soon gave him an opportunity to present the results of his investigations in a regular series of lectures in Johns Hopkins University. It was in 1879 that President Gilman appointed him to a lectureship in English literature.

During all this time Lanier was turning out many

excellent works, both creative and editorial. His *Boy's Froissart*, *Boy's King Arthur*, *Boy's Percy*, *Boy's Mabinogion* are still standard juvenile books. He was gradually working out in concrete examples of poetic composition his theories of the interrelationship of music and poetry. Poems like *The Symphony*, *The Song of the Chattahoochee*, *The Marshes of Glynn*, *Sunrise*, almost justify these theories, though later critics, while acknowledging the fascination and suggestiveness of *The Science of English Verse*, have generally refuted the extremes to which the author presses his theories of the interrelationship between the two arts.

In 1880 Lanier tried to fill his engagements at the university, but it is said that his hearers were in constant dread lest each breath should be his last. It was only by the conquering power of his will that he kept himself alive at all. He rode to the hall in a closed carriage, and sat during the hour, being unable to stand to deliver his lectures. In 1881 he sought relief in the mountains near Asheville in North Carolina. His father and his brother Clifford were with him for several weeks, but only his wife was there when the end came. Mr. William Hayes Ward, in his memorial essay, which is attached as introduction to the volume of Lanier's *Poems*, quotes Mrs. Lanier's own words:

"We are left alone with one another. On the last night of the summer comes a change. His love and immortal will hold off the destroyer of our summer yet one more week, until the forenoon of September 7th, and then falls the frost, and that unfaltering will renders its supreme submission to the adored will of God."

He was buried in Greenwood Cemetery in Baltimore, the beloved city of his adoption.

(The fullest and most satisfactory life of Lanier is that by Edwin Mims. Other noteworthy studies are those by Morgan Callaway, Jr., in his *Select Poems of Sidney Lanier*, and by Henry Nelson Snyder in his volume on Lanier.)

SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE

Out of the hills of Habersham,
Down the valleys of Hall,
I hurry amain to reach the plain,
Run the rapid and leap the fall,
Split at the rock and together again,
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
And flee from folly on every side
With a lover's pain to attain the plain
Far from the hills of Habersham,
Far from the valleys of Hall.

All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes cried *Abide, abide,*
The willful waterweeds held me thrall,
The laving laurel turned my tide,
The ferns and the fondling grass said *Stay,*
The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
And the little reeds sighed *Abide, abide,*
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall.

High o'er the hills of Habersham,
Veiling the valleys of Hall,
The hickory told me manifold
Fair tales of shade, the poplar tall
Wrought me her shadowy self to hold,
The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the pine,
Overleaning, with flickering meaning and sign,

Said, *Pass not, so cold, these manifold*
Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,
These glades in the valleys of Hall.

And oft in the hills of Habersham,
And oft in the valleys of Hall,
The white quartz shone, and the smooth brook-stone
Did bar me of passage with friendly brawl,
And many a luminous jewel lone
—Crystals clear or a-cloud with mist,
Ruby, garnet and amethyst—
Made lures with the lights of streaming stone
In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,
In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

But oh, not the hills of Habersham,
And oh, not the valleys of Hall
Avail: I am fain for to water the plain.
Downward the voices of Duty call—
Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main,
The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
And the lordly main from beyond the plain
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
Calls through the valleys of Hall.

A BALLAD OF TREES AND THE MASTER

Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent.
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to Him,
The little gray leaves were kind to Him:
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
And He was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came
Content with death and shame.
When Death and Shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last:
'Twas on a tree they slew Him—last
When out of the woods He came.

MY SPRINGS

In the heart of the Hills of Life, I know
Two springs that with unbroken flow
Forever pour their lucent streams
Into my soul's far Lake of Dreams.

Not larger than two eyes, they lie
Beneath the many-changing sky
And mirror all of life and time,
—Serene and dainty pantomime.

Shot through with lights of stars and dawns,
And shadowed sweet by ferns and fawns,

—Thus heaven and earth together vie
Their shining depths to sanctify.

Always when the large Form of Love
Is hid by storms that rage above,
I gaze in my two springs and see
Love in his very verity.

Always when Faith with stifling stress
Of grief hath died in bitterness,
I gaze in my two springs and see
A Faith that smiles immortally.

Always when Charity and Hope,
In darkness bounden, feebly grope,
I gaze in my two springs and see
A Light that sets my captives free.

Always, when Art on perverse wing
Flies where I cannot hear him sing,
I gaze in my two springs and see
A charm that brings him back to me.

When Labor faints, and Glory fails,
And coy Reward in sighs exhales,
I gaze in my two springs and see
Attainment full and heavenly.

O Love, O Wife, thine eyes are they,
—My springs from out whose shining gray
Issue the sweet celestial streams
That feed my life's bright Lake of Dreams.

Oval and large and passion-pure
And gray and wise and honor-sure;

Soft as a dying violet-breath
Yet calmly unafraid of death;

Thronged, like two dove-cotes of gray doves,
With wife's and mother's and poor-folk's loves,
And home-loves and high glory-loves
And science-loves and story-loves,

And loves for all that God and man
In art and nature make or plan,
And lady-loves for spidery lace
And broideries and supple grace

And diamonds and the whole sweet round
Of littles that large life compound,
And loves for God and God's bare truth,
And loves for Magdalen and Ruth.

Dear eyes, dear eyes and rare complete—
Being heavenly-sweet and earthly-sweet,
—I marvel that God made you mine,
For when He frowns, 'tis then ye shine!

STANZAS FROM "CORN"

I wander to the zigzag-cornered fence
Where sassafras, intrenched in brambles dense,
Contests with stolid vehemence
The march of culture, setting limb and thorn
As pikes against the army of the corn.

There, while I pause, my fieldward-faring eyes
Take harvests, where the stately corn-ranks rise,

Of inward dignities
And large benignities and insights wise,
Graces and modest majesties.
Thus, without theft, I reap another's field;
Thus, without tilth, I house a wondrous yield,
And heap my heart with quintuple crops concealed.

Look, out of line one tall corn-captain stands
Advanced beyond the foremost of his bands,
And waves his blades upon the very edge
And hottest thicket of the battling hedge.
Thou lustrous stalk, that ne'er mayst walk nor talk,
Still shalt thou type the poet-soul sublime
That leads the vanward of his timid time
And sings up cowards with commanding rhyme—
Soul calm, like thee, yet fain, like thee, to grow
By double increment, above, below;
Soul homely, as thou art, yet rich in grace like thee,
Teaching the yeomen selfless chivalry
That moves in gentle curves of courtesy;
Soul filled like thy long veins with sweetness tense,
By every godlike sense
Transmuted from the four wild elements.
Drawn to high plans,
Thou lift'st more stature than a mortal man's,
Yet ever piercest downward in the mould
And keepest hold
Upon the reverend and steadfast earth
That gave thee birth;
Yea, standest smiling in thy future grave,
Serene and brave,
With unremitting breath
Inhaling life from death,
Thine epitaph writ fair in fruitage eloquent,
Thyself thy monument.

THREE LETTERS

I

MACON, GA., *April 13, 1870.*

MY DEAR MR. HAYNE: Watching, night and day, for two weeks past, by the bedside of a sick friend, I have had no spiritual energy to escape out of certain gloomy ideas which always possess me when I am in the immediate presence of physical ailment; and I did not care to write you that sort of letter which one is apt to send under such circumstances, since I gather from your letters that you have enough and to spare of these dismal down-weighings of the flesh's ponderous cancer upon suffering and thoughtful souls.

I am glad, therefore, that I waited until this divine day. If the year were an Orchestra, to-day would be the Flute-tone in it. A serene Hope, just on the very verge of realizing itself; a tender loneliness,—what some German calls *Waldeinsamkeit*, wood-loneliness,—the ineffable withdrawal-feeling that comes over one when he hides himself in among the trees, and knows himself shut in by their purity, as by a fragile yet impregnable wall, from the suspicions and the trade-regulations of men; and an inward thrill, in the air, or in the sunshine, one knows not which, half like the thrill of the passion of love, and half like the thrill of the passion of friendship;—these, which make up the office of the flute-voice in those poems which the old masters wrote for the Orchestra, also prevail throughout to-day.

Do you like—as I do—on such a day to go out into the sunlight and *stop thinking*,—lie fallow, like a field, and absorb those certain liberal *potentialities* which will in after days reappear, duly formulated, duly grown, duly perfected, as poems? I have a curiosity to know if to you, as

to me, there come such as this day:—a day exquisitely satisfying with all the fulnesses of the Spring, and filling you as full of nameless tremors as a girl on a wedding-morn; and yet, withal, a day which utterly denies you the gift of speech, which puts its finger on the lip of your inspiration, which inexorably enforces upon your soul a silence that you infinitely long to break, a day, in short, which takes absolute possession of you and says to you, in tones which command obedience, *to-day you must forego expression and all outcome, you must remain a fallow field, for the sun and wind to fertilize, nor shall any corn or flowers sprout into visible green and red until to-morrow,*— mandates, further, that you have learned after a little experience not only not to fight against, but to love and revere as the wise communication of the Unseen Powers.

Have you seen Browning's "The Ring and the Book"? I am confident that, at the birth of this man, among all the good fairies who showered him with magnificent endowments, one bad one—as in the old tale—crept in by stealth and gave him a constitutional twist i' the neck, whereby his windpipe became, and has ever since remained, a marvellous tortuous passage. Out of this glottis-labyrinth his words won't, and can't come straight. A hitch and a sharp crook in every sentence bring you up with a shock. But what a shock it is! Did you ever see a picture of a lasso, in the act of being flung? In a thousand coils and turns, inextricably crooked and involved and whirled, yet, if you mark the noose at the end, you see that it is directly in front of the bison's head, there, and is bound to catch him! That is the way Robert Browning catches you. The first sixty or seventy pages of "The Ring and the Book" are altogether the most doleful reading, in point either of idea or of music, in the English language; and yet the monologue of Giuseppe Caponsacchi, that of Pompilia

Comparini, and the two of Guido Franceschini, are unapproachable, in their kind, by any living or dead poet, *me judice*. Here Browning's jerkiness comes in with inevitable effect. You get lightning-glimpses—and, as one naturally expects from lightning, zig-zag glimpses—into the intense night of the passion of these souls. It is entirely wonderful and without precedent. The fitful play of Guido's lust, and scorn, and hate, and cowardice, closes with a master-stroke:

> " . . . Christ! Maria! God! . . .
> Pompilia, will you let them murder me?"

Pompilia, mark you, is dead, by Guido's own hand; deliberately stabbed, because he hated her purity, which all along he has reviled and mocked with the Devil's own malignant ingenuity of sarcasm.

You spoke of a project you wished to tell me. Let me hear it. Your plans are always of interest to me. Can I help you? I've not put pen to paper, in the literary way, in a long time. How I thirst to do so, how I long to sing a thousand various songs that oppress me, unsung, —is inexpressible. Yet, the mere work that brings bread gives me no time. I know not, after all, if this is a sorrowful thing. Nobody likes my poems except two or three friends,—who are themselves poets, and can supply themselves!

Strictly upon Scriptural principle, I've written you (as you see) almost entirely about myself. This is doing unto you as I would you should do unto me. Go, and do likewise. Write me about yourself.

Your Friend,

SIDNEY LANIER.

II

BALTIMORE, *December 2, 1873.*

Well, Flauto Primo hath been to his first rehearsal.

Fancy thy poor lover, weary, worn, and stuffed with a cold, arriving after a brisk walk—he was *so* afraid he might be behind time—at the hall of Peabody Institute. He passeth down betwixt the empty benches, turneth through the green-room, emergeth on the stage, greeteth the Maestro, is introduced by the same to Flauto Secondo, and then, with as much carelessness as he can assume, he sauntereth in among the rows of music-stools, to see if peradventure he can find the place where he is to sit—for he knoweth not, and liketh not to ask. He remembereth where the flutes sit in Thomas' Orchestra; but on going to the corresponding spot he findeth the part of Contra-Basso on the music-stand, and fleeth therefrom in terror. In despair, he is about to endeavor to get some information on the sly, when he seeth the good Flauto Secondo sitting down far in front, and straightway marcheth to his place on the left of the same, with the air of one that had played there since babyhood. This Hamerik of ours hath French ideas about his orchestral arrangements and places his pieces very differently from Thomas. Well, I sit down, some late-comers arrive, stamping and blowing—for it is snowing outside—and pull the green-baize covers off their big horns and bass-fiddles. Presently the Maestro, who is rushing about, hither and thither, in some excitement, falleth to striking a great tuning-fork with a mallet, and straightway we all begin to toot A, to puff it, to groan it, to squeak it, to scrape it, until I sympathize with the poor letter, and glide off in some delicate little runs; and presently the others begin to flourish also, and here we have it, up chromatics, down diatonics, unearthly buzzings from the big fiddles, diabolical four-string chords from

the 'cellos, passionate shrieks from the clarionets and oboes, manly remonstrances from the horns, querulous complaints from the bassoons, and so on. Now the Maestro mounteth to his perch. I am seated immediately next the audience, facing the first violins, who are separated from me by the conductor's stand. I place my part (of the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven, which I had procured two days before, in order to look over it, being told that on the first rehearsal we would try nothing but the Fifth Symphony) on my stand, and try to stop my heart from beating so fast—with unavailing arguments. Maestro rappeth with his *baton*, and magically stilleth all the shrieks and agonies of the instruments. "Fierst" (he saith, with the Frenchiest of French accents—tho' a Dane, he was educated in Paris) "I wish to present to ze gentlemen of ze orchestra our fierst flutist, Mr. Sidney Lanier, also our fierst oboe, Mr. (I did n't catch his name)." Whereupon, not knowing what else to do—and the pause being somewhat awkward—I rise and make a profound bow to the Reeds, who sit behind me, another to the 'Celli, the Bassi, and the Tympani, in the middle, and a third to the Violins opposite. This appeareth to be the right thing, for Oboe jumpeth up also, and boweth, and the gentlemen of the orchestra all rise and bow, some of them with great *empressement*. Then there is a little idiotic hum and simper, such as newly introduced people usually affect. Then cometh a man—whom I should always hate, if I *could* hate anybody always—and, to my horror, putteth on my music-stand the flauto primo part of Niels Gade's Ossian Overture, and thereupon the Maestro saith, "We will try *that* fierst." Horrors! They told me they would play nothing but the Fifth Symphony, and this Ossian Overture I have never seen or heard! This does not help my heart-beats nor steady my lips—thou canst

believe. However, there is no time to tarry; the *baton* rappeth, the horns blow, my five bars' rest is out—I plunge.

—Oh! If thou couldst but be by me in this sublime glory of music! All through it I yearned for thee with heart-breaking eagerness. The beauty of it maketh me catch my breath—to write of it. I will not attempt to describe it. It is the spirit of the poems of Ossian done in music by the wonderful Niels Gade.

I got through it without causing any disturbance. Maestro had to stop twice on account of some other players. I failed to come in on time twice in the Symphony. I am too tired now to give thee any further account. I go again to rehearsal to-morrow.

III

TAMPA, FLA., *January 11, 1877.*

MY DEAR MR. TAYLOR: What would I not give to transport you from your frozen sorrows instantly into the midst of the green leaves, the gold oranges, the glitter of great and tranquil waters, the liberal friendship of the sun, the heavenly conversation of robins and mocking-birds and larks, which fill my days with delight!

But if I commence in this strain I shall never have done; and I am writing in full rebellion against the laws now of force over the land of Me—which do not yet allow me to use the pen by reason of the infirmity of my lung; yet I could not help sending you some little greeting for the New Year, with a violet and a rose which please find herewithin. The violet is for purity,—and I wish that you may be pure all this year; and the rose is for love—and I'm sure I shall love you all the year.

We are quite out of the world and know not its doings. The stage which brings our mail (twice a week only) takes three days to reach the railroad at Gainesville; and it is a matter of from nine days to any conceivable time for a letter to reach here from New York. Nevertheless,—nay, all the more therefore,—send me a line that I may know how you fare, body and soul.

I received a check for fifteen dollars from Mr. Alden, Editor "Harpers," for the poem you sent to him; and I make little doubt that I owe its acceptance to the circumstance that you sent it. I hear of an "International Review," but have not seen any copy of it: do you think it would care for anything like the enclosed?—a poem which I have endeavored to make burn as hotly as, yet with a less highly colored flame than, others of mine. If you do, pray direct the envelope; if not, address it to the "Galaxy," unless you think that inadvisable: in which last event keep the copy, if you like.

I had a very cordial letter from Mr. Eggleston about my volume of poems, which gave me pleasure.

I 'm sure you 'll be glad to know that I improve decidedly; I see no reason to doubt that I shall be soon at work again. In truth, I "bubble song" continually during these heavenly days, and it is as hard to keep me from the pen as a toper from his tipple.

I hope Mrs. Taylor is well, and beg you to commend me to her; wherein my wife very heartily joins me, as well as in fair messages to you. I wrote you several times before leaving Philadelphia: did you get the letters?

Your faithful friend,

S. L.

IRWIN RUSSELL

Irwin Russell, the boy poet of Mississippi, lived but twenty-six years, and yet, as one of his biographers has said, because of his sufferings his life was a long one. And for this, as has been the case with many a man of genius, he had only himself and his wayward temperament to blame, for his friends and relatives did all they could by way of warning and pleading to save him. He was born at Port Gibson, Mississippi, June 3, 1853. His father, Dr. William McNab Russell, though born and reared in Ohio, was of Virginia extraction; and his mother was of New England ancestry. After finishing his medical education, Dr. Russell married and moved to Port Gibson, to begin the practice of his profession. Here an epidemic of yellow fever broke out in the year of Irwin's birth, and the child suffered a severe attack of the dreaded disease when he was but three months old. Though he recovered from the malady, it is thought that his constitution was permanently weakened by the fever. Dr. Russell moved to St. Louis shortly after the boy's recovery, and here at an early age Irwin was placed in school. The boy's remarkable precocity attracted considerable notice among his father's friends and acquaintances.

At the outbreak of the war the family moved back to Port Gibson, for Dr. Russell was a warm supporter of the cause of the Confederacy. When Irwin was old enough to be sent to college he was put in the Jesuit school known as the St. Louis University. He pursued a general commercial course here, and was graduated in 1869, at the age of sixteen. Returning to Mississippi, he read law, and two years before he reached his majority he was by a special legislative enactment admitted to the bar and licensed to practice. However, he seems to have done little in his profession. Music and literature were more attractive to him than courts and briefs, and he eventually gave up his law practice to devote himself to literature.

Russell played well on the piano, and was an adept on the banjo. By a happy accident he was led into composing impromptu verses imitative of the negro songs he heard sung by the servants of his father's household. He sang these songs to the music of the banjo, that instrument so dear to the darky's heart and so well suited to the expression of the negro's emotional nature. A few of these dialect poems were published in local papers, but in January, 1876, one of the best of the negro character studies, *Uncle Cap Interviewed*, appeared in *Scribner's Monthly*, and from that date on until 1880 this magazine continued to publish Russell's poems.

Competent critics at once recognized in these dialect poems a new type of writing, which opened a fresh and rich literary vein for Southern writers to develop. The negro dialect gave the only practical approach to the exposition and delineation of the true negro character. It is generally acknowledged that Russell was the first to use the negro dialect and negro life and character for purely artistic purposes. Negro characters had appeared in other works of fiction, but they were either subordinated or made the means of a political or altruistic appeal, as in Mrs. Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Since Irwin Russell's successful work in this line, other artists have arisen who have used the negro as material for literary treatment, among them Joel Chandler Harris of Georgia in his Uncle Remus stories and Thomas Nelson Page of Virginia in his negro-dialect stories and poems. In his brief introduction to Russell's poems Joel Chandler Harris says:

"It seems to me that some of Irwin Russell's negro-character studies rise to the level of what, in a large way, we term literature. His negro operetta, 'Christmas-Night in the Quarters,' is inimitable. It combines the features of a character study with a series of bold and striking plantation pictures that have never been surpassed. In this remarkable group,—if I may so term it,—the old life before the war is reproduced with a fidelity that is marvelous."

Thomas Nelson Page pays a similar tribute to Russell in acknowledging the debt he owes to the Mississippian as the one who first led him in the way he has since followed.

Dialect is not, to be sure, the highest artistic medium for poetical expression, but the best of it is well worthy of preservation, and surely there is no better negro-dialect verse written than that by Russell. He understood the negro character thoroughly, and all that he wrote is true to the simple, homely life of the old-time plantation darky.

The last years of Russell's life were unhappy. In 1878, at the time of another terrible epidemic of yellow fever at Port Gibson, he broke himself down completely nursing the sick, attending the distressed, and burying the dead. His own father died in the epidemic, and this blow left the young man hopeless and stunned, for his father had been his idol. With a restless desire to get away from the scenes of his distress, and with a faint hope that he might yet conquer his excessive use of alcoholic stimulants and make a name for himself in literature, he went to New York. Here he quickly won warm friends and admirers among the literary people with whom he was thrown in contact as a contributor to *Scribner's Monthly;* but his old habits reasserted themselves, and he soon fell seriously ill. After his recovery—partially, no doubt, from a feeling of remorse because of his excesses—he seemed to wish to get away from the friends who had nursed him through his illness and contributed to his comfort while he was in need. He secretly left New York on a steamer bound for New Orleans, working his passage as a stoker. On reaching New Orleans he attached himself to the *Times* as a reporter or literary contributor and once more tried to make a success of life. But his habits had gained too strong a hold on him, and he seemed to realize that he was a doomed man. He wrote some serious poems at this time, indicative of his hopelessness so far as this life went but of his hopefulness for the life yet to be.

He died December 23, 1879, and was buried in New Orleans, but later his body was removed and placed beside his father's remains in Bellefontaine Cemetery, St. Louis.

(The best essays on Irwin Russell are those by W. M. Baskervill in *Southern Writers*, Vol. I, and by Joel Chandler Harris in the volume of *Poems by Irwin Russell*, published by the Century Co., 1888.)

CHRISTMAS-NIGHT IN THE QUARTERS

When merry Christmas-day is done,
And Christmas-night is just begun;
While clouds in slow procession drift,
To wish the moon-man "Christmas gift,"
Yet linger overhead, to know
What causes all the stir below;
At Uncle Johnny Booker's ball
The darkies hold high carnival.
From all the country-side they throng,
With laughter, shouts, and scraps
of song,—
Their whole deportment plainly showing
That to the frolic they are going.
Some take the path with shoes in hand,
To traverse muddy bottom-land;
Aristocrats their steeds bestride—
Four on a mule, behold them ride!
And ten great oxen draw apace
The wagon from "de oder place,"
With forty guests, whose conversation
Betokens glad anticipation.
Not so with him who drives: old Jim
Is sagely solemn, hard, and grim,
And frolics have no joys for him.
He seldom speaks but to condemn—
Or utter some wise apothegm—
Or else, some crabbed thought pursuing,
Talk to his team, as now he 's doing:

Come up heah, Star! Yee-bawee!
  You alluz is a-laggin'—
Mus' be you think I 's dead,
  An' dis de huss you 's draggin'—
You 's 'mos' too lazy to draw yo' bref,
  Let 'lone drawin' de waggin.

Dis team—quit bel'rin', sah!
  De ladies don't submit 'at—
Dis team—you ol' fool ox,
  You heah me tell you quit 'at?
Dis team's des like de 'Nited States;
  Dat 's what I 's tryin' to git at!

De people rides behin',
  De pollytishners haulin'—
Sh'u'd be a well-bruk ox,
  To foller dat ar callin'—
An' sometimes nuffin won't do dem steers,
  But what dey mus' be stallin'!

Woo bahgh! Ruck-kannon! Yes, sah,
  Sometimes dey will be stickin';
An' den, fus thing dey knows,
  Dey takes a rale good lickin'.
De folks gits down: an' den watch out
  For hommerin' an' kickin'.

Dey blows upon dey hands,
  Den flings 'em wid de nails up,
Jumps up an' cracks dey heels,
  An' pruzently dey sails up,
An' makes dem oxen hump deysef,
  By twistin' all dey tails up!

In this our age of printer's ink
'T is books that show us how to think—
The rule reversed, and set at naught,
That held that books were born of thought.
We form our minds by pedants' rules,
And all we know is from the schools;
And when we work, or when we play,
We do it in an ordered way—
And Nature's self pronounce a ban on,
Whene'er she dares transgress a canon.
Untrammeled thus the simple race is
That "wuks the craps" on cotton places.
Original in act and thought,
Because unlearnèd and untaught.
Observe them at their Christmas party:
How unrestrained their mirth—how hearty!
How many things they say and do
That never would occur to you!
See Brudder Brown—whose saving grace
Would sanctify a quarter race—
Out on the crowded floor advance,
To "beg a blessin' on dis dance."

O Mahsr! let dis gath'rin' fin' a blessin' in yo' sight!
Don't jedge us hard fur what we does—you knows it's Chrismus-night;
An' all de balunce ob de yeah we does as right's we kin.
Ef dancin's wrong, O Mahsr! let de time excuse de sin!

We labors in de vineya'd, wukin' hard an' wukin' true;
Now, shorely you won't notus, ef we eats a grape or two,
An' takes a leetle holiday,—a leetle restin'-spell,—
Bekase, nex' week, we'll start in fresh, an' labor twicet as well.

Remember, Mahsr,—min' dis, now,—de sinfulness ob sin
Is 'pendin' 'pon de sperrit what we goes an' does it in:
An' in a righchis frame ob min' we's gwine to dance an' sing,
A-feelin' like King David, when he cut de pigeon-wing.

It seems to me—indeed it do—I mebbe mout be wrong—
That people raly *ought* to dance, when Chrismus comes along;
Des dance bekase dey's happy—like de birds hops in de trees,
De pine-top fiddle soundin' to de bowin' ob de breeze.

We has no ark to dance afore, like Isrul's prophet king;
We has no harp to soun' de chords, to holp us out to sing;
But 'cordin' to de gif's we has we does de bes' we knows,
An' folks don't 'spise de vi'let-flower bekase it ain't de rose.

You bless us, please, sah, eben ef we's doin' wrong to-night;
Kase den we'll need de blessin' more'n ef we's doin' right;
An' let de blessin' stay wid us, untel we comes to die,
An' goes to keep our Chrismus wid dem sheriffs in de sky!

Yes, tell dem preshis anguls we's a-gwine to jine 'em soon:
Our voices we's a-trainin' fur to sing de glory tune;
We's ready when you wants us, an' it ain't no matter when—
O Mahsr! call yo' chillen soon, an' take 'em home! Amen.

The rev'rend man is scarcely through,
When all the noise begins anew,
And with such force assaults the ears,

That through the din one hardly hears
Old fiddling Josey "sound his A,"
Correct the pitch, begin to play,
Stop, satisfied, then, with the bow,
Rap out the signal dancers know:

Git yo' pardners, fust kwattillion!
Stomp yo' feet, an' raise 'em high;
Tune is: "Oh! dat water-million!
Gwine to git to home bime-bye."
Sl'ute yo' pardners!—scrape perlitely—
Don't be bumpin' gin de res'—
Balance all!—now, step out rightly;
Alluz dance yo' lebbel bes'.
Fo'wa'd foah!—whoop up, niggers!
Back ag'in!—don't be so slow!—
Swing cornahs!—min' de figgers!
When I hollers, den yo' go.
Top ladies cross ober!
Hol' on, till I takes a dram—
Gemmen solo!—yes, *I 's* sober—
Cain't say how de fiddle am.
Hans around!—hol' up yo' faces,
Don't be lookin' at yo' feet!
Swing yo' pardners to yo' places!
Dat's de way—dat's hard to beat.
Sides fo'w'd!—when you's ready—
Make a bow as low's you kin!
Swing acrost wid opp'site lady!
Now we'll let you swap ag'in:
Ladies change!—shet up dat talkin';
Do yo' talkin' arter while!
Right an' lef'!—don't want no walkin'—
Make yo' steps, an' show yo' style!

And so the "set" proceeds—its length
Determined by the dancers' strength;
And all agree to yield the palm
For grace and skill to "Georgy Sam,"
Who stamps so hard, and leaps so high,
"Des watch him!" is the wond'ring cry—
"De nigger mus' be, for a fac',
Own cousin to a jumpin'-jack!"
On, on the restless fiddle sounds,
Still chorused by the curs and hounds;
Dance after dance succeeding fast,
Till supper is announced at last.
That scene—but why attempt to show it?
The most inventive modern poet,
In fine new words whose hope and trust is,
Could form no phrase to do it justice!
When supper ends—that is not soon—
The fiddle strikes the same old tune;
The dancers pound the floor again,
With all they have of might and main;
Old gossips, *almost* turning pale,
Attend Aunt Cassy's gruesome tale
Of conjurors, and ghosts, and devils,
That in the smoke-house hold their revels;
Each drowsy baby droops his head,
Yet scorns the very thought of bed:—
So wears the night, and wears so fast,
All wonder when they find it past,
And hear the signal sound to go
From what few cocks are left to crow.
Then, one and all, you hear them shout:
"Hi! Booker! fotch de banjo out,
An' gib us *one* song 'fore we goes—
One ob de berry bes' you knows!"

Responding to the welcome call,
He takes the banjo from the wall,
And tunes the strings with skill and care,
Then strikes them with a master's air,
And tells, in melody and rhyme,
This legend of the olden time:

Go 'way, fiddle! folks is tired o' hearin' you a-squawkin'.
Keep silence fur yo' betters!—don't you heah de banjo talkin'?
About de 'possum's tail she's gwine to lecter—ladies, listen!—
About de ha'r whut is n't dar, an' why de ha'r is missin':

"Dar's gwine to be a' oberflow," said Noah, lookin' solemn—
Fur Noah tuk the "Herald," an' he read de ribber column—
An' so he sot his hands to wuk a-cl'arin' timber-patches,
An' 'lowed he's gwine to build a boat to beat the steamah Natchez.

Ol' Noah kep' a-nailin' an' a-chippin' an' a-sawin';
An' all de wicked neighbors kep' a-laughin' an' a-pshawin';
But Noah didn't min' 'em, knowin' whut wuz gwine to happen:
An' forty days an' forty nights de rain it kep' a-drappin'.

Now, Noah had done cotched a lot ob ebry sort o' beas'es—
Ob all de shows a-trabbelin', it beat 'em all to pieces!

He had a Morgan colt an' sebral head o' Jarsey cattle—
An' druv 'em 'board de Ark as soon's he heered de
thunder rattle.

Den sech anoder fall ob rain!—it come so awful hebby,
De ribber riz immejitly, an' busted troo de lebbee;
De people all was drownded out—'cep' Noah an' de
critters,
An' men he 'd hired to work de boat—an' one to mix
de bitters.

De Ark she kep' a-sailin' an' a-sailin' *an'* a-sailin';
De lion got his dander up, an' like to bruk de palin';
De sarpints hissed; de painters yelled; tell, whut wid
all de fussin',
You c'u'd n't hardly heah de mate a-bossin' 'roun' an'
cussin'.

Now, Ham, de only nigger whut wuz runnin' on de
packet,
Got lonesome in de barber-shop, an' c'u'd n't stan' de
racket;
An' so, fur to amuse he-se'f, he steamed some wood an'
bent it,
An' soon he had a banjo made—de fust dat wuz in-
vented.

He wet de ledder, stretched it on; made bridge an'
screws an' aprin;
An' fitted in a proper neck—'t wuz berry long an' tap 'rin';
He tuk some tin, an' twisted him a thimble fur to ring
it;
An' den de mighty question riz: how wuz he gwine to
string it?

De 'possum had as fine a tail as dis dat I 's a-singin';
De ha'rs so long an' thick an' strong,—des fit fur banjo-stringin';
Dat nigger shaved em' off as short as wash-day-dinner graces;
An' sorted ob 'em by de size, f'om little E's to basses.

He strung her, tuned her, struck a jig,—'t wuz "Nebber min' de wedder,"—
She soun' like forty-lebben bands a-playin' all togedder;
Some went to pattin'; some to dancin': Noah called de figgers;
An' Ham he sot an' knocked de tune, de happiest ob niggers!

Now, sence dat time—it 's mighty strange—dere 's not de slightes' showin'
Ob any ha'r at all upon de 'possum's tail a-growin';
An' curi's, too, dat nigger's ways: his people nebber los' 'em—
Fur whar you finds de nigger—dar's de banjo an' de 'possum!

The night is spent; and as the day
Throws up the first faint flash of gray,
The guests pursue their homeward way;
And through the field beyond the gin,
Just as the stars are going in,
See Santa Claus departing—grieving—
His own dear Land of Cotton leaving.
His work is done; he fain would rest
Where people know and love him best.
He pauses, listens, looks about;
But go he must: his pass is out.

So, coughing down the rising tears,
He climbs the fence and disappears.
And thus observes a colored youth
(The common sentiment, in sooth):
"Oh! what a blessin' 'twu'd ha' been,
Ef Santy had been born a twin!
We'd hab two Christmuses a yeah—
Or p'r'aps *one* brudder'd *settle* heah!"

BUSINESS IN MISSISSIPPI

Why, howdy, Mahsr Johnny! Is you gone to keepin' store?
Well, sah, I is surprised! I nebber heard ob dat afore.
Say, ain't you gwine to gib me piece o' good tobacco, please?
I's 'long wid you in Georgia, time we all wuz refugees.

I know'd you would; I alluz tells the people, white an' black,
Dat you's a r'al gen'l'man, an' dat's de libin' fac'—
Yes, sah, dat's what I tells 'em, an' it's nuffin else but true,
An' all de cullud people thinks a mighty heap ob you.

Look heah, sah, don't you want to buy some cotton? Yes, you do;
Dere's oder people wants it, but I'd rader sell to you.
How much? Oh, jes a bale—dat on de wagon in de street—
Dis heah's de sample,—dis cotton's mighty hard to beat!

You'll fin' it on de paper, what de offers is dat's made;
Dey's all de same seditions,—half in cash, half in trade.

Dey's mighty low, sah; come, now, can't you 'prove upon de rates
Dat Barrot Brothers offers—only twelb an' seben-eights?

Lord, Mahsr Johnny, raise it! Don't you know dat I's a frien',
An' when I has de money I is willin' fur to *spen'*?
My custom's wuff a heap, sah; jes you buy de bale an' see.
Dere didn't nebber nobody lose nuffin off ob me.

Now, what's de use of gwine dere an' a-zaminin' ob de bale?
When people trades wid me dey alluz gits an hones' sale;
I ain't no han' fur cheatin'; I beliebes in actin' fa'r,
An' ebry-body'll tell you dey alluz foun' me squar'.

I isn't like *some* niggers; I declar' it is a shame
De way some ob dem swin'les—What! de cotton ain't de same
As dat's in de sample! well, I'm blest, sah, ef it is!
Dis heah must be my *brudder's* sample—Yes, sah, dis is his.

If dat don't beat creation! Heah I've done been totin' 'round
A sample different from de cotton! I—will—be—consound!
Mahsr Johnny, you must scuse me. Take de cotton as it stan's,
An' tell me ef you're willin' fur to take it off my han's.

Sho! nebber min' de auger! 'tain't a bit o' use to bore;
De bale is all de same's dis heah place de baggin's tore;
You oughtn't to go pullin' out de cotton dat a-way;
It spiles de beauty ob de—What, sah! *rocks* in dar, you say!

Rocks in dat ar cotton! How de debbil kin dat be?
I packed dat bale myse'f—hol' on a minute, le'—me—
see—
My stars! I mus' be crazy! Mahsr Johnny, dis is fine!
I's gone an' hauled my brudder's cotton in, instead ob
mine!

MAHSR JOHN

I heahs a heap o' people talkin', ebrywhar I goes,
'Bout Washintum an' Franklum, an' sech gen'uses as dose;
I s'pose dey's mighty fine, but heah's de p'int I's bettin'
on:
Dere wuz n't nar a one ob 'em come up to Mahsr John.

He shorely wuz de greates' man de country ebber growed.
You better had git out de way when *he* come 'long de
road!
He hel' his head up dis way, like he 'spised to see de
groun';
An' niggers had to toe de mark when Mahsr John wuz
roun'.

I only has to shet my eyes, an' den it seems to me
I sees him right afore me now, jes like he use' to be,
A-settin' on de gal'ry, lookin' awful big an' wise,
Wid little niggers fannin' him to keep away de flies.

He alluz wore de berry bes' ob planters' linen suits,
An' kep' a nigger busy jes a-blackin' ob his boots;
De buckles on his galluses wuz made of solid gol',
An' diamon's!—dey wuz in his shut as thick as it would
hol'.

You heered me! 'twas a caution, when he went to take a ride,
To see him in de kerridge, wid ol' Mistis by his side—
Mulatter Bill a-dribin', an' a nigger on behin',
An' two Kaintucky hosses tuk 'em tearin' whar dey gwine.

Ol' Mahsr John wuz pow'ful rich—he owned a heap o' lan':
Fibe cotton places, 'sides a sugar place in Loozyan';
He had a thousan' niggers—an' he wuked 'em, shore's you born!
De oberseahs 'u'd start 'em at de breakin' ob de morn.

I reckon dere wuz forty ob de niggers, young an' ol',
Dat staid about de big house jes to do what dey wuz tol';
Dey had a' easy time, wid skacely any work at all—
But dey had to come a-runnin' when ol' Mahsr John 'u'd call!

Sometimes he'd gib a frolic—dat's de time you seed de fun:
De 'ristocratic fam'lies, dey 'u'd be dar, ebry one;
Dey'd hab a band from New Orleans to play for 'em to dance,
An' tell you what, de *supper* wuz a *'tic'lar* sarcumstance.

Well, times is changed. De war it come an' sot de niggers free,
An' now ol' Mahsr John ain't hardly wuf as much as me;
He had to pay his debts, an' so his lan' is mos'ly gone—
An' I declar' I's sorry fur my pore ol' Mahsr John.

But when I heahs 'em talkin' 'bout some sullybrated man,
I listens to 'em quiet, till dey done said all dey can,

An' den I 'lows dat in dem days 'at I remembers on,
Dat gemman warn't a patchin' onto my ol' Mahsr John!

NEBUCHADNEZZAR

You, Nebuchadnezzah, whoa, sah!
Whar is you tryin' to go, sah?
I'd hab you fur to know, sah,
I's a-holdin' ob de lines.
You better stop dat prancin';
You's pow'ful fond ob dancin',
But I'll bet my yeah's advancin'
Dat I'll cure you ob yo' shines.

Look heah, mule! Better min' out;
Fus' t'ing you know you'll fin' out
How quick I'll wear dis line out
On your ugly, stubbo'n back.
You need n't try to steal up
An' lif' dat precious heel up;
You's got to plow dis fiel' up,
You has, sah, fur a fac'.

Dar, *dat's* de way to do it!
He's comin' right down to it;
Jes watch him plowin' troo it!
Dis nigger ain't no fool.
Some folks dey would 'a' beat him;
Now, dat would only heat him—
I know jes how to treat him:
You mus' *reason* wid a mule.

He minds me like a nigger.
If he wuz only bigger
He'd fotch a mighty figger,
He would, I *tell* you! Yes, sah!
See how he keeps a-clickin'!
He's as gentle as a chickin!
An' nebber thinks o' kickin'—
Whoa dar! Nebuchadnezzah!

. . . . . .

Is dis heah me, or not me?
Or is de debbil got me?
Wuz dat a cannon shot me?
Hab I laid heah more'n a week?
Dat mule do kick amazin'!
De beast wuz sp'iled in raisin'—
But now I 'spect he's grazin'
On de oder side de creek.

From a photograph. Courtesy of Clark Howell

HENRY WOODFIN GRADY

HENRY WOODFIN GRADY

The long list of eminent Southern orators includes no name that shines with greater luster than that of Henry Woodfin Grady. He was born in Athens, Georgia, May 17, 1851. When he was just entering his teens he stood beside the open grave of his father, who had been brought back dead from the battle field of Petersburg, Virginia. Shortly after this loss, young Grady entered the University of Georgia. He was not an ideal student, but he was an enthusiastic and distinguished member of one of the literary or debating societies. He was not awarded the honor he sought — that of being elected annual spokesman of his society — but he was chosen commencement orator in the year of his graduation. The following year Grady spent in further study at the University of Virginia. Again he entered enthusiastically into the work of the literary societies, and again he was disappointed in not being elected orator of his society. He earned for himself, however, the distinction of being one of the most brilliant speakers in the university.

On his return to his native state he determined to make journalism his life work, and through thick and thin, through poverty and success, even in the face of flattering opportunities to go into politics and accept public office, he adhered to his determination. He began by reporting or writing special articles for various newspapers in his own fanciful and attractive style. Soon he launched into the business side of journalism by purchasing and combining two papers in Rome, Georgia. Grady had so many purely idealistic notions about newspaper work that he speedily made a financial failure of this venture. He then went to Atlanta, and in conjunction with two partners founded the *Daily Herald*. So daring and unpractical were the projects of these idealistic editors that the paper failed financially, and swept away the remnant of Grady's patrimony.

But instead of becoming despondent over his financial troubles—he was now married and the proud father of two children—with undaunted courage he set forth to win his way to fortune and fame. Borrowing fifty dollars from a friend, he gave twenty of it to his wife, and with the remaining thirty left home to find work. He had a chance to secure the editorship of a paper in Wilmington, North Carolina, but felt there were larger opportunities for him in New York City. He reached the metropolis with only a few dollars in his pocket, and with characteristic self-confidence took a room at the Astor House. Grady's own account of his experience in New York (reported by M. J. Verdery in his *Memorial of Henry W. Grady*) is so human and so characteristic of the impetuous Southerner that it seems worthy of reproduction in full:

"After forcing down my unrelished breakfast on the morning of my arrival in New York, I went out on the sidewalk in front of the Astor House, and gave a bootblack twenty-five cents, one-fifth of which was to pay for shining my shoes, and the balance was a fee for the privilege of talking to him. I felt that I would die if I did not talk to somebody. Having stimulated myself at that doubtful fountain of sympathy, I went across to the *Herald* office, and the managing editor was good enough to admit me to his sanctum. It happened that just at that time several of the Southern States were holding constitutional conventions. The *Herald* manager asked me if I knew anything about politics; I replied that I knew very little about anything else. 'Well,' said he, 'sit at this desk and write me an article on State Conventions in the South.' With these words he tosssed me a pad and left me alone in the room. When my task-master returned, I had finished the article and was leaning back in the chair with my feet up on the desk. 'Why, Mr. Grady, what is the matter?' asked the managing editor. 'Nothing,' I replied, 'except that I am through.' 'Very well, leave your copy on the desk, and if it amounts to anything I will let you hear from me. Where are you stopping?' 'I am at the Astor House.' Early the next morning, before getting out of bed, I rang for a hall-boy and ordered the *Herald*. I *act*ually had not strength to get up and dress myself,

until I could see whether or not my article had been used. I opened the *Herald* with a trembling hand, and when I saw that 'State Conventions in the South' was on the editorial page, I fell back on the bed, buried my face in the pillow, and cried like a child. When I went back to the *Herald* office that day the managing editor received me cordially and said, 'You can go back to Georgia, Mr. Grady, and consider yourself in the employ of the *Herald*.' "

Shortly after this incident, Grady assumed, in conjunction with his work on the New York *Herald*, the duties of a reporter on the Atlanta *Constitution*, and it was on this paper that he worked during the remainder of his life. A few years later he borrowed the money to purchase an interest in the *Constitution*, and now all his energies went into the upbuilding of the prestige of this journal. With remarkable brilliancy of intellect, singleness of purpose, and nobleness of heart, he threw himself into the life of his people. There was scarcely a philanthropic movement in his city of which he was not the mainstay and most enthusiastic promoter. The columns of his paper were always generously thrown open to appeals for the suffering, or for the promotion of institutions of a helpful or educational nature. He seemed to have wonderful power of attaching all classes to him. His word in the editorial columns of his paper went farther and produced more immediate results than the mandates from governors' mansions, congressional halls, or political caucuses. He could have had any office within the gift of his people, but he cared for no political preferment. Yet no man in Georgia felt sure of election to any office of distinction unless he had Grady's endorsement and support.

Already the idol of his own people, Grady by his great speech before the New England Society of New York City, December, 1886, suddenly leaped into national fame. He was at once reckoned one of the foremost orators of America, and every utterance of the last three years of his life only served to enhance this reputation. He was called upon repeatedly to speak, but owing to his editorial duties he could accept but few invitations. On many occasions he spoke to his fellow citizens in Atlanta and

elsewhere in Georgia, but as his speeches were largely extemporaneous and unreported, few of them have survived. In October, 1887, he delivered at the State Fair in Dallas, Texas, an oration on *The South and Her Problems*. He had carefully prepared the manuscript of this, but when he rose to speak he discarded his written speech and trusted to the inspiration of the occasion. For vividness, pathos, imagination, and soaring eloquence, his picture of the wounded soldier has been thought to be unsurpassed in American oratory. At the Augusta Exposition in his own state, in November of this same year, he made another notable speech on the political problems of the Southern States. In June, 1889, before the literary societies of the University of Virginia, he delivered an address against centralization. In this same month and year he spoke to a large gathering of Southern farmers at an old-time barbecue in the little city of Elberton, Georgia, his subject being *The Farmer and the Cities*. Of all his graphic word pictures the passage from this speech descriptive of the farmer's home is the one best known. The last and perhaps the greatest of all Grady's spoken messages was the speech on *The Race Problem*, delivered at the annual banquet of the Boston Merchants' Association in December, 1889.

Returning home from his visit to New England, he fell a victim to pneumonia and died, December 23, 1889. Not only the South but the whole nation mourned his death. He had done more than any other man of his generation to heal the breach between the North and the South; and he will go down in history as one of the great national forces for good in the last half of the nineteenth century. A monument has been erected to his memory in the city which, as a struggling young newspaper man, he adopted for his own.

John Temple Graves—himself a distinguished Georgia author—in his eulogy on Grady pronounced at the Atlanta memorial service, said in part:

"It is marvelous, past all telling, how he caught the heart of the country in the fervid glow of his own. All the forces of our statesmanship have not prevailed for union like the ringing speeches of this magnetic man. His

eloquence was the electric current over which the positive and negative poles of American sentiment were rushing to a warm embrace. It was the transparent medium through which the bleared eyes of the sections were learning to see each other clearer and to love each other better. . . .

"If I should seek to touch the core of all his greatness, I would lay my hand upon his heart. I should speak of his humanity—his almost inspired sympathies, his sweet philanthropy, and the noble heartfulness that ran like a silver current through his life. His heart was the furnace where he fashioned all his glowing speech. Love was the current that sent his golden sentences pulsing through the world, and in the hottest throb of human sympathies, he found the anchor that held him steadfast to all things great and true."

(The chief work on Grady is the memorial volume compiled by his co-workers on the Atlanta *Constitution* and edited by Joel Chandler Harris: *Henry W. Grady, His Life, Writings, and Speeches.*)

THE NEW SOUTH

Peroration

The new South is enamored of her new work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day is falling fair on her face. She is thrilling with the consciousness of growing power and prosperity. As she stands upright, full-statured and equal among the people of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking out upon the expanded horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because through the inscrutable wisdom of God her honest purpose was crossed, and her brave armies were beaten.

This is said in no spirit of time-serving or apology. The South has nothing for which to apologize. She believes that the late struggle between the States was war and not rebellion; revolution and not conspiracy, and

that her convictions were as honest as yours. I should be unjust to the dauntless spirit of the South and to my own convictions if I did not make this plain in this presence. The South has nothing to take back. In my native town of Athens is a monument that crowns its central hill—a plain, white shaft. Deep cut into its shining side is a name dear to me above the names of men—that of a brave and simple man who died in brave and simple faith. Not for all the glories of New England, from Plymouth Rock all the way, would I exchange the heritage he left me in his soldier's death. To the foot of that [shaft] I shall send my children's children to reverence him who ennobled their name with his heroic blood. But, sir, speaking from the shadow of that memory which I honor as I do nothing else on earth, I say that the cause in which he suffered and for which he gave his life was adjudged by higher and fuller wisdom than his or mine, and I am glad that the omniscient God held the balance of battle in His Almighty hand and that human slavery was swept forever from American soil, the American Union saved from the wreck of war. This message, Mr. President, comes to you from consecrated ground. Every foot of soil about the city in which I live is sacred as a battle-ground of the republic. Every hill that invests it is hallowed to you by the blood of your brothers who died for your victory, and doubly hallowed to us by the blood of those who died hopeless, but undaunted, in defeat—sacred soil to all of us—rich with memories that make us purer and stronger and better—silent but staunch witness in its red desolation of the matchless valor of American hearts and the deathless glory of American arms—speaking an eloquent witness in its white peace and prosperity to the indissoluble union of American States and the imperishable brotherhood of the American people.

Now, what answer has New England to this message? Will she permit the prejudice of war to remain in the hearts of the conquerors, when it has died in the hearts of the conquered? Will she transmit this prejudice to the next generation, that in their hearts which never felt the generous ardor of conflict it may perpetuate itself? Will she withhold, save in strained courtesy, the hand which straight from his soldier's heart Grant offered to Lee at Appomattox? Will she make the vision of a restored and happy people, which gathered above the couch of your dying captain, filling his heart with grace, touching his lips with praise, and 'glorifying his path to the grave — will she make this vision on which the last sigh of his expiring soul breathed a benediction, a cheat and delusion? If she does, the South, never abject in asking for comradeship, must accept with dignity its refusal; but if she does not refuse to accept in frankness and sincerity this message of good will and friendship, then will the prophecy of Webster, delivered in this very society forty years ago amid tremendous applause, become true, be verified in its fullest sense, when he said: "Standing hand to hand and clasping hands, we should remain united as we have been for sixty years, citizens of the same country, members of the same government, united, all united now and united forever." There have been difficulties, contentions, and controversies, but I tell you that in my judgment,

> "Those opened eyes,
> Which like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
> All of one nature, of one substance bred,
> Did lately meet in th' intestine shock,
> Shall now, in mutual well beseeming ranks,
> March all one way."

THE FARMER'S HOME

From "The Farmer and the Cities"

A few Sundays ago I stood on a hill in Washington. My heart thrilled as I looked on the towering marble of my country's Capitol, and a mist gathered in my eyes as, standing there, I thought of its tremendous significance and the powers there assembled, and the responsibilities there centered—its presidents, its congress, its courts, its gathered treasure, its army, its navy, and its sixty millions of citizens. It seemed to me the best and mightiest sight that the sun could find in its wheeling course—this majestic home of a Republic that has taught the world its best lessons of liberty—and I felt that if wisdom, and justice, and honor abided therein, the world would stand indebted to this temple on which my eyes rested, and in which the ark of my covenant was lodged for its final uplifting and regeneration.

A few days later I visited a country home. A modest, quiet house sheltered by great trees and set in a circle of field and meadow, gracious with the promise of harvest—barns and cribs well filled and the old smoke-house odorous with treasure—the fragrance of pink and hollyhock mingling with the aroma of garden and orchard, and resonant with the hum of bees and poultry's busy clucking—inside the house, thrift, comfort, and that cleanliness that is next to godliness—the restful beds, the open fireplace, the books and papers, and the old clock that had held its steadfast pace amid the frolic of weddings, that had welcomed in steady measure the newborn babes of the family, and kept company with the watchers of the sick bed, and had ticked the solemn requiem of the dead; and the well-worn Bible that, thumbed by fingers long since stilled, and blurred with tears of eyes long since closed,

held the simple annals of the family, and the heart and conscience of the home. Outside stood the master, strong and wholesome and upright; wearing no man's collar; with no mortgage on his roof, and no lien on his ripening harvest; pitching his crops in his own wisdom, and selling them in his own time in his chosen market; master of his lands and master of himself. Near by stood his aged father, happy in the heart and home of his son. And as they started to the house, the old man's hands rested on the young man's shoulder, touching it with the knighthood of the fourth commandment, and laying there the unspeakable blessing of an honored and grateful father. As they drew near the door the old mother appeared; the sunset falling on her face, softening its wrinkles and its tenderness lighting up her patient eyes, and the rich music of her heart trembling on her lips, as in simple phrase she welcomed her husband and son to their home. Beyond was the good wife, true of touch and tender, happy amid her household cares, clean of heart and conscience, the helpmate and the buckler of her husband. And the children, strong and sturdy, trooping down the lane with the lowing herd, or weary of simple sport, seeking, as truant birds do, the quiet of the old home nest. And I saw the night descend on that home, falling gently as from the wings of the unseen dove. And the stars swarmed in the bending skies—the trees thrilled with the cricket's cry—the restless bird called from the neighboring wood—and the father, a simple man of God, gathering the family about him, read from the Bible the old, old story of love and faith, and then went down in prayer, the baby hidden amid the folds of its mother's dress, and closed the record of that simple day by calling down the benediction of God on the family and the home!

And as I gazed the memory of the great Capitol faded

from my brain. Forgotten its treasure and its splendor. And I said, "Surely here—here in the homes of the people is lodged the ark of the covenant of my country. Here is its majesty and its strength. Here the beginning of its power and the end of its responsibility." The homes of the people; let us keep them pure and independent, and all will be well with the Republic. Here is the lesson our foes may learn—here is work the humblest and weakest hands may do. Let us in simple thrift and economy make our homes independent. Let us in frugal industry make them self-sustaining. In sacrifice and denial let us keep them free from debt and obligation. Let us make them homes of refinement in which we shall teach our daughters that modesty and patience and gentleness are the charms of woman. Let us make them temples of liberty, and teach our sons that an honest conscience is every man's first political law. That his sovereignty rests beneath his hat, and that no splendor can rob him and no force justify the surrender of the simplest right of a free and independent citizen. And above all, let us honor God in our homes—anchor them close in His love; build His altars above our hearthstones, uphold them in the set and simple faith of our fathers and crown them with the Bible—that book of books in which all the ways of life are made straight and the mystery of death is made plain. The home is the source of our national life. Back of the national Capitol and above it stands the home. Back of the President and above him stands the citizen. What the home is, this and nothing else will the Capitol be. What the citizen wills, this and nothing else will the President be.

THE WOUNDED SOLDIER

Peroration from the Speech on "The South and Her Problems"

A few words for the young men of Texas. I am glad that I can speak to them at all. Men, especially young men, look back for their inspiration to what is best in their traditions. Thermopylæ cast Spartan sentiments in heroic mould and sustained Spartan arms for more than a century. Thermopylæ had survivors to tell the story of its defeat. The Alamo had none. Though voiceless it shall speak from its dumb walls. Liberty cried out to Texas, as God called from the clouds unto Moses. Bowie and Fanning, though dead still live. Their voices rang above the din of Goliad and the glory of San Jacinto, and they marched with the Texas veterans who rejoiced at the birth of Texas independence. It is the spirit of the Alamo that moved above the Texas soldiers as they charged like demigods through a thousand battlefields, and it is the spirit of the Alamo that whispers from their graves held in every State of the Union, ennobling their dust, their soil, that was crimsoned with their blood.

In the spirit of this inspiration and in the thrill of the amazing growth that surrounds you, my young friends, it will be strange if the young men of Texas do not carry the lone star into the heart of the struggle. The South needs her sons to-day more than when she summoned them to the forum to maintain her political supremacy, more than when the bugle called them to the field to defend issues put to the arbitrament of the sword. Her old body is instinct with appeal, calling on us to come and give her fuller independence than she has ever sought in field or forum. It is ours to show that as she prospered with slaves she shall prosper still more with freemen; ours to

see that from the lists she entered in poverty she shall emerge in prosperity; ours to carry the transcending traditions of the old South from which none of us can in honor or in reverence depart, unstained and unbroken into the new. Shall we fail? Shall the blood of the old South—the best strain that ever uplifted human endeavor—that ran like water at duty's call and never stained where it touched—shall this blood that pours into our veins through a century luminous with achievement, for the first time falter and be driven back from irresolute heat, when the old South, that left us a better heritage in manliness and courage than in broad and rich acres, calls us to settle problems?

A soldier lay wounded on a hard-fought field; the roar of the battle had died away, and he rested in the deadly stillness of its aftermath. Not a sound was heard as he lay there, sorely smitten and speechless, but the shriek of wounded and the sigh of the dying soul, as it escaped from the tumult of earth into the unspeakable peace of the stars. Off over the field flickered the lanterns of the surgeons with the litter bearers, searching that they might take away those whose lives could be saved and leave in sorrow those who were doomed to die with pleading eyes through the darkness. This poor soldier watched, unable to turn or speak as the lanterns drew near. At last the light flashed in his face, and the surgeon, with kindly face, bent over him, hesitated a moment, shook his head, and was gone, leaving the poor fellow alone with death. He watched in patient agony as they went on from one part of the field to another. As they came back the surgeon bent over him again. "I believe if this poor fellow lives to sundown to-morrow he will get well." And again leaving him, not to death but with hope; all night long these words fell into his heart as the dews fell from

the stars upon his lips, "if he but lives till sundown, he will get well." He turned his weary head to the east and watched for the coming sun. At last the stars went out, the east trembled with radiance, and the sun, slowly lifting above the horizon, tinged his pallid face with flame. He watched it inch by inch as it climbed slowly up the heavens. He thought of life, its hopes and ambitions, its sweetness and its raptures, and he fortified his soul against despair until the sun had reached high noon. It sloped down its slow descent, and his life was ebbing away and his heart was faltering, and he needed stronger stimulants to make him stand the struggle until the end of the day had come. He thought of his far-off home, the blessed house resting in tranquil peace with the roses climbing to its door, and the trees whispering to its windows, and dozing in the sunshine, the orchard and the little brook running like a silver thread through the forest.

"If I live till sundown I will see it again. I will walk down the shady lane: I will open the battered gate, and the mocking-bird shall call to me from the orchard, and I will drink again at the old mossy spring."

And he thought of the wife who had come from the neighboring farmhouse and put her hand shyly in his, and brought sweetness to his life and light to his home.

"If I live till sundown I shall look once more into her deep and loving eyes and press her brown head once more to my aching breast."

And he thought of the old father, patient in prayer, bending lower and lower every day under his load of sorrow and old age.

"If I but live till sundown I shall see him again and wind my strong arm about his feeble body, and his hands shall rest upon my head while the unspeakable healing of his blessing falls into my heart."

And he thought of the little children that clambered on his knees and tangled their little hands into his heart-strings, making to him such music as the world shall not equal or heaven surpass.

"If I live till sundown, they shall again find my parched lips with their warm mouths, and their little fingers shall run once more over my face."

And he then thought of his old mother, who gathered these children about her and breathed her old heart afresh in their brightness and attuned her old lips anew to their prattle, that she might live till her big boy came home.

"If I live till sundown I will see her again, and I will rest my head at my old place on her knees, and weep away all memory of this desolate night." And the Son of God, who had died for men, bending from the stars, put the hand that had been nailed to the cross on ebbing life and held on the staunch until the sun went down and the stars came out, and shone down in the brave man's heart and blurred in his glistening eyes, and the lanterns of the surgeons came, and he was taken from death to life.

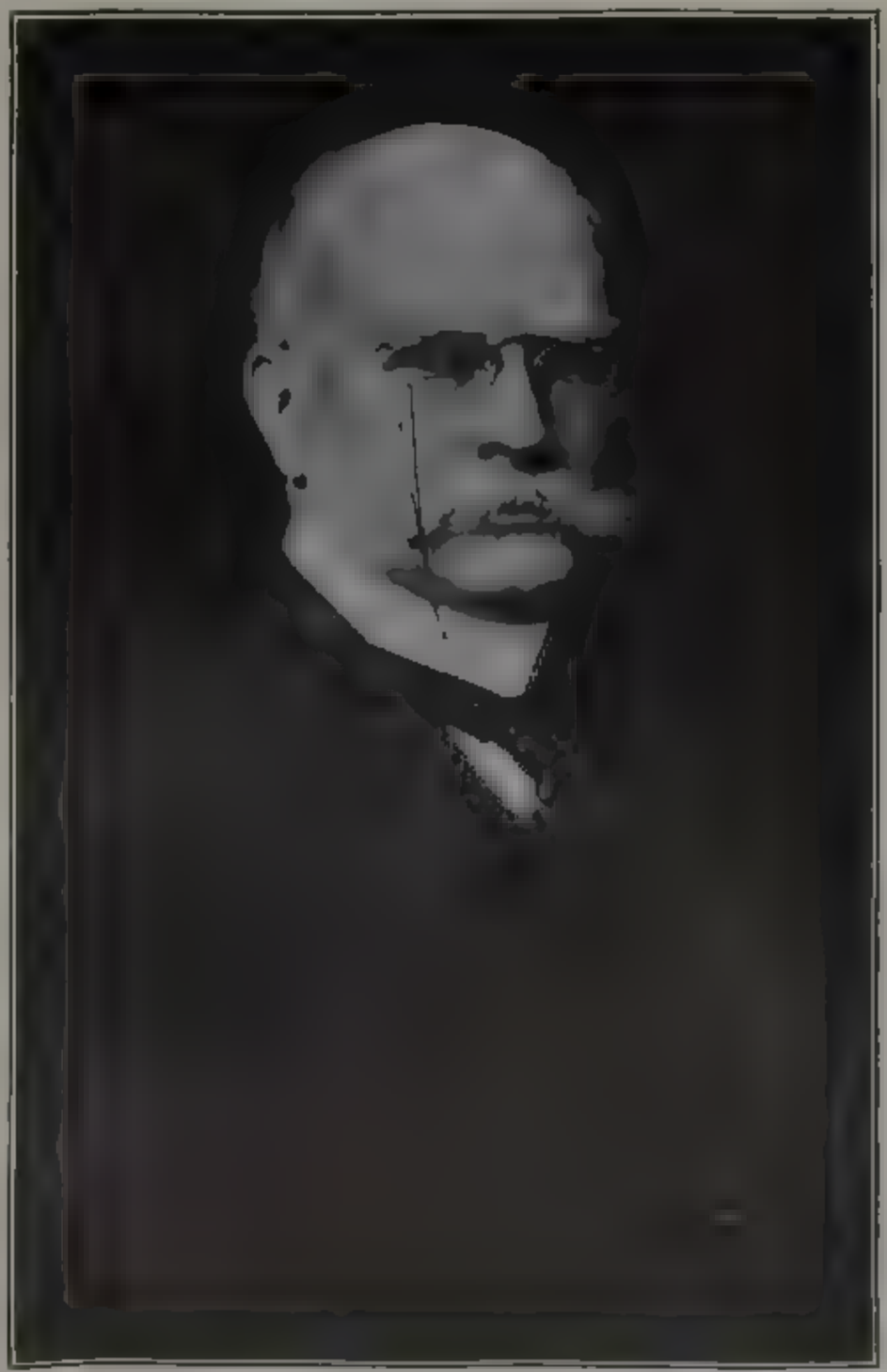
The world is a battlefield strewn with the wrecks of government and institutions, of theories and of faiths that have gone down in the ravage of years. On this field lies the South, sown with her problems. Upon the field swing the lanterns of God. Amid the carnage walks the Great Physician. Over the South he bends. "If ye but live until to-morrow's sundown ye shall endure, my countrymen." Let us for her sake turn our faces to the east and watch as the soldier watched for the coming sun. Let us staunch her wounds and hold steadfast. The sun mounts the skies. As it descends to us, minister to her and stand constant at her side for the sake of our children, and of generations unborn that shall suffer if she fails. And when the sun has gone down and the day of her probation

has ended, and the stars have rallied her heart, the lanterns shall be swung over the field and the Great Physician shall lead her up, from trouble into content, from suffering into peace, from death to life. Let every man here pledge himself in this high and ardent hour, as I pledge myself and the boy that shall follow me; every man himself and his son, hand to hand and heart to heart, that in death and earnest loyalty, in patient painstaking and care, he shall watch her interest, advance her fortune, defend her fame and guard her honor as long as life shall last. Every man in the sound of my voice, under the deeper consecration he offers to the Union, will consecrate himself to the South. Have no ambition but to be first at her feet and last at her service. No hope but, after a long life of devotion, to sink to sleep in her bosom, and as a little child sleeps at his mother's breast and rests untroubled in the light of her smile.

With such consecrated service, what could we not accomplish; what riches we should gather for her; what glory and prosperity we should render to the Union; what blessings we should gather unto the universal harvest of humanity! As I think of it, a vision of surpassing beauty unfolds to my eyes. I see a South, the home of fifty millions of people, who rise up every day to call from blessed cities, vast hives of industry and of thrift; her country-sides the treasures from which their resources are drawn; her streams vocal with whirring spindles; her valleys tranquil in the white and gold of the harvest; her mountains showering down the music of bells, as her slow-moving flocks and herds go forth from their folds; her rulers honest and her people loving, and her homes happy and their hearthstones bright, and their waters still, and their pastures green, and her conscience clear; her wealth diffused and poor-houses empty, her churches earnest and all creeds lost in the gospel;

peace and sobriety walking hand in hand through her borders; honor in her homes; uprightness in her midst; plenty in her fields; straight and simple faith in the hearts of her sons and daughters; her two races walking together in peace and contentment; sunshine everywhere and all the time, and night falling on her generally as from the wings of the unseen dove.

All this, my country, and more can we do for you. As I look the vision grows, the splendor deepens, the horizon falls back, the skies open their everlasting gates, and the glory of the Almighty God streams through as He looks down on His people who have given themselves unto Him and leads them from one triumph to another until they have reached a glory unspeakable, and the whirling stars, as in their courses through Arcturus they run to the milky way, shall not look down on a better people or happier land.



JAMES LANE ALLEN

From a photograph

JAMES LANE ALLEN

In the estimation of a host of cultured readers, James Lane Allen of Kentucky ranks to-day as the dean of American story-writers. Undoubtedly, the place he has made for himself is well above that of the popular modern novelist. The reason for this is that Mr. Allen has always done his best and has never allowed himself to be hurried into print or spoiled by popular applause. He has worked slowly and published rarely. Written with painstaking conscientiousness, all that he produces is marked by sureness of touch and elegance of finish born of a deep love for his art and a commendable pride in perfect workmanship. He looks more carefully to the quality of his writing than to the number of pages he can publish in a year, and so it happens that whenever a new volume by him appears it is welcomed by thousands of eager, expectant readers.

He was born near Lexington, Kentucky, December 21, 1849. His ancestry was of that sturdy Virginia stock which moved westward to occupy the frontier in pioneer days. The estate upon which he was born had long been held by his progenitors, and it was here that the boy learned to love that picturesque and beautiful Kentucky scenery which the man has since so faithfully and artistically transferred to his pages. He attended the preparatory department of the old Transylvania University, now Kentucky University, and was graduated with honors at this institution in 1872. For about ten years he followed the profession of teaching, serving in several academic positions in both private and public schools, and finally attaining a professorship of English and Latin in Bethany College, West Virginia. Early in this period, through his essays and poems published in various magazines, he had begun to taste the joys of successful authorship, and to chafe under the uncertainties and exacting duties of teaching, and about the year 1884

he decided to devote himself thenceforward to literature. Eventually he moved to New York, to be in the center of literary and publishing activities, and here he has firmly established himself as a professional literary man. Among his first publications was a series of articles on the Cumberland and Blue Grass regions of Kentucky, but it was in those beautiful and poetic, if somewhat melancholy and pathetic, tales of Kentucky, *Flute and Violin*, *Sister Dolorosa*, *The White Cowl*, *Two Gentlemen of Kentucky*, and others, that he first struck a rich vein of fresh and original material. These were published in 1891 under the title of the first story named, and the volume which they formed was immediately hailed as a classic in the new type of American short story, and has since held its place as a permanent contribution to American fiction.

But the most popular book that Mr. Allen has written—and many of his admirers think he has never surpassed it nor ever will—is *A Kentucky Cardinal*, which began as a short serial in *Harper's Magazine* in 1893 and was published as a novelette in 1894. Professor Henneman in his admirable study of James Lane Allen in *Southern Writers* calls it "a pastoral poem in prose, noting the procession of the seasons"; and he adds: "Here was the heart of Nature laid bare; here wrote a novelist who at the same time was a disciple of Thoreau and Audubon." *Aftermath* is a beautiful though sad conclusion to this exquisite love story, but it has never attained the popular approval accorded to *A Kentucky Cardinal.*

Other long stories, broader in theme but not more charming in style, have followed at infrequent intervals. *The Choir Invisible*, another popular favorite, appeared in 1897, but it was based on an earlier story, *John Gray*, published in 1892. *The Reign of Law* came in 1900, *The Mettle of the Pasture* in 1903, *The Bride of the Mistletoe* in 1909, *The Brood of the Eagle* in 1910, and *The Heroine in Bronze* in 1912. While many readers do not find in these later productions the fulfillment of the promise of his earlier work, no one can deny his power, and there are some who would rank him with Hawthorne and Poe as one of the supremely great American artists in prose.

There is certainly a distinct charm in everything that Mr. Allen writes. There is something in the flow of his words, something in the quality of his style, which pleases not only the ear but the heart. Not all of his ideas are commendable, and there is sometimes a certain morbidness in some of his themes; but there is nothing pedantic, nothing unmusical, nothing abrupt in his pages. The prose moves along almost with the rhythm of verse; in fact, the poetic element predominates. There is a wealth of exquisitely wrought imagery in his outdoor pictures. One would say that he excels in imagination and pictorial power. He sees clearly, and draws the outlines of his picture firmly, filling in the detail with a deft and delicate touch. The sunlight fairly dances over his landscapes. The many-peaked clouds become wandering Alps; the cold brook creeps over the gray-mossed rocks; Nature walks abroad as though to salute some imperial presence; a hundred green boughs wave on every side; a hundred floating odors rise; the flash and rush of bright wings catch the eye; and the sweet confusion of innumerable melodies soothes the tired mind. Surely no present-day writer has come nearer to Nature's heart than James Lane Allen.

(The essay by the late John Bell Henneman in *Southern Writers*, Vol. II, is by far the best study of James Lane Allen's work that has yet been published.)

EARTH SHIELD AND EARTH FESTIVAL

A mighty table-land lies southward in a hardy region of our country. It has the form of a colossal Shield, lacking and broken in some of its outlines and rough and rude of make. Nature forged it for some crisis in her long warfare of time and change, made use of it, and so left it lying as one of her ancient battle-pieces—Kentucky.

The great Shield is raised high out of the earth at one end and sunk deep into it at the other. It is tilted away from the dawn toward the sunset. Where the western dip of it reposes on the planet, Nature, cunning artificer, set the stream of ocean flowing past with restless foam—the Father of Waters. Along the edge for a space she bound a bright river to the rim of silver. And where the eastern part rises loftiest on the horizon, turned away from the reddening daybreak, she piled shaggy mountains wooded with trees that loose their leaves ere snowflakes fly and with steadfast evergreens which hold to theirs through the gladdening and the saddening year. Then crosswise over the middle of the Shield, northward and southward upon the breadth of it, covering the life-born rock of many thicknesses, she drew a tough skin of verdure —a broad strip of hide of the ever growing grass. She embossed noble forests on this greensward and under the forests drew clear waters.

This she did in a time of which we know nothing—uncharted ages before man had emerged from the deeps of ocean with eyes to wonder, thoughts to wander, heart to love, and spirit to pray. Many a scene the same power has wrought out upon the surface of the Shield since she brought

him forth and set him there: many an old one, many a new. She has made it sometimes a Shield of war, sometimes a Shield of peace. Nor has she yet finished with its destinies as she has not yet finished with anything in the universe. While therefore she continues her will and pleasure elsewhere throughout creation, she does not forget the Shield.

She likes sometimes to set upon it scenes which admonish man how little his lot has changed since Hephaistos wrought like scenes upon the shield of Achilles, and Thetis of the silver feet sprang like a falcon from snowy Olympus bearing the glittering piece of armor to her angered son.

These are some of the scenes that were wrought on the shield of Achilles and that to-day are spread over the Earth Shield Kentucky:

Espousals and marriage feasts and the blaze of lights as they lead the bride from her chamber, flutes and violins sounding merrily. An assembly-place where the people are gathered, a strife having arisen about the blood-price of a man slain; the old lawyers stand up one after another and make their tangled arguments in turn. Soft, freshly ploughed fields where ploughmen drive their teams to and fro, the earth growing dark behind the share. The estate of a landowner where laborers are reaping; some armfuls the binders are binding with twisted bands of straw: among them the farmer is standing in silence, leaning on his staff, rejoicing in his heart. Vineyards with purpling clusters and happy folk gathering these in plaited baskets on sunny afternoons. A herd of cattle with incurved horns hurrying from the stable to the woods where there is running water and where purple-topped weeds bend above the sleek grass. A fair glen with white sheep. A dancing-place under the trees; girls and young men dancing, their fingers on one another's wrists: a great company stands watching the lovely dance of joy.

Such pageants appeared on the shield of Achilles as art; as pageants of life they appear on the Earth Shield Kentucky. The metal-worker of old wrought them upon the armor of the Greek warrior in tin and silver, bronze and gold. The world-designer sets them to-day on the throbbing land in nerve and blood, toil and delight and passion. But there with the old things she mingles new things, with the never changing the ever changing; for the old that remains always the new and the new that perpetually becomes old—these Nature allots to man as his two portions wherewith he must abide steadfast in what he is and go upward or go downward through all that he is to become.

But of the many scenes which she in our time sets forth upon the stately grassy Shield there is a single spectacle that she spreads over the length and breadth of it once every year now as best liked by the entire people; and this is both old and new.

It is old because it contains man's faith in his immortality, which was venerable with age before the shield of Achilles ever grew effulgent before the sightless orbs of Homer. It is new because it contains those latest hopes and reasons for this faith, which briefly blossom out upon the primitive stock with the altering years and soon are blown away upon the winds of change. Since this spectacle, this festival, is thus old and is thus new and thus enwraps the deepest thing in the human spirit, it is never forgotten.

When in vernal days any one turns a furrow or sows in the teeth of the wind and glances at the fickle sky; when under the summer shade of a flowering tree any one looks out upon his fatted herds and fattening grain; whether there is autumnal plenty in his barn or autumnal emptiness, autumnal peace in his breast or autumnal strife,—all days of the year, in the assembly-place, in the dancing-

place, whatsoever of good or ill befall in mind or hand, never does one forget.

When nights are darkest and days most dark; when the sun seems farthest from the planet and cheers it with lowest heat; when the fields lie shorn between harvest-time and seed-time and man turns wistful eyes back and forth between the mystery of his origin and the mystery of his end,—then comes the great pageant of the winter solstice, then comes Christmas.

So what is Christmas? And what for centuries has it been to differing but always identical mortals?

It was once the old pagan festival of dead Nature. It was once the old pagan festival of the reappearing sun. It was the pagan festival when the hands of labor took their rest and hunger took its fill. It was the pagan festival to honor the descent of the fabled inhabitants of an upper world upon the earth, their commerce with common flesh, and the production of a race of divine-and-human half-breeds. It is now the festival of the Immortal Child appearing in the midst of mortal children. It is now the new festival of man's remembrance of his errors and his charity toward erring neighbors. It has latterly become the widening festival of universal brotherhood with succor for all need and nighness to all suffering; of good will warring against ill will and of peace warring upon war.

And thus for all who have anywhere come to know it, Christmas is the festival of the better worldly self. But better than worldliness, it is on the Shield to-day what it essentially has been through many an age to many people —the symbolic Earth Festival of the Evergreen; setting forth man's pathetic love of youth—of his own youth that will not stay with him; and renewing his faith in a destiny that winds its ancient way upward out of dark and damp toward Eternal Light.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

One of the foremost of recent American authors is, undoubtedly, Joel Chandler Harris. He won his place by simple and unassuming methods of composition, by keen observation of man and nature, by the richness and profound quality of his humor and his pathos, by the sane and healthful philosophy of life which he expounds, and by his great creative power—the power to mold into permanent artistic form the simple, homely material with which he deals. That Uncle Remus and Miss Sally and Miss Sally's little boy, with all their human and their animal friends, go to make up one of the supreme creations in American literature is not to be denied.

Joel Chandler Harris was born December 8, 1848, in Putnam County, Georgia. His was a humble country home near the little town of Eatonton, almost in the exact center of the state. He received an inadequate education in the rural schools and in Eatonton Academy. When he was about fourteen years of age he read the advertisement, "Wanted, boy to learn the printer's trade." He applied for and secured the position on the *Countryman*, a journal modeled somewhat upon Addison's *Spectator*, and edited and published by Mr. J. A. Turner on his plantation in Putnam County. Here Joel learned to do all the work of a printer's devil in a country printing office. In time he became a printer and proofreader, and then he began to send in contributions under assumed names, and finally signed articles. He received constant encouragement from his employer, and in a book called *On the Plantation*, written many years later and dedicated to Mr. Turner, he has given his own experiences during this formative period, weaving fact and fiction into a wonderfully suggestive and attractive representation of life on an old-time Georgia plantation. In this book there are excellent descriptions, profound but simple character studies of many Southern types, incidents and tales of country life,

From a photograph by Frances Benjamin Johnston

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

and illuminating comment on events just prior to and coincident with the Civil War period. The hero of the story, Joe Maxwell, is none other than the author himself. At the conclusion of this book Mr. Harris says: "A larger world beckoned to Joe Maxwell, and he went out into it. And it came about that on every side he found loving hearts to comfort him and strong and friendly hands to guide him. He found new associations and formed new ties. In a humble way he made a name for himself, but the old plantation days still live in his dreams." The old plantation days live not only in the dreams of Mr. Harris, but also in the dreams of his delighted readers the world over, and there are many who think that it is no very humble place that he made for himself in the world, for he lives in the hearts of all those who know his books or who have in any way come in touch with the man.

Sherman's army swept away the *Countryman*, with many other good things in the Old South, but nothing could rob young Joel Harris of the valuable experiences and the broadening education he had received in Mr. Turner's library and printing office. The boy had always loved to read, and when he was allowed free access to his employer's excellent collection of books and periodicals he made good use of the opportunity. Carlyle has said that "the true university of these days is a collection of books," and this library, together with the varied experiences in the outdoor world and among the good people of the Georgia countryside, was the only university education Joel Chandler Harris ever received. Among the books which he read and ever afterward held closest to his heart were *The Vicar of Wakefield*, *Ivanhoe*, and *Vanity Fair*. Later in life the Bible and Shakspere were added to these early favorites, but nothing could ever make him admit that he loved any book better than he loved *The Vicar of Wakefield*.

There is little of the marvelous in the story of this simple country lad. He grew up among the red hills and green dales of central Georgia, and learned to know intimately all the animals and fowls of barnyard, field, and forest, as he has well proved by his later works. He was just an ordinary boy, living an ordinary life, but he so used his

faculties and opportunities and so idealized his commonplace experiences as to make them highly valuable and attractive to his fellow men. Some one has said that Harris is a real benefactor to humanity, for he has given to many thousands of children their first taste for nature study. Nothing but genius and love for humankind could have made of these simple incidents and experiences of everyday life so noteworthy a contribution to the intellectual life of our country. Joel Chandler Harris's life story contains no more than the usual happenings in the progress of a journeyman newspaper man or journalist, and the main facts we have to tell of him are that he worked on various newspapers and journals, that he did conscientiously his daily portion of work, and that he sought retirement and domestic happiness rather than notoriety and popular applause. But all the while, he was gradually turning his memories, his experiences, and his imaginings into what we believe to be permanent literary form, and he gave to the world freely of the best that was in him.

After the war Mr. Harris was for a time connected with the Macon *Daily Telegraph*. Then he became secretary to the editor of the *Crescent Monthly* in New Orleans, and later editor of the *Advertiser*, a weekly paper in Forsythe, Georgia. In 1871 he went to Savannah, to become a reporter on the staff of the *Daily Times*, and here he met Miss La Rose, the daughter of a French Canadian seaman, who became his wife. Shortly after his marriage an epidemic of yellow fever in Savannah caused him to seek employment elsewhere, and he went in 1876 to Atlanta, to join the editorial staff of the *Constitution*. For more than twenty-five years he continued in active work on this paper, making for himself an enviable place among the newspaper men of the South.

It was while he was serving on the *Constitution* that his first opportunity for permanent literary work came, though at the time neither he nor anybody else recognized it as such. One of the regular contributors who had been writing negro-dialect sketches for the paper retired, and Mr. Harris was asked to supply the deficiency thus created. He began then, under the *nom-de-plume* of Uncle Remus, to put upon paper the stories heard in his youth

on the plantation, which have since made him famous the world over. In 1881 his first book, *Uncle Remus, His Songs and His Sayings*, appeared, and in 1883 his *Nights with Uncle Remus* followed. These, with other later works along the same line, form the most notable contributions to the field of negro folklore this country has ever produced. Who of us has not enjoyed—laughing and crying by turns—dear old Uncle Remus and the quaint stories he told to the little boy who lived up at the big house with Miss Sally and Marse John—stories about Brer Fox and Brer Rabbit and Brer Bar and Brer Mudturkle, and all those wonderful people of the woods and fields? Their conversation is so true to life, so natural, and in such perfect keeping with the characters portrayed and the scenes described that we do not detect a single false note.

Besides his Uncle Remus stories, Mr. Harris wrote novels, short stories, negro sketches, fairy tales, and dialect poems and melodies, all of which are excellent. He retired from active newspaper work about the turn of the century, in order to devote his time entirely to the more attractive pursuit of literature in his own peculiar vein. He worked the old leads and opened new ones which he had in mind, writing on uninterruptedly until 1907, when he again entered the field of journalism with his *Uncle Remus's Magazine*. This is a monthly journal, which he edited and to which he was by far the largest contributor until his death, July 3, 1908.

Whatever Mr. Harris's rank among the world's writers of fiction may be, we Southerners take him to ourselves as a friend whom we have known and loved, as one who has felt and seen and preserved in his works a large part of the poetic simplicity and romanticism attached to our Southland. He was not the painter of mighty canvasses of heroic deeds, but a careful worker in black and white, touchingly calling forth home scenes and home characters. We would hang his simple sketches, as it were, all about us in our living rooms rather than in our reception halls or front parlors.

(Appreciative essays on Joel Chandler Harris may be found in W. M. Baskervill's *Southern Writers*, Vol. I, and in *The Library of Southern Literature*, Vol. V.)

THE TALE OF THE CRYSTAL BELL

Once upon a time, in a far country, there lived a little girl named Lizette. She was a very sweet little girl, bright, clever, and kind-hearted. Her father and mother were very poor. In the cold weather they eked out a scanty living by gathering the dead branches of trees in the forest, and selling them to their more prosperous neighbours, who used them as fuel. In the spring Lizette's father and mother gathered herbs and simples and sold them to the apothecary in the neighbouring village. In the summer they helped their neighbours with their crops, and in the fall they helped to gather grapes.

This was the season that Lizette loved, for at that time all the youths and maidens assembled in the vineyards and played and sang even while they were at work. And at the close of the day, especially when the round moon was peeping at them through the trees, Merry Hans, of Hendon, would play on his flute while the others danced. At such times it frequently happened that the lords and ladies from the castles near by would come in their fine coaches and watch the merry-making.

All the workers in the fields and vineyards were poor, but Lizette's father and mother were the poorest of all. They were the poorest, but they were just as happy as any of the rest, for they had their pretty little daughter, they had their health, and they had good appetites, and sound sleep visited them when the day was over. They had few troubles and no sorrows, save as they were called upon to sympathise with such of their neighbours as had illness or death in the house.

Never believe that poverty means unhappiness or sour discontent. It is the poor who are generous and charitable, and it is the honest poor who have the soundest sleep and the healthiest minds. Thus it was with the father and mother of Lizette. They were not only contented, but they were thankful their condition was no worse. But as their little daughter grew older and more beautiful they often wished that they were able to give her the accomplishments that would fit her beauty and her brightness.

When she heard them expressing their regrets that they were too poor to do as much for her as they could wish, she would shake her head and laugh, saying, "If I had all the accomplishments you desire me to have, I am afraid I should be discontented here. It is better as it is. I can sing as loud and dance as long as any of the children; I have a good frock for Sunday; and though, as we know, the times are hard, it is not often that I am hungry."

The father and mother said nothing, but they thought to themselves that the sweet disposition of their child was only another reason why she should fare better than they had fared. Old people, as you will discover, live life over again in the lives of their children. But these old people had no way to carry out their desires. They could only sigh when they thought that their lovely child would have to follow in their footsteps. They sighed, but they were not unhappy. Everything would be as a higher Power willed, and with this they were content.

Meanwhile Lizette was growing more beautiful day by day. The colour of the sky was reflected in her eyes, and the sunshine was caught and held in the meshes of her golden hair. Her frock was scanty and coarse, but

somehow she wore her ragged frock and her wooden shoes in a way that made one forget these signs of poverty.

The young girl enjoyed the singing and the dancing when the grapes were gathered; indeed, her feet were the nimblest, and her voice the sweetest; but her greatest pleasure was to ramble about in the great forest near which she lived. The opportunity for this came on Sunday afternoons and on the feast days of the saints. At such times she could always be found in the forest, and here she was at home in the truest sense. She talked to the trees in a familiar way, and she was sure they understood her, for their boughs would wave and their leaves flutter when she spoke to them; and when a sudden storm came up they would shelter her with their foliage. She knew the birds, and the birds knew her, and they were so fond of her that they never made any loud outcry when she came near their nests. They had known her ever since she could toddle about, for she used to wander in the forest even when she was very small.

Indeed, the forest had been her nurse. When her father and mother, in earning their scanty living, were compelled to go away from home, they always went away satisfied that she would be cared for in some way. Left alone, she would toddle off into the woods, and when she grew tired of looking at the birds and the big butterflies that fluttered over the wild flowers, she would stretch herself on the grass under the sheltering arms of a wild thorn, or in a bower made by the woodbine, and there sleep as sweetly and as soundly as if she were rocked in the richest of cradles. As she grew older she continued to ramble in the forest. In some mysterious way she seemed to absorb its freshness and its beauty, and she imbibed the innocence of the wild creatures who came to know her as one of their companions. And as she grew

in beauty she grew in strength, and her strength gave her gentleness. Her eyes shone with dewy tenderness, and the story they told could be understood even by a wounded bird that lay panting in her path, or by any creature that was seeking refuge or succour.

One day—it was in the opening month of spring—while Lizette was rambling about in her beloved forest admiring the flowers that were beginning to bloom, and making believe to catch the butterflies, though every butterfly in the forest knew better than that—she saw a very large one hovering near her. More than once she reached out her hand to take it, but it was always just out of reach. It was the largest and most beautiful butterfly she had ever seen. It had tremendous wings, marked in black and gold, though when the sun shone on them the black changed to purple in the light.

Something in the movements of this butterfly compelled her to watch it, and after a while she thought it was acting in a very singular way. When she went forward the butterfly seemed to be contented, but when she paused or turned aside from the course in which she had been going, it fluttered about her head and face and played such pranks that anyone but the tender Lizette would have been annoyed. More than once she playfully tried to catch it, but at such times it was always just out of reach.

Knowing the birds and the butterflies better than most people, Lizette came to the conclusion after a while that this particular butterfly meant something by its antics, so she went in the direction which it seemed to desire her to go. Flying before her and darting about, now to the right, now to the left, but always leading in one direction, the butterfly went far into the forest. And presently Lizette forgot all about the butterfly, for there

before her, lying prone on the ground, was an old woman. She seemed to be very ill or dying, and she presented a very pitiable spectacle. Her grey hair was hanging from under her head-covering, and her clothing was nothing but a collection of patches. She was groaning and moaning, and appeared to be in a terrible plight.

As soon as she saw the deplorable condition of the old woman, and heard her moans and groans, Lizette ran forward, kneeled on the ground beside the unfortunate creature, stroked her hair away from her face, and tried to find out what the trouble was.

The old woman opened her eyes and made a hideous face at the young girl. "You are trying to rob me," she cried, "and you are over-young to be a thief."

"I rob you, grandmother!" exclaimed Lizette, blushing at the unexpected charge. Then, remembering the pitiable condition of the old woman, she said, "We will talk about it when you are better. First tell me what the trouble is." She took the old woman's head in her lap, in spite of the ugly faces she made, and did her best to soothe and comfort her.

But the old woman would not be soothed. She continued to charge Lizette with robbing her, and tried to drive her away. But the young girl was too tender-hearted to be driven. She could hardly restrain her tears at the repeated charges of the old woman, but she continued to do the best she could for her, which was very little, since the poor old creature refused to say where she was hurt or how. Between her moans and groans she made faces at Lizette, continued to call her a thief, and did everything she could to drive her away.

But the child would not leave her. She swallowed her mortification the best she could, and continued to minister to the old woman, although she knew not what to do.

Finally she thought she saw a change come over the old woman's face. Her features grew more composed, and it was high time, for when her countenance was puckered up with pain, or when she was making grimaces at Lizette, she was not pretty by any means. She ceased to groan and moan, and presently when her countenance was smoothed out, and the wrinkles had disappeared, she was a very pleasant-looking old woman.

Wonderful to relate, she grew younger as Lizette caressed her. Her hair ceased to be grey, the patches disappeared from her clothes, her withered cheeks and hands filled out and became plump, and when she arose to her feet, which she did in no long time, she was as beautiful as a dream. Her hair, which had seemed to be grey, shone like spun silver, and her clothing, which had seemed so old and ragged, glittered in the sunshine like satin.

"Oh, how could I think that one so beautiful was old and ugly!" cried Lizette.

"Stranger things than that happen every day," replied the beautiful creature. "I was old and ugly when I caused you to be brought here, but now I am what your good heart has made me; this is what your kindness has done."

"But you called me a thief," said Lizette, blushing at the remembrance of the harsh things the pretended old woman had said about her.

"My dear, that was the result of a bargain I had made. We have our little disputes and differences in the country that is all about you, but which you are not permitted to see. I, for one, have been watching you since your birth, and when I saw you the other day tenderly nursing a poor wounded butterfly which had been chilled by the night air, I said that you were as good as you are beautiful." At this Lizette blushed again, but this time from

pleasure. "The remark was overheard by a friend of mine who has a very good disposition, but who is somewhat suspicious of the good qualities that are sometimes ascribed to mortals.

"She has a good deal of power, too, this friend of mine, for some day, the day when the moon changes at seven minutes past seven o'clock on Friday, she will be the queen of our small kingdom. And so when I insisted that you were as good as you are beautiful she proposed a test. This test is what you have just witnessed. I became an old woman, and it was part of the test that I should do my best to make you angry. I was to try to frighten you with my grimaces, and I was to call you a thief, and all sorts of ugly names, and if you had gone away in a fit of anger I should have been compelled to remain an old woman and go about in rags for five and two years.

"You see how much I trusted to your sweet temper and your kind heart. I was a little frightened for myself when you were about to cry, but I soon saw that your good heart would triumph over your pride. It was a trial for you, and, as a reward, I have something for you."

From under her shining mantle she drew a tiny casket, covered with rich-looking cloth, plush or velvet. Touching a spring, the lid of the casket flew up, disclosing a crystal bell, which was suspended from a little rod of gold, the two ends of which rested on the inner frame of the casket. It was a beautiful bell in a lovely setting. It glistened in the sun like a large diamond, and in that day there was no jeweller so expert that he could have told it was not a diamond.

"This bell," said the fairy—Lizette had already recognized the beautiful creature as a fairy whose good deeds the older people were always praising—"is a magic bell. It has no clapper, and yet it will ring. There is a little

hammer in the bottom of the casket, and this will rise and strike the bell when the time has come to warn you of some danger that threatens you or those you love. I have here a chain for the casket, and you must wear it always around your neck."

Lizette's heart was so full of gratitude that she knew not what to say; but her feelings shone in her beautiful eyes, and the good fairy understood her just as well as if she had spoken in the most eloquent manner. "I will wear it next my heart," said the young girl when she had found her voice, "and I shall remember your great kindness always. I do not know what I have done to deserve it."

"Do you remember a time when you found a butterfly caught in a spider's web? I'm sure you do, for it was not so very long ago. The spider was a very large and fierce one, and he would have made short work of the poor butterfly, entangled as it was in the strong web. You remember, too, how carefully you released the butterfly, and how tenderly you handled the poor thing when once it was free from the web. You will be surprised to learn that there was no butterfly in the web, and no spider to devour her. What seemed to be a butterfly was no other than myself, and the spider was an unfriendly fairy, who lives under another queen, and who, for some reason or other, has taken a strong dislike to the fairies who inhabit this wood.

"You will think it strange that a fairy who can change her shape at will should remain a butterfly when caught in a spider's web. But the most gifted fairy cannot change her shape when she is brought in contact with things that perish. You tried to kill the spider; and it would have been a good thing for both of us if you had succeeded; but, at any rate, you rescued me, and since you have

stood the required test, I think you have nothing to fear from the ugly-tempered fairy who took the shape of a spider to destroy me.

"You will have trials, and you will be alarmed, but you must remember all the time that nothing but unselfishness and innocence will preserve you. I do not say that you will get everything you desire, because that would be impossible if you [should] become proud or vain or ambitious, but if you continue to be good and charitable and modest you will have what is best for you in this world."

"I am sure," said Lizette, with tears in her eyes, "that I already have more than I deserve, since I have your friendship. I ask nothing more than to be as I have been, and to continue to deserve the good opinion of my friends and the Little People to whom you belong."

The good fairy made no reply to this, but rose from the ground, her garments shining with all the colours of the rainbow, and her hair shining like the rays of the harvest moon. "Remember the crystal bell," she said as she floated upward, and her voice sounded like a strain of beautiful music heard from afar. "Heed its warnings; but when it strikes as the chimes do, remember that good luck is waiting in the road for you."

The beautiful fairy rose higher in the air, and began to wave the corners of her rich mantle, and in a moment her shape had changed to that of the butterfly that had led Lizette to the old woman in the forest, and the corners of the mantle were the butterfly's wings. She floated downward again, and, circling playfully around the young girl's head, touched her lightly on the cheek with her brilliant wings, and Lizette knew that it was intended for a caress.

Circling higher and higher the fairy disappeared in the forest, and Lizette standing in the path, and looking

after her benefactor, felt that she had been dreaming. Indeed, she would have been certain it was all a dream but for the fact that she could feel the casket in her bosom.

And yet, while she was talking to the fairy, everything that happened seemed to be perfectly natural. She was somewhat surprised, of course, but no more so than she had often been at the various happenings in the everyday world around her. But, now that it was all over, and she had time to reflect over it, her astonishment knew no bounds. She wondered, too, if she had thanked the good fairy in the proper manner, and then she remembered that the words she wanted to say had refused to come at her bidding, and she thought, with a feeling of shame, that the fairy, who had been so kind, must look upon her as very stupid.

In spite of this feeling, however, she went home feeling very happy. She ran part of the way, so eager was she to tell her father and mother of her good fortune. Lizette's story was hard to believe, but then the old people had heard of fairies all their lives. More than that, it was easier to believe things in those days than it is now. Nevertheless, the father and mother sat by the hearth that night a long time after their daughter had gone to bed, and wondered, as parents will, whether the vision their child had seen was not an evil spirit. Even the best-educated people had some decided views about evil spirits in those days, and among those who were ignorant such ideas were as real as any belief they had. Lizette's father was seriously inclined to take the casket, bell, and all, and bury it deep in the ground, so that the spell, if it was a spell, could do their daughter no harm. But the mother, more practical in her views, refused to listen to this. She argued that if the vision Lizette had seen was an evil spirit, it would be useless to try to escape the charm that had been laid on her, while, on the other hand,

if Lizette had really seen a good fairy, it could not help matters to bury her gift.

Nothing of all this talk was told to their daughter, and the young girl never knew how near she was to losing the precious gift of the fairy. She dreamed the most beautiful dreams while she was sleeping, but when she awoke, she heard the crystal bell sounding a warning. She threw on her clothes in a hurry, and all the while she was dressing, the bell continued to strike. Just as she was ready to help her mother with breakfast, she heard a loud knocking at their humble door, and when the door was opened, she heard the voice of an old woman asking her mother if she had a daughter. Peeping through a crack in her own door, Lizette saw the old woman, and she was as ugly a hag as one would wish to see in a day's journey. Her face held a thousand wrinkles, her skin was yellow, and two of her teeth protruded from her upper lip like the tusks of some wild animals.

"Where, then, is this daughter of yours?" the old crone asked harshly.

"She is at hand when those who have the right desire to see her," replied Lizette's mother. "I will answer for her, and you may speak to me."

"She will be spoken to by those who have something more than the right," replied the old woman, with a cackling laugh. "Our good Prince Palermon, who was riding through the forest yesterday, lost a casket which had been given to him by his mother. Search has been made far and wide, and it is still going on. It is now supposed that someone, in passing through the forest, has found it, and, not knowing the value, has concluded to keep it as a curiosity. By chance, I saw your daughter walking in the forest yesterday, and have an idea that she has the casket. If she will give it to me, it will be returned

to the Prince, and she may get a reward, but if not, nothing will be said about it. If she has hidden it, or if she tries to keep it——" Here the old crone made a horrible grimace, and made a motion as if the affair would be a hanging matter.

The husband and father had already gone to his work in the fields, and the mother knew not what to do. She had no idea that her daughter had told her a falsehood about the casket; and yet, how did this old woman know about it? Being a simple-minded woman, she was quite puzzled as to the wisest course to take; but she remembered that her daughter had got along very well without the casket all the days of her life, and so she said to the old crone:

"My daughter has the casket, and when the Prince comes, or someone who represents him, it shall be returned to him. You may tell him this for me."

"And do you suppose that the illustrious Prince will condescend to come to this hovel, or lower himself to send for what belongs to him? If you do, you are mightily mistaken. The casket will be sent for, be sure of that — but I shouldn't like to be caught in this house when the messenger comes." The old crone cackled as she said this, and was for going away, but Lizette's mother, now thoroughly frightened, told her to wait a moment, and she would get the casket. "Aha!" cried the hag; "you are coming to your senses, I see! And it is very well for you and your daughter that you are. It will save you much trouble now and in the days to come."

Now, while her mother was talking to this old crone, Lizette was standing at the door of her room listening, and all the time she was listening the crystal bell was sounding its warning. The young girl felt that the old hag would frighten her mother, and that she would have

to surrender the casket if she remained in the house, and so, while the bell was rapping out its warning notes, she slipped through the window of her room, and fled into the fields, and as soon as she got out of sight of the house the bell ceased to sound the alarm.

Thus it happened that when Lizette's mother went to fetch the casket, she found her daughter gone. She was much troubled at this, for the child had not eaten her breakfast. The mother searched in the blankets for the casket, but it was not to be found, and she was compelled to tell the old woman that Lizette had gone out, but would probably return in a short time.

"Gone out, is she? I thought as much. Well, the casket will be called for, mark that! And the girl will be called for also—and you will do well to mark that, too."

She went away laughing like a hen cackling, and left the poor woman thoroughly frightened. And yet, somehow, she had a feeling of relief. If Lizette had been in the house she would undoubtedly have compelled her to surrender the casket. When the mother grew calmer, she felt convinced that the old hag had tried to deceive her, for she had never known her daughter to tell a falsehood.

She waited for her daughter to return, and she also had some expectation that the Prince would send for the casket; but she soon forgot all about the Prince when Lizette continued to absent herself, something that she had never been known to do until after she had attended to all her household duties. Now she was gone, and nothing had been attended to—she had not even eaten her breakfast. The good mother fretted and worried a good deal as the morning passed with no sign of Lizette. She went to the field where her husband was working, and told him of all the happenings of the morning. The poor man could only shake his head and push his spade

deeper into the ground; he could do nothing; he was helpless. He felt naturally that if he had been allowed to have his own way—if he had been permitted to bury the casket deep out of sight—they would have had no trouble with it. He felt so and said so; and this view of the matter seemed so reasonable that the good wife began to cry, feeling that everything that had occurred had been her fault. The poor woman cried all the way home, and only dried her eyes when she came near the house, feeling that it would not mend matters for Lizette to see her in tears if she had by any chance returned.

But Lizette had not returned, and the mother now became thoroughly frightened. It seemed to her that the house was lonelier than ever, and she had known it to be very lonely sometimes. But with her child gone, and with all the dread created by uncertainty hanging about her, the place no longer felt like home, and she gave way to her tears again. Nevertheless, there was work to be done,—cooking, washing, scrubbing,—but she set about it with a heavy heart.

As for Lizette, she had been led away from the house by her desire to preserve the crystal bell. She went into the forest, where she remained until she thought the old woman had gone away, but when she started back home, the bell began to warn her with its tinkling strokes, and she felt justified in obeying the warning. So she continued to ramble about at random in the forest. She came to a path, and would have crossed it, but the bell warned her, and it continued until she went along the path in a direction that led her away from her home.

In rambling about in the forest she had avoided this path, for she knew that it led to the King's highway, which at certain seasons of the year was filled with travellers, some in coaches, some in carriages, and some on

horseback. It was the season for the great annual fête at the King's capital, and, at such times, Lizette's mother had often warned her not to go in sight of the highway. The good woman knew that her daughter was very beautiful, and she wanted to keep her out of sight of the reckless and irresponsible persons who might chance to be going to or coming from the capital of the kingdom.

The warnings of her mother had been sufficient to keep Lizette away from the highway, and she had confined her rambles to that part of the forest where strangers never came. But now the crystal bell was leading her to disobey the instructions of both her mother and father, but she thought she had a very good reason for it, and she followed as the bell led. When she came in sight of the King's highway, a company of troopers was passing, and they made a brave show, with their shining armour, their glittering halberds, and their fiery horses. Following this troop was a troop of foot soldiers, with their fifes and drums and flying flags.

Lizette gazed at the great array with delight. She had never seen anything so fine, and she was ready to clap her hands because of the brave show the soldiers made. She would have gone closer, but the crystal bell tinkled out its warning, and she remained where she was. But presently the highway was clear, and as she went forward the bell was silent. The road ran between two hedges that had been planted along its entire length by order of the old King, who had been dead many years —so many that his grandson, who reigned in his stead, was now an old man with a son of his own, who was called the Prince. Lizette had often heard how handsome and good this young Prince was. He was so different from many other princes that his good deeds and his kindness were talked of everywhere.

There was an opening in the hedge near where Lizette stood, and she went through and stood in the road, looking at the gay cavalcade of soldiers that was just disappearing in the distance. She was so much interested in this that she failed to see a great coach that was coming along the road behind her. The crystal bell warned her in time to get out of the way, and then it began to ring out a beautiful chime. The coachman was for driving on by, but a grand lady who sat in the coach gave him a command to stop, and he drew up his fine horses instantly.

In the coach with the fine lady were a gentleman and a little girl, and they were all three staring at Lizette with all their eyes. "Did you ever see a creature more beautiful?" cried the lady. "Just think how lovely she would be if she were properly clad! Why, she would create a sensation at court; she would take the people's breath away!"

"Oh, give her to me, mamma!" exclaimed the little girl. "We will dress her up in my large dolly's clothes, and then she'll be my sweetest dolly." The little girl was so much in earnest that she stood up and looked from the window of the coach, and called and beckoned to Lizette. "Come here!" she cried. "You must go with me and be my largest dolly."

Lizette smiled at the little girl, and the smile made her more beautiful than ever. The gentleman in the coach was not so enthusiastic as the lady and the little girl. "Her clothing is in rags," he suggested. "But it is very clean," replied the lady. "And look at her hands, how small—and her complexion, how clear! Why, she is as beautiful as a wild rose." "True," said the gentleman; "but she is happy here—will she be as happy in a strange place and among strange people?"

"As to that, I cannot say," answered the lady; "but she seems to me to be one of those rare natures which find happiness in making others happy." The gentleman shrugged his shoulders. "Have your way."

The lady asked Lizette her name, and inquired about her father and mother, and was very much pleased at the replies she received. The appearance and attitude of the young girl were so modest, and her replies were so intelligent, that those in the coach could not but believe that she was superior to the station in which Providence had placed her.

"Oh, mamma!" cried the little girl again, "please give her to me; I will take good care of her."

"I am sure of that, my dearest," replied the lady, "but she doesn't belong to me. If she will go with me of her own free will, I shall be very glad to take her."

Just as Lizette was about to say that she would be very glad to go with the kind lady, an old woman came out of the wood behind her, and rushed forward as if to embrace her. Lizette eluded her, and turned to those in the coach with an air of entreaty, for she recognised in the old woman the same old hag who had come after the casket, claiming that the Prince had lost it in the forest. Strange to say, however, the crystal bell sounded no note of warning. It was quite silent, save when the golden hammer rung out the musical chimes. For this reason she was no longer afraid of the old woman. She had an idea, indeed, that this old hag was no other than the evil-minded fairy whom she had been warned against.

"You see how my daughter treats me!" cried the old crone; "but you must excuse her, Your Honours. When she gets hungry, she is quite another creature. She is ashamed of me before company, but she is not ashamed of me when she wants food."

"You are not my mother," said Lizette, blushing; "but if you were I would not be ashamed of you. I never saw you until this morning, and then you were trying to rob me."

"Rob you! your own mother rob you!"

"Not my mother, but you, Dame Spider." When the old crone heard this name she flung her arms above her head, gave a cry, and darted into the wood. Lizette had no idea that this name would have such an effect on the old woman, but she remembered what she had heard of the spider that had tried to catch the good fairy, and she called the old woman Dame Spider to let her know—if she was the wicked fairy—that she was suspected.

The little girl laughed to see the ugly old woman run away so quickly. "She doesn't like the name," said the gentleman. "If she's your mother, it's a pity."

"But she is not my mother," Lizette insisted. "I never saw her but once before in my life. My mother and father live at the farther edge of the forest, and if the lady has time to drive that way, she can see them both. My mother is quite different from the woman you saw here just now."

"I should hope so," said the lady; and then she told Lizette that she would like to take her to the capital, where the court was, and where the King lived, and she promised the young girl that she would be well taken care of.

Lizette replied that she would be glad to go if she could get the permission of her father and mother. Those in the carriage consulted a while together, and at last it was decided to send one of the footmen with Lizette. Meanwhile, the lady, the gentleman, and the little girl were to sit in the coach and wait for the footman's return. The gentleman, it was plain, was not pleased with the

programme; but he made the best of it, and sat with what patience he could, though he yawned a great deal.

Now, if the wicked fairy was powerless to do Lizette a bodily injury while she carried the crystal bell in her bosom, she had it in her power to throw a great many unexpected obstacles in the young girl's way, and this she proceeded to do. Lizette, accompanied by the footman, turned into the path by which she had come to the highway, but presently this path became obscure, and it grew fainter and fainter, until finally it disappeared altogether. This was not only puzzling to the young girl—it was distressing. The path had always been plain enough before, and she could not understand why it should fail to be plain now. But she kept on the best she knew how. The footman was very patient and kind,—he wanted Lizette to give a good report of his conduct if she returned,—but the young girl was completely at a loss as to the direction in which she was going. She knew she had been in this part of the wood many times, though not in the path, but everything seemed strange to her now. Her eagerness to get home added largely to her confusion, and it was not long before she felt that she was lost—lost in a forest that had almost been her home.

Just as she was about to tell the footman that she was lost, and did not know which way to turn, a large butterfly, the one that she had seen on two occasions before—floated down from the tops of the trees, and circled round her head close to her face. "Lead me home, pretty butterfly!" she exclaimed; "lead me home, and that quickly."

The footman thought at first that she was speaking to him, but she shook her head when he asked her, and kept her eyes on the butterfly, which now went in a direction nearly opposite to that in which they had been going.

Lizette followed it, and the footman followed her, and they went along very rapidly. Once she lost sight of the butterfly, but she soon found it again. It had been compelled to fly over the tops of the trees to escape a large spider's web that had been flung from tree to tree. At that moment, too, they found the path again, and Lizette ran ahead, the footman following as best he could.

Lizette was soon at home, and once there her story was quickly told, every part of which was confirmed by the footman. This was not enough for the mother, who insisted on accompanying her daughter to the highway, so she could see the face of the kind lady who had proposed to take her child to the great city and provide for her. The mother quickly got together the modest wardrobe that belonged to Lizette, and insisted on dressing her in her Sunday best. This occupied but a few moments, and then they were ready to return.

They found the lady and her companions awaiting them very impatiently. The gentleman was in such a hurry that he had descended from the coach, and was pacing slowly up and down, wishing, no doubt, that they had never seen the peasant girl. Still, he was a kind-hearted gentleman, and he was rather glad on the whole that the young girl had returned. The lady, without telling her name, spoke very kindly to Lizette's mother, and told her how the beauty of the child had attracted her, and how she proposed to take charge of her and provide for her until she had become of age. Though the poor peasant woman loved her daughter dearly, and though she knew that she would lie awake and weep over her absence for many a long night, she raised no objection to the lady's wishes. On the contrary, she declared that she looked on the lady's offer as the greatest honour that ever had or ever could come to them.

"Be not too sure of that," said the lady, "for your daughter has modesty as well as beauty, and if she is also generous and kind-hearted, nothing will stand in the way of her advancement."

The mother could not find words to express her thanks, and so she turned away, after kissing her daughter good-bye, and went out of sight without looking back, for she was afraid Lizette would see her weeping.

Now, this great lady was not altogether unselfish in what she proposed to do. She was one of the ladies of the court, and her husband, the gentleman who was in the coach with her, was one of the King's chief advisers. The lady was ambitious not only for herself, but for her husband. She knew that the King would soon be compelled to surrender the government to his son the Prince, and she wanted her husband and herself to stand well with the Prince when he became King. It happened that the young Prince, who had just come of age, had publicly declared his purpose to marry the most beautiful woman in the kingdom, without regard to rank or station. The only conditions he attached to the decree was that the woman of his choice should be modest, gentle, generous, and good, as well as beautiful.

Those who were attached to the court thought that it would be well for the young Prince to marry a princess of one of the neighbouring kingdoms, so that the power and influence of his own country might be strengthened, and they were very much disturbed over the announcement that the heir to the throne had made. They were inclined to regard it as evidence that he would make an eccentric ruler when he became King. But there were others who thought that it showed an independent mind, and a desire to make himself popular with his own people.

Nevertheless, those who were close to the court were in the habit of trying to please those who were above them, and some of these set their wits to work to please the Prince in the matter, in the hope that they might advance their own interests. Among these was the lady who had induced Lizette to accompany her to court. This lady had a great advantage over the other ladies of the court. She had humoured the Prince when he was a mere boy, and she had given him good advice in many ways. His own mother, who had been the Queen, was dead, and this lady had been very kind to him when he stood much in need of sympathy.

When the young Prince made his announcement, the lady urged her husband to visit his estate in the country, in the hope that the journey would enable her to discover a young girl who was beautiful enough to catch the eye of the Prince. Her journey had been in vain up to the moment when she saw Lizette standing by the roadside, and it needed but a glance for her to see that this girl was the one she had been searching for.

Once at the capital, and in her own home, she lost no time in preparing a suitable wardrobe for Lizette. She had sent to her a great many fine dresses, and she observed with pleasure that the young girl chose the simplest. And even while Lizette was choosing, and was prepared to be very happy, she thought of the poverty of her mother and father, and sighed. She made no secret of her thoughts, and the lady told her that in a few months, perhaps, she would be able to give her parents everything they wanted and more.

The young Prince finally set the day when he was to make his choice, and, to the surprise of all, he named a new condition. The young girl who was to be his bride was to be not only beautiful, gentle, generous, and good,

but she was to bring as her wedding dowry a trinket, or piece of jewelry, or some article of value which could not be matched in the kingdom. Of course there was great consternation among those whose friends or daughters had proposed to enter the contest. Some of the would-be brides withdrew in a huff, while others besieged the jewellers with orders to make them some kind of an ornament which should have no pattern or fellow in the kingdom. The result was quite curious, for when the day came for the Prince to make his selection of a bride, the room in the palace which had been set apart for those who were ambitious to become princesses had the appearance of a museum full of queer relics.

Now, the lady who had Lizette in charge had very wisely refrained from telling her about the declaration of the Prince, for she knew that the young girl's modesty would take alarm. But the Prince was a frequent visitor at the lady's house, and she contrived it so that the two young people should see each other. Indeed, she gave them frequent opportunities to converse together. Not knowing that the young man was the Prince, Lizette talked with him very freely, and he with her. He inquired if she intended to enter into the contest with the beauties of the kingdom in response to the invitation of the Prince.

"Why, no," she replied. "I am nothing but a poor peasant girl, and my parents have as much as they can do to earn an honest living. The Prince wouldn't look at such as I."

He then tried to explain that, under the terms of the contest, a peasant girl would have as good a chance as any, if only she could fulfill the conditions. But Lizette only laughed, declaring that she would feel so much out of place among the beautiful girls of the kingdom that she would feel like sinking through the floor.

"But," the young man insisted, "if the Prince were wise he would choose you in preference to all the rest."

The lady had overheard this conversation, and her heart was filled with joy, especially when Lizette asked her some time afterwards if she thought the Prince was wise. The reply of the lady was that the Prince was as wise as the young man who sometimes came to see them. This reply caused Lizette to blush, though it failed to put any foolish ideas in her head.

When the day came for the Prince to make choice of his bride, the largest room in the palace was filled with young ladies from all parts of the kingdom, and some of them were very beautiful. Lizette was there also, but the lady had given her to understand that she was to be present merely as a spectator. When everything was ready, the young man who sometimes visited the lady with whom Lizette lived, came into the room and looked around. All the young girls, with the exception of Lizette, bowed very low, making curtsies that were deemed a part of the court etiquette. Lizette, having no idea that this was the Prince, merely nodded as to an old acquaintance. This created some comment, and as her beauty shone out more brightly than all the rest, the comment was somewhat ill-natured. In the view of some she was an "impudent minx," while others whispered that she was "ill-bred and impolite." As Lizette heard none of these remarks, she regarded the scene with great composure, wondering when the Prince would make his appearance. A small throne had been placed at one end of the room, and ushers and servants in fine uniforms stood at its rear, and were lined up on each side.

Suddenly, while Lizette was admiring the scene, and wondering where so many beautiful girls had come from, an usher came to her. "The Prince," he said, "would

be pleased to speak with you." He led the way toward the throne, and she beheld seated there the young man with whom she had a slight acquaintance.

"I am the Prince," he said; "will you seat yourself beside me?"

"Your Royal Highness, I—" The poor girl was so astonished that she could hardly speak, and, in fact, she knew not what to say.

The Prince rose, seeing her embarrassment, and took her by the hand. She would have knelt before him, but he would not permit it. "There are two seats, Lizette," he said. "One is for me, and the other, if you will take it, is for you." While he was speaking the crystal bell was ringing a joyful chime. He heard it and paused to listen, charmed with the sweet melody. Trembling, she stepped forward to take the seat, then paused, and turned to the Prince. "Have you forgotten, Your Highness, that I am but a poor peasant girl? My father burns charcoal, and my mother gathers faggots."

Instead of answering her he led her to the seat, and as she took it he was well repaid by the look she gave him. Her eyes, swimming in happy tears, were full of gratitude.

"I heard music just now, and I hear it again," said the Prince. "Can you by any chance tell me where it is and what it is?"

For answer, she took the casket containing the crystal bell from her bosom, and placed it in his hand. It chimed forth a sweet melody louder than ever. And all the great company were enchanted by the music so wonderfully produced.

Lizette was married to the Prince, and in due time became the Queen, and her parents were well cared for. The young Prince, who afterward became King, would

have bestowed riches on them, but they insisted that all they desired was to be comfortable. Now that their daughter was happy, they had no other aim in life than to live contented on their farm.

One of the features of the wedding, which was celebrated with great magnificence, was a large and beautiful butterfly which hovered over the bride during the ceremony, and alighted on her shoulder afterwards, and sat there fanning her face with its wings, which shone as if they were studded with jewels. One of the scholars of the court—he was an entomologist, a man who collects bugs and insects—wanted to catch the butterfly and add it to his collection, but the Princess protested so earnestly that the Prince threatened to banish him from the court if he so much as looked at the butterfly. As you may guess, the butterfly was no other than the good fairy who had brought all this good fortune to Lizette.

CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK

In a spacious ante-bellum country home near Murfreesboro, Tennessee, on January 24, 1850, there was born a little girl who was named by her parents Mary Noaïlles Murfree, but who, when she became old enough to write stories, rechristened herself by the more masculine pen name Charles Egbert Craddock. She was a frail child, and in early youth was made lame for life by a stroke of paralysis. Unable to take part in the active sports of children, she found her greatest pleasure in reading and study. She was educated in an academy at Nashville, where her father, William R. Murfree, was a successful lawyer and man of affairs. The child showed remarkable aptitude for literature, reading with intense interest her masters in fiction, Sir Walter Scott and the great English woman novelist George Eliot.

It was at the time of the Civil War, when the Murfree estate was seriously impaired—almost entirely swept away, in fact—and when the family was forced to move from the old plantation home to seek a refuge in the mountains of East Tennessee, that the young girl, already a close observer of nature and a remarkably keen critic of life as it passed under her eyes, first came into contact with the mountain people whose lives and habits she has so lovingly, so humorously, so faithfully, so humanly recorded in her stories. After the war the family usually spent the winters in the old Dickinson homestead and the summers in the mountains of East Tennessee, and here the author first tried her hand at story-writing, using as models the country people who came to her home to sell vegetables, chickens, or like products, and drawing her pictures of mountain scenery from her own observation as she rode about among the hills. She sent many of her early productions to weekly publications, among them *Appleton's Journal*, but exactly when she began to use the pen name Charles Egbert

From a photograph

CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK

Craddock is not definitely known. In literary circles she has never been known by any other name, and for many years she preserved the secret of her identity even from the most discerning critics.

Though Miss Murfree was writing in the early seventies, she made no stir in the literary world until her stories began to appear in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1878. Her first book, *In the Tennessee Mountains*, a collection of her short stories, did not appear until 1884, but from this time on Charles Egbert Craddock was recognized as one of the most forceful and original writers of fiction in America. Mr. Baskervill says: "It was at once recognized that another Southern writer of uncommon art, originality, and power had entered into a field altogether new and perfectly fresh. Only here and there was discernible the slightest trace of imitation in conception or manner, while the atmosphere was entirely her own; and to the rare qualities of sincerity, simplicity, and closeness of observation were added the more striking ones of vivid realization and picturing of scene and incident and character. Her magic wand revealed the poetry as well as the pathos in the hard, narrow, and monotonous life of the mountaineers, and touched crag and stream and wood and mountain range with an enduring splendor. . . . Her insight into the ordinary, commonplace, seemingly unpoetic lives of the mountaineers, her tenderness for them, her perception of the beauty and the wonder of their narrow existence is one of the finest traits in her character and her art. Through this wonderful power of human sympathy the delicately nurtured and highly cultured lady entered into the life of the common folk and heard their heart-throbs underneath jeans and homespun. She realized anew for her fellow men that untutored souls are perplexed with the same questions and shaken by the same doubts that baffle the learned, and that it is inherent in humanity to rise to the heroic heights of self-forgetfulness and devotion to duty in any environment. Indeed, the keynote of her studies is found in the last sentence of this her first volume: 'The grace of culture is, in its way, a fine thing, but the best that art can do—the polish of a gentleman

—is hardly equal to the best that nature can do in her higher moods.'"

Miss Murfree's first long novel was *Where the Battle was Fought* (1884), the scene of which was the home of her childhood, the house described in the opening chapter being the one in which she was born. The family had returned to the old mansion after the war, and Miss Murfree still owns and resides in this famous seat of her maternal grandparents. Other books followed in rapid succession, some of the most important titles being *Down the Ravine*, *The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains*, *In the Clouds*, *Keedon Bluffs*, *The Despot of Broomsedge Cove*, *The Mystery of Witchface Mountain*, *The Juggler*, *The Frontiersman*, *The Storm Center*, *The Amulet*, *The Windfall*, and *The Fair Mississippian*. Though now well past her threescore years, she still shows keen interest in the people and the country over which her art has thrown so beautiful a mantle of romance. No woman in the South—nor any in the nation, for that matter—has done more satisfactory work in the difficult art of story-telling. She has made a distinct contribution to American fiction in thus preserving in enduring form the life and character of a strange, secluded, and rapidly vanishing people.

(The most satisfactory treatment of Charles Egbert Craddock and her work is by Professor W. M. Baskervill in *Southern Writers*, Vol. I.)

TAKING THE BLUE RIBBON AT THE COUNTY FAIR

Jenks Hollis sat on the fence. He slowly turned the quid of tobacco in his cheek, and lifting up his voice spoke with an oracular drawl:—

"Ef he kin take the certif'cate it's the mos' ez he kin do. He ain't never a-goin' ter git no premi-*um* in this life, sure's ye air a born sinner."

And he relapsed into silence. His long legs dangled dejectedly among the roadside weeds; his brown jeans trousers, that had despaired of ever reaching his ankles, were ornamented here and there with ill-adjusted patches, and his loose-fitting coat was out at the elbows. An old white wool hat drooped over his eyes, which were fixed absently on certain distant blue mountain ranges, that melted tenderly into the blue of the noonday sky, and framed an exquisite mosaic of poly-tinted fields in the valley, far, far below the grim gray crag on which his little home was perched.

Despite his long legs he was a light weight, or he would not have chosen as his favorite seat so rickety a fence. His interlocutor, a heavier man, apparently had some doubts, for he leaned only slightly against one of the projecting rails as he whittled a pine stick, and with his every movement the frail structure trembled. The log cabin seemed as rickety as the fence. The little front porch had lost a puncheon here and there in the flooring—perhaps on some cold winter night when Hollis's energy was not sufficiently exuberant to convey him to the woodpile; the slender posts that upheld its roof seemed hardly strong

enough to withstand the weight of the luxuriant vines with their wealth of golden gourds which had clambered far over the moss-grown clapboards; the windows had fewer panes of glass than rags; and the chimney, built of clay and sticks, leaned portentously away from the house. The open door displayed a rough, uncovered floor; a few old rush-bottomed chairs; a bedstead with a patch-work calico quilt, the mattress swagging in the centre and showing the badly arranged cords below; strings of bright red pepper hanging from the dark rafters; a group of tow-headed, grave-faced, barefooted children; and, occupying almost one side of the room, a broad, deep, old-fashioned fireplace, where winter and summer a lazy fire burned under a lazy pot.

Notwithstanding the poverty of the aspect of the place and the evident sloth of its master, it was characterized by a scrupulous cleanliness strangely at variance with its forlorn deficiencies. The rough floor was not only swept but scoured; the dark rafters, whence depended the flaming banners of the red pepper, harbored no cobwebs; the grave faces of the white-haired children bore no more dirt than was consistent with their recent occupation of making mudpies; and the sedate, bald-headed baby, lying silent but wide-awake in an uncouth wooden cradle, was as clean as clear spring water and yellow soap could make it. Mrs. Hollis herself, seen through the vista of opposite open doors, energetically rubbing the coarse wet clothes upon the resonant washboard, seemed neat enough in her blue-and-white checked homespun dress, and with her scanty hair drawn smoothly back from her brow into a tidy little knot on the top of her head.

Spare and gaunt she was, and with many lines in her prematurely old face. Perhaps they told of the hard fight her brave spirit waged against the stern ordering of

her life; of the struggles with squalor,—inevitable concomitant of poverty,—and to keep together the souls and bodies of those numerous children, with no more efficient assistance than could be wrung from her reluctant husband in the short intervals when he did not sit on the fence. She managed as well as she could; there was an abundance of fine fruit in that low line of foliage behind the house—but everybody on Old Bear Mountain had fine fruit. Something rarer, she had good vegetables—the planting and hoeing being her own work and her eldest daughter's; an occasional shallow furrow representing the contribution of her husband's plough. The althea-bushes and the branches of the laurel sheltered a goodly number of roosting hens in these September nights; and to the pond, which had been formed by damming the waters of the spring branch in the hollow across the road, was moving even now a stately procession of geese in single file. These simple belongings were the trophies of a gallant battle against unalterable conditions and the dragging, dispiriting clog of her husband's inertia.

His inner life—does it seem hard to realize that in that uncouth personality concentred the complex, incomprehensible, ever-shifting emotions of that inner life which, after all, is so much stronger, and deeper, and broader than the material? Here, too, beat the hot heart of humanity—beat with no measured throb. He had his hopes, his pleasure, his pain, like those of a higher culture, differing only in object, and something perhaps in degree. His disappointments were bitter and lasting; his triumphs, few and sordid; his single aspiration—to take the premium offered by the directors of the Kildeer County Fair for the best equestrian.

This incongruous and unpromising ambition had sprung up in this wise: Between the country people of Kildeer

County and the citizens of the village of Colbury, the county-seat, existed a bitter and deeply rooted animosity manifesting itself at conventions, elections for the legislature, etc., the rural population voting as a unit against the town's candidate. On all occasions of public meetings there was a struggle to crush any invidious distinction against the "country boys," especially at the annual fair. Here to the rustics of Kildeer County came the tug of war. The population of the outlying districts was more numerous, and, when it could be used as a suffrage-engine, all-powerful; but the region immediately adjacent to the town was far more fertile. On those fine meadows grazed the graceful Jersey; there gamboled sundry long-tailed colts with long-tailed pedigrees; there greedy Berkshires fattened themselves to abnormal proportions; and the merinos could hardly walk, for the weight of their own rich wardrobes. The well-to-do farmers of this section were hand-in-glove with the town's people; they drove their trotters in every day or so to get their mail, to chat with their cronies, to attend to their affairs in court, to sell or to buy—their pleasures centered in the town, and they turned the cold shoulder upon the country, which supported them, and gave their influence to Colbury, accounting themselves an integrant part of it. Thus, at the fairs the town claimed the honor and glory. The blue ribbon decorated cattle and horses bred within ten miles of the flaunting flag on the judges' stand, and the foaming mountain-torrents and the placid stream in the valley beheld no cerulean hues save those of the sky which they reflected.

The premium offered this year for the best rider was, as it happened, a new feature, and excited especial interest. The country's blood was up. Here was something for which it could fairly compete, with none of the disadvantages

of the false position in which it was placed. Hence a prosperous landed proprietor, the leader of the rural faction, dwelling midway between the town and the range of mountains that bounded the county on the north and east, bethought himself one day of Jenkins Hollis, whose famous riding had been the feature of a certain dashing cavalry charge—once famous, too—forgotten now by all but the men who, for the first and only time in their existence, penetrated in those war days the blue mountains fencing in their county from the outer world, and looked upon the alien life beyond that wooded barrier. The experience of those four years, submerged in the whirling rush of events elsewhere, survives in these eventless regions in a dreamy, dispassionate sort of longevity. And Jenkins Hollis's feat of riding stolidly—one could hardly say bravely—up an almost sheer precipice to a flame-belching battery came suddenly into the landed magnate's recollection with the gentle vapors and soothing aroma of a meditative after-dinner pipe. Quivering with party spirit, Squire Goodlet sent for Hollis and offered to lend him the best horse on the place, and a saddle and bridle, if he would go down to Colbury and beat those town fellows out on their own ground.

No misgivings had Hollis. The inordinate personal pride characteristic of the mountaineer precluded his feeling a shrinking pain at the prospect of being presented, a sorry contrast, among the well-clad, well-to-do town's people, to compete in a public contest. He did not appreciate the difference—he thought himself as good as the best.

And to-day, complacent enough, he sat upon the rickety fence at home, oracularly disparaging the equestrian accomplishments of the town's noted champion.

"I dunno—I dunno," said his young companion doubtfully. "Hackett sets mighty firm onto his saddle. He's

ez straight ez any shingle, an' ez tough ez a pine-knot. He come up hyar las' summer—war it las' summer, now? No, 't war summer afore las'—with some o' them other Colbury folks, a-fox-huntin', an' a-deer-huntin', an' one thing an' 'nother. I seen 'em a time or two in the woods. An' he kin ride jes' ez good 'mongst the gullies and boulders like ez ef he had been born in the hills. He ain't a-goin' ter be beat easy."

"It don't make no differ," retorted Jenks Hollis. "He'll never git no premi-*um*. The certif'cate's good a-plenty fur what ridin' he kin do."

Doubt was still expressed in the face of the young man, but he said no more, and, after a short silence, Mr. Hollis, perhaps not relishing his visitor's want of appreciation, dismounted, so to speak, from the fence, and slouched off slowly up the road.

Jacob Brice still stood leaning against the rails and whittling his pine stick, in no wise angered or dismayed by his host's unceremonious departure, for social etiquette is not very rigid on Old Bear Mountain. He was a tall athletic fellow, clad in a suit of brown jeans, which displayed, besides the ornaments of patches, sundry deep grass stains about the knees. Not that piety induced Brice to spend much time in the lowly attitude of prayer, unless, indeed, Diana might be accounted the goddess of his worship. The green juice was pressed out when kneeling, hidden in some leafy, grassy nook, he heard the infrequent cry of the wild turkey, or his large, intent blue eyes caught a glimpse of the stately head of an antlered buck, moving majestically in the alternate sheen of the sunlight and shadow of the overhanging crags; or while with his deft hunter's hands he dragged himself by slow, noiseless degrees through the ferns and tufts of rank weeds to the water's edge, that he might catch a shot at the feeding

wild duck. A leather belt around his waist supported his powder-horn and shot-pouch,—for his accoutrements were exactly such as might have been borne a hundred years ago by a hunter of Old Bear Mountain,—and his gun leaned against the trunk of a chestnut oak.

Although he still stood outside the fence, aimlessly lounging, there was a look on his face of a half-suppressed expectancy, which rendered the features less statuesque than was their wont—an expectancy that showed itself in the furtive lifting of his eyelids now and then, enabling him to survey the doorway without turning his head. Suddenly his face reassumed its habitual, inexpressive mask of immobility, and the furtive eyes were persistently downcast.

A flare of color, and Cynthia Hollis was standing in the doorway, leaning against its frame. She was robed, like September, in brilliant yellow. The material and make were of the meanest, but there was a certain appropriateness in the color with her slumberous dark eyes and the curling tendrils of brown hair which fell upon her forehead and were clustered together at the back of her neck. No cuffs and no collar could this costume boast, but she had shown the inclination to finery characteristic of her age and sex by wearing around her throat, where the yellow hue of her dress met the creamy tint of her skin, a row of large black beads, threaded upon a shoestring in default of an elastic, the brass ends flaunting brazenly enough among them. She held in her hand a string of red pepper, to which she was adding some newly gathered pods. A slow job Cynthia seemed to make of it.

She took no more notice of the man under the tree than he accorded to her. There they stood, within twelve feet of each other, in utter silence, and, to all appearance, each

entirely unconscious of the other's existence: he whittling his pine stick; she slowly, slowly stringing the pods of red pepper.

There was something almost portentous in the gravity and sobriety of demeanor of this girl of seventeen; she manifested less interest in the young man than her own grandmother might have shown.

He was constrained to speak first. "Cynthy"—he said at length, without raising his eyes or turning his head. She did not answer; but he knew without looking that she had fixed those slumberous brown eyes upon him, waiting for him to go on. "Cynthy"—he said again, with a hesitating, uneasy manner. Then, with an awkward attempt at raillery, "Ain't ye never a-thinkin' 'bout a-gittin' married?"

He cast a laughing glance toward her, and looked down quickly at his clasp-knife and the stick he was whittling. It was growing very slender now.

Cynthia's serious face relaxed its gravity. "Ye air foolish, Jacob," she said, laughing. After stringing on another pepper-pod with great deliberation, she continued: "Ef I war a-studyin' 'bout a-gittin' married, thar ain't nobody round 'bout hyar ez I'd hev." And she added another pod to the flaming red string, so bright against the yellow of her dress.

That stick could not long escape annihilation. The clasp-knife moved vigorously through its fibres, and accented certain arbitrary clauses in its owner's retort. "Ye talk like," he said, his face as monotonous in its expression as if every line were cut in marble—"ye talk like—ye thought ez how I—war a-goin' ter ax ye—ter marry me. I ain't though, nuther."

The stick was a shaving. It fell among the weeds. The young hunter shut his clasp-knife with a snap,

shouldered his gun, and without a word of adieu on either side the conference terminated, and he walked off down the sandy road.

Cynthia stood watching him until the laurel-bushes hid him from sight; then sliding from the door-frame to the step, she sat motionless, a bright-hued mass of yellow draperies and red peppers, her slumberous deep eyes resting on the leaves that had closed upon him.

She was the central figure of a still landscape. The midday sunshine fell in broad effulgence upon it; the homely, dun-colored shadows had been running away all the morning, as if shirking the contrast with the splendors of the golden light, until nothing was left of them except a dark circle beneath the wide-spreading trees. No breath of wind stirred the leaves, or rippled the surface of the little pond. The lethargy of the hour had descended even upon the towering pine-trees, growing on the precipitous slope of the mountain, and showing their topmost plumes just above the frowning, gray crag—their melancholy song was hushed. The silent masses of dazzling white clouds were poised motionless in the ambient air, high above the valley and the misty expanse of the distant, wooded ranges.

A lazy, lazy day, and very, very warm. The birds had much ado to find sheltering shady nooks where they might escape the glare and the heat; their gay carols were out of season, and they blinked and nodded under their leafy umbrellas, and fanned themselves with their wings, and twittered disapproval of the weather. "Hot, hot, red-hot!" said the birds—"broiling hot!"

Now and then an acorn fell from among the serrated chestnut leaves, striking upon the fence with a sounding thwack, and rebounding in the weeds. Those chestnut-oaks always seem to unaccustomed eyes the creation of Nature in a fit of mental aberration—useful freak! the

mountain swine fatten on the plenteous mast, and the bark is highly esteemed at the tan-yard.

A large cat was lying at full length on the floor of the little porch, watching with drowsy, half-closed eyes the assembled birds in the tree. But she seemed to have relinquished the pleasures of the chase until the mercury should fall.

Close in to the muddiest side of the pond over there, which was all silver and blue with the reflection of the great masses of white clouds, and the deep azure sky, a fleet of shining, snowy geese was moored, perfectly motionless too. No circumnavigation for them this hot day.

And Cynthia's dark brown eyes, fixed upon the leafy vista of the road, were as slumberous as the noontide sunshine.

"Cynthy! whar *is* the gal?" said poor Mrs. Hollis, as she came around the house to hang out the ragged clothes on the althea-bushes and the rickety fence. "Cynthy, air ye a-goin' ter sit thar in the door all day, an' that thar pot a-bilin' all the stren'th out'n that thar cabbige an' roas'in'-ears? Dish up dinner, child, an' don't be so slow an' slack-twisted like yer dad."

Great merriment there was, to be sure, at the Kildeer Fair grounds, situated on the outskirts of Colbury, when it became known to the convulsed town faction that the gawky Jenks Hollis intended to compete for the premium to be awarded to the best and most graceful rider. The contests of the week had as usual resulted in Colbury's favor; this was the last day of the fair, and the defeated country population anxiously but still hopefully awaited its notable event.

A warm sun shone; a brisk autumnal breeze waved the flag flying from the judges' stand; a brass band in the upper

story of that structure thrilled the air with the vibrations of popular waltzes and marches, somewhat marred now and then by mysteriously discordant bass tones; the judges, portly, red-faced, middle-aged gentlemen, sat below in cane-bottom chairs critically a-tilt on the hind legs. The rough wooden amphitheatre, a bold satire on the stately Roman edifice, was filled with the denizens of Colbury and the rosy rural faces of the country people of Kildeer County; and within the charmed arena the competitors for the blue ribbon and the saddle and bridle to be awarded to the best rider were just now entering, ready mounted, from a door beneath the tiers of seats, and were slowly making the tour of the circle around the judges' stand. One by one they came, with a certain nonchalant pride of demeanor, conscious of an effort to display themselves and their horses to the greatest advantage, and yet a little ashamed of the consciousness. For the most part they were young men, prosperous looking, and clad according to the requirements of fashion which prevailed in this little town. Shut in though it was from the pomps and vanities of the world by the encircling chains of blue ranges and the bending sky which rested upon their summits, the frivolity of the mode, though somewhat belated, found its way and ruled with imperative rigor. Good riders they were undoubtedly, accustomed to the saddle almost from infancy, and well mounted. A certain air of gallantry, always characteristic of an athletic horseman, commended these equestrian figures to the eye as they slowly circled about. Still they came—eight—nine—ten—the eleventh, the long, lank frame of Jenkins Hollis mounted on Squire Goodlet's "John Barleycorn."

The horsemen received this ungainly addition to their party with polite composure, and the genteel element of the spectators remained silent too from the force of good

breeding and good feeling; but the "roughs," always critically a-loose in a crowd, shouted and screamed with derisive hilarity. What they were laughing at Jenks Hollis never knew. Grave and stolid, but as complacent as the best, he too made the usual circuit with his ill-fitting jeans suit, his slouching old wool hat, and his long, gaunt figure. But he sat the spirited "John Barleycorn" as if he were a part of the steed, and held up his head with unwonted dignity, inspired perhaps by the stately attitudes of the horse, which were the result of no training nor compelling reins, but the instinct transmitted through a long line of high-headed ancestry. Of a fine old family was "John Barleycorn."

A deeper sensation was in store for the spectators. Before Jenkins Hollis's appearance most of them had heard of his intention to compete, but the feeling was one of unmixed astonishment when entry No. 12 rode into the arena, and, on the part of the country people, this surprise was supplemented by an intense indignation. The twelfth man was Jacob Brice. As he was a "mounting boy," one would imagine that, if victory should crown his efforts, the rural faction ought to feel the elation of success, but the prevailing sentiment toward him was that which every well-conducted mind must entertain concerning the individual who runs against the nominee. Notwithstanding the fact that Brice was a notable rider, too, and well calculated to try the mettle of the town's champion, there arose from the excited countrymen a keen, bitter, and outraged cry of "Take him out!" So strongly does the partisan heart pulsate to the interests of the nominee! This frantic petition had no effect on the interloper. A man who has inherited half a dozen violent quarrels, any one of which may at any moment burst into a vendetta, —inheriting little else,—is not easily dismayed by the

disapprobation of either friend or foe. His statuesque features, shaded by the drooping brim of his old black hat, were as calm as ever, and his slow blue eyes did not, for one moment, rest upon the excited scene about him, so unspeakably new to his scanty experience. His fine figure showed to great advantage on horseback, despite his uncouth, coarse garb; he was mounted upon a sturdy, brown mare of obscure origin, but good-looking, clean-built, sure-footed, and with the blended charm of spirit and docility; she represented his whole estate, except his gun and his lean, old hound, that had accompanied him to the fair, and was even now improving the shining hour by quarreling over a bone outside the grounds with other people's handsomer dogs.

The judges were exacting. The riders were ordered to gallop to the right—and around they went. To the left—and there was again the spectacle of the swiftly circling equestrian figures. They were required to draw up in a line, and to dismount; then to mount, and again to alight. Those whom these manœuvres proved inferior were dismissed at once, and the circle was reduced to eight. An exchange of horses was commanded; and once more the riding, fast and slow, left and right, the mounting and dismounting were repeated. The proficiency of the remaining candidates rendered them worthy of more difficult ordeals. They were required to snatch a hat from the ground while riding at full gallop. Pistols loaded with blank cartridges were fired behind the horses, and subsequently close to their quivering and snorting nostrils, in order that the relative capacity of the riders to manage a frightened and unruly steed might be compared, and the criticism of the judges mowed the number down to four.

Free speech is conceded by all right-thinking people to be a blessing. It is often a balm. Outside of the building

and of earshot the defeated aspirants took what comfort they could in consigning, with great fervor and volubility, all the judicial magnates to that torrid region unknown to polite geographical works.

Of the four horsemen remaining in the ring, two were Jenkins Hollis and Jacob Brice. Short turns at full gallop were prescribed. The horses were required to go backward at various gaits. Bars were brought in and the crowd enjoyed the exhibition of the standing-leap, at an ever-increasing height and then the flying-leap—a tumultuous confused impression of thundering hoofs and tossing mane and grim defiant faces of horse and rider, in the lightning-like moment of passing. Obstructions were piled on the track for the "long jumps," and in one of the wildest leaps a good rider was unhorsed and rolled on the ground while his recreant steed that had balked at the last moment scampered around and around the arena in a wild effort to find the door beneath the tiers of seats to escape so fierce a competition. This accident reduced the number of candidates to the two mountaineers and Tip Hackett, the man whom Jacob had pronounced a formidable rival. The circling about, the mounting and dismounting, the exchange of horses were several times repeated without any apparent result, and excitement rose to fever heat.

The premium and certificate lay between the three men. The town faction trembled at the thought that the substantial award of the saddle and bridle, with the decoration of the blue ribbon, and the intangible but still precious secondary glory of the certificate and the red ribbon might be given to the two mountaineers, leaving the crack rider of Colbury in an ignominious lurch; while the country party feared Hollis's defeat by Hackett rather less than that Jenks would be required to relinquish the premium to the interloper Brice, for the young hunter's riding had

stricken a pang of prophetic terror to more than one partisan rustic's heart. In the midst of the perplexing doubt, which tried the judges' minds, came the hour for dinner, and the decision was postponed until after that meal.

The competitors left the arena, and the spectators transferred their attention to unburdening hampers, or to jostling one another in the dining-hall.

Everybody was feasting but Cynthia Hollis. The intense excitement of the day, the novel sights and sounds utterly undreamed of in her former life, the abruptly struck chords of new emotions suddenly set vibrating within her, had dulled her relish for the midday meal; and while the other members of the family repaired to the shade of a tree outside the grounds to enjoy that refection, she wandered about the "floral hall," gazing at the splendors of bloom thronging there, all so different from the shy grace, the fragility of poise, the delicacy of texture of the flowers of her ken,—the rhododendron, the azalea, the Chilhowee lily,—yet vastly imposing in their massed exuberance and scarlet pride, for somehow they all seemed high colored.

She went more than once to note with a kind of aghast dismay those trophies of feminine industry, the quilts; some were of the "log cabin" and "rising sun" variety, but others were of geometric intricacy of form and were kaleidoscopic of color with an amazing labyrinth of stitchings and embroideries—it seemed a species of effrontery to dub one gorgeous poly-tinted silken banner a quilt. But already it bore a blue ribbon, and its owner was the richer by the prize of a glass bowl and the envy of a score of deft-handed competitors. She gazed upon the glittering jellies and preserves, upon the biscuits and cheeses, the hair-work and wax flowers, and paintings. These latter treated for the most part of castles and seas rather than of the surrounding altitudes, but Cynthia came

to a pause of blank surprise in front of a shadow rather than a picture which represented a spring of still brown water in a mossy cleft of a rock where the fronds of a fern seemed to stir in the foreground. "I hev viewed the like o' that a many a time," she said disparagingly. To her it hardly seemed rare enough for the blue ribbon on the frame. In the next room she dawdled through great piles of prize fruits and vegetables—water-melons unduly vast of bulk, peaches and pears and pumpkins of proportions never seen before out of a nightmare, stalks of Indian corn eighteen feet high with seven ears each,—all apparently attesting what they could do when they would, and that all the enterprise of Kildeer County was not exclusively of the feminine persuasion.

Finally Cynthia came out from the midst of them and stood leaning against one of the large pillars which supported the roof of the amphitheatre, still gazing about the half-deserted building, with the smouldering fires of her slumberous eyes newly kindled.

To other eyes and ears it might not have seemed a scene of tumultuous metropolitan life, with the murmuring trees close at hand dappling the floor with sycamore shadows, the fields of Indian corn across the road, the exuberant rush of the stream down the slope just beyond, the few hundred spectators who had intently watched the events of the day; but to Cynthia Hollis the excitement of the crowd and movement and noise could no further go.

By the natural force of gravitation Jacob Brice presently was walking slowly and apparently aimlessly around to where she was standing. He said nothing, however, when he was beside her, and she seemed entirely unconscious of his presence. Her yellow dress was as stiff as a board, and as clean as her strong, young arms could make it; at her throat were the shining black beads; on her head she

wore a limp, yellow calico sunbonnet, which hung down over her eyes, and almost obscured her countenance. To this article she perhaps owed the singular purity and transparency of her complexion, as much as to the mountain air, and the chiefly vegetable fare of her father's table. She wore it constantly, although it operated almost as a mask, rendering her more easily recognizable to their few neighbors by her flaring attire than by her features, and obstructing from her own view all surrounding scenery, so that she could hardly see the cow, which so much of her time she was slowly poking after.

She spoke unexpectedly, and without any other symptom that she knew of the young hunter's proximity. "I never thought, Jacob, ez how ye would hev come down hyar, all the way from the mountings, to ride agin my dad, an' beat him out'n that thar saddle an' bridle."

"Ye won't hev nothin' ter say ter me," retorted Jacob sourly.

A long silence ensued.

Then he resumed didactically, but with some irrelevancy, "I tole ye t'other day ez how ye war old enough ter be a-studyin' 'bout gittin' married."

"They don't think nothin' of ye ter our house, Jacob. Dad's always a-jowin' at ye." Cynthia's candor certainly could not be called in question.

The young hunter replied with some natural irritation: "He hed better not let me hear him, ef he wants to keep whole bones inside his skin. He better not tell me, nuther."

"He don't keer enough 'bout ye, Jacob, ter tell ye. He don't think nothin' of ye."

Love is popularly supposed to dull the mental faculties. It developed in Jacob Brice sudden strategic abilities.

"Thar is them ez does," he said diplomatically.

Cynthia spoke promptly with more vivacity than usual, but in her customary drawl and apparently utterly irrelevantly:—

"I never in all my days see no sech red-headed gal ez that thar Becky Stiles. She's the red-headedest gal ever I see." And Cynthia once more was silent.

Jacob resumed, also irrelevantly:—

"When I goes a-huntin' up yander ter Pine Lick, they is mighty perlite ter me. They ain't never done nothin' agin me, ez I knows on." Then, after a pause of deep cogitation, he added, "Nor hev they said nothin' agin me, nuther."

Cynthia took up her side of the dialogue, if dialogue it could be called, with wonted irrelevancy: "That thar Becky Stiles, she's got the freckledest face—ez freckled ez any turkey-aig" (with an indescribable drawl on the last word).

"They ain't done nothin' agin me," reiterated Jacob astutely, "nor said nothin' nuther—none of 'em."

Cynthia looked hard across the amphitheatre at the distant Great Smoky Mountains shimmering in the hazy September sunlight—so ineffably beautiful, so delicately blue, that they might have seemed the ideal scenery of some impossibly lovely ideal world. Perhaps she was wondering what the unconscious Becky Stiles, far away in those dark woods about Pine Lick, had secured in this life besides her freckled face. Was this the sylvan deity of the young hunter's adoration?

Cynthia took off her sunbonnet to use it for a fan. Perhaps it was well for her that she did so at this moment; it had so entirely concealed her head that her hair might have been the color of Becky Stiles's, and no one the wiser. The dark brown tendrils curled delicately on her creamy forehead; the excitement of the day had flushed her pale

cheeks with an unwonted glow; her eyes were alight with their newly kindled fires; the clinging curtain of her bonnet had concealed the sloping curves of her shoulders—altogether she was attractive enough, despite the flare of her yellow dress, and especially attractive to the untutored eyes of Jacob Brice. He relented suddenly, and lost all the advantages of his tact and diplomacy.

"I likes ye better nor I does Becky Stiles," he said moderately. Then with more fervor, "I likes ye better nor any gal I ever see."

The usual long pause ensued.

"Ye hev got a mighty cur'ous way o' showin' it," Cynthia replied.

"I dunno what ye're talkin' 'bout, Cynthy."

"Ye hev got a mighty cur'ous way o' showin' it," she reiterated, with renewed animation—"a-comin' all the way down hyar from the mountings ter beat my dad out'n that thar saddle an' bridle, what he's done sot his heart onto. Mighty cur'ous way."

"Look hyar, Cynthy." The young hunter broke off suddenly, and did not speak again for several minutes. A great perplexity was surging this way and that in his slow brains—a great struggle was waging in his heart. He was to choose between love and ambition—nay, avarice too was ranged beside his aspiration. He felt himself an assured victor in the competition, and he had seen that saddle and bridle. They were on exhibition to-day, and to him their material and workmanship seemed beyond expression wonderful, and elegant, and substantial. He could never hope otherwise to own such accoutrements. His eyes would never again even rest upon such resplendent objects, unless indeed in Hollis's possession. Any one who has ever loved a horse can appreciate a horseman's dear desire that beauty should go beautifully caparisoned.

And then, there was his pride in his own riding, and his anxiety to have his preëminence in that accomplishment acknowledged and recognized by his friends, and, dearer triumph still, by his enemies. A terrible pang before he spoke again.

"Look hyar, Cynthy," he said at last; "ef ye will marry me, I won't go back in yander no more. I'll leave the premi-*um* ter them ez kin git it."

"Ye're foolish, Jacob," she replied, still fanning with the yellow calico sunbonnet. "Ain't I done tole ye, ez how they don't think nothin' of ye ter our house? I don't want all of 'em a-jowin' at me, too."

"Ye talk like ye ain't got good sense, Cynthy," said Jacob irritably. "What's ter hender me from hitchin' up my mare ter my uncle's wagon an' ye an' me a-drivin' up hyar to the Cross-Roads, fifteen mile, and git Pa'son Jones ter marry us? We'll get the license down hyar ter the Court House afore we start. An' while they'll all be a-foolin' away thar time a-ridin' round that thar ring, ye an' me will be a-gittin' married." Ten minutes ago Jacob Brice did not think riding around that ring was such a reprehensible waste of time. "What's ter hender? It don't make no differ how they jow then."

"I done tole ye, Jacob," said the sedate Cynthia, still fanning with the sunbonnet.

With a sudden return of his inspiration, Jacob retorted, affecting an air of stolid indifference: "Jes' ez *ye* choose. I won't hev ter ax Becky Stiles twict."

And he turned to go.

"I never said no, Jacob," said Cynthia precipitately. "I never said ez how I wouldn't hev ye."

"Waal, then, jes' come along with me right now while I hitch up the mare. I ain't a-goin' ter leave yer a-standin' hyar. Ye're too skittish. Time I come back ye'd hev

done run away I dunno whar." A moment's pause and he added: "Is ye a-goin' ter stand thar all day, Cynthy Hollis, a-lookin' up an' around, and a-turnin' yer neck fust this way and then t'other, an' a-lookin' fur all the worl' like a wild turkey in a trap, or one o' them thar skeery young deer, or sech senseless critters? What ails the gal?"

"Thar'll be nobody ter help along the work ter our house," said Cynthia, the weight of the home difficulties bearing heavily on her conscience.

"What 's ter hender ye from a-goin' down thar an' lendin' a hand every wunst in a while? But ef ye're a-goin' ter stand thar like ye hedn't no more action than a—a-dunno-what,—jes' like yer dad, I ain't. I'll jes' leave ye a-growed ter that thar post, an' I'll jes' light out stiddier, an' afore the cows git ter Pine Lick, I'll be thar too. Jes' ez ye choose. Come along ef ye wants ter come. I ain't a-goin' ter ax ye no more."

"I'm a-comin'," said Cynthia.

There was great though illogical rejoicing on the part of the country faction when the crowds were again seated, tier above tier, in the amphitheatre, and the riders were once more summoned into the arena, to discover from Jacob Brice's unaccounted-for absence that he had withdrawn and left the nominee to his chances.

In the ensuing competition it became very evident to the not altogether impartially disposed judges that they could not, without incurring the suspicions alike of friend and foe, award the premium to their fellow-townsman. Straight as a shingle though he might be, more prepossessing to the eye, the ex-cavalryman of fifty battles was far better trained in all the arts of horsemanship.

A wild shout of joy burst from the rural party when the most portly and rubicund of the portly and red-faced

judges advanced into the ring and decorated Jenkins Hollis with the blue ribbon. A frantic antistrophe rent the air. "Take it off!" vociferated the bitter town faction—"take it off!"

A diversion was produced by the refusal of the Colbury champion to receive the empty honor of the red ribbon and the certificate. Thus did he except to the ruling of the judges. In high dudgeon he faced about and left the arena, followed shortly by the decorated Jenks, bearing the precious saddle and bridle, and going with a wooden face to receive the congratulations of his friends.

The entries for the slow mule race had been withdrawn at the last moment; and the spectators, balked of that unique sport, and the fair being virtually over, were rising from their seats and making their noisy preparations for departure. Before Jenks had cleared the fair-building, being somewhat impeded by the moving mass of humanity, he encountered one of his neighbors, a listless mountaineer, who spoke on this wise:—

"Does ye know that thar gal o' yourn—that thar Cynthy?"

Mr. Hollis nodded his expressionless head—presumably he did know Cynthia.

"Waal," continued his leisurely interlocutor, still interrogative, "does ye know Jacob Brice?"

Ill-starred association of ideas! There was a look of apprehension on Jenkins Hollis's wooden face.

"They hev done got a license down hyar ter the Court House an' gone a-kitin' out on the Old B'ar road."

This was explicit.

"Whar's my horse?" exclaimed Jenks, appropriating "John Barleycorn" in his haste. Great as was his hurry, it was not too imperative to prevent him from strapping upon the horse the premium saddle, and inserting in

his mouth the new bit and bridle. And in less than ten minutes a goodly number of recruits from the crowd assembled in Colbury were also "a-kitin'" out on the road to Old Bear, delighted with a new excitement, and bent on running down the eloping couple with no more appreciation of the sentimental phase of the question and the tender illusions of love's young dream than if Jacob and Cynthia were two mountain foxes.

Down the red-clay slopes of the outskirts of the town "John Barleycorn" thunders with a train of horsemen at his heels. Splash into the clear fair stream whose translucent depths tell of its birthplace among the mountain springs—how the silver spray showers about as the pursuers surge through the ford leaving behind them a foamy wake!—and now they are pressing hard up the steep ascent of the opposite bank, and galloping furiously along a level stretch of road, with the fences and trees whirling by, and the September landscape flying on the wings of the wind. The chase leads past fields of tasseled Indian corn, with yellowing thickly swathed ears, leaning heavily from the stalk; past wheat-lands, the crops harvested and the crab-grass having its day at last; past "wood-lots" and their black shadows, and out again into the September sunshine; past rickety little homes, not unlike Hollis's own, with tow-headed children, exactly like his, standing with wide eyes, looking at the rush and hurry of the pursuit—sometimes in the ill-kept yards a wood-fire is burning under the boiling sorghum kettle, or beneath the branches of the orchard near at hand a cider-mill is crushing the juice out of the red and yellow, ripe and luscious apples. Homeward-bound prize cattle are overtaken—a Durham bull, reluctantly permitting himself to be led into a fence corner that the hunt may sweep by unobstructed, and turning his proud blue-ribboned head angrily toward the

riders as if indignant that anything except him should absorb attention; a gallant horse, with another floating blue streamer, bearing himself as becometh a king's son; the chase comes near to crushing sundry grunting porkers impervious to pride and glory in any worldly distinctions of cerulean decorations, and at last is fain to draw up and wait until a flock of silly overdressed sheep, running in frantic fear every way but the right way, can be gathered together and guided to a place of safety.

And once more, forward; past white frame houses with porches, and vine-grown verandas, and well-tended gardens, and groves of oak and beech and hickory trees—"John Barleycorn" makes an ineffectual but gallant struggle to get in at the large white gate of one of these comfortable places, Squire Goodlet's home, but he is urged back into the road, and again the pursuit sweeps on. Those blue mountains, the long parallel ranges of Old Bear and his brothers, seem no more a misty, uncertain mirage against the delicious indefinable tints of the horizon. Sharply outlined they are now, with dark, irregular shadows upon their precipitous slopes which tell of wild ravines, and rock-lined gorges, and swirling mountain torrents, and great, beetling, gray crags. A breath of balsams comes on the freshening wind—the lungs expand to meet it. There is a new aspect in the scene; a revivifying current thrills through the blood; a sudden ideal beauty descends on prosaic creation.

" 'Pears like I can't git my breath good in them flat countries," says Jenkins Hollis to himself, as "John Barleycorn" improves his speed under the exhilarating influence of the wind. "I 'm nigh on to sifflicated every time I goes down yander ter Colb'ry" (with a jerk of his wooden head in the direction of the village).

Long stretches of woods are on either side of the road

now, with no sign of the changing season in the foliage save the slender, pointed, scarlet leaves and creamy plumes of the sourwood, gleaming here and there; and presently another panorama of open country unrolls to the view. Two or three frame houses appear with gardens and orchards, a number of humble log cabins, and a dingy little store, and the Cross-Roads are reached. And here the conclusive intelligence meets the party that Jacob and Cynthia were married by Parson Jones an hour ago, and were still "a-kitin'," at last accounts, out on the road to Old Bear.

The pursuit stayed its ardor. On the auspicious day when Jenkins Hollis took the blue ribbon at the County Fair and won the saddle and bridle he lost his daughter.

They saw Cynthia no more until late in the autumn when she came, without a word of self-justification or apology for her conduct, to lend her mother a helping hand in spinning and weaving her little brothers' and sisters' clothes. And gradually the *éclat* attendant upon her nuptials was forgotten, except that Mrs. Hollis now and then remarks that she "dunno how we could hev bore up agin Cynthy's a-runnin' away like she done, ef it hedn't a-been fur that thar saddle an' bridle an' takin' the blue ribbon at the County Fair."

FRANCIS HOPKINSON SMITH

The story of a self-made man is always interesting. Francis Hopkinson Smith belongs to the class of self-made Americans, and inasmuch as he has succeeded in so many different kinds of work, his story will have a broader appeal than that of many a self-made man who has devoted his energies to a single line of activity. Born in Baltimore, October 23, 1838, he was early thrown upon his own resources. His father planned that he should have a college education, but misfortune and financial reverses in the family forced the boy into the struggle for a livelihood when he had barely reached his teens. In his sixteenth year he turned toward New York City to seek his fortune.

It is said that he had but thirty-eight cents when he arrived in the metropolis and that for weeks he walked the streets of the great city searching for employment, with no money in his pockets but with large confidence in his heart and a merry smile on his face. What he actually did during this period is not divulged, but it is known that he tried various kinds of work, now as clerk in some store and now as a day laborer on public works. He finally secured employment in a manufacturing plant, and here he began his studies in iron and structural materials which led him eventually into what he calls his regular profession—namely, constructive mechanical engineering. He supplemented his practical experience in the shops with theoretical studies during his evenings and at other spare times, eventually winning for himself a distinguished place among the constructive engineers of the country. He has taken especial interest in building structures in water. Among his successful achievements are the sea wall around Governor's Island in New York Harbor, the Race Rock Lighthouse off New London, Connecticut, and the foundation of the famous Bartholdi Statue of Liberty.

FRANCIS HOPKINSON SMITH

Another field of endeavor, painting, has always been exceedingly attractive to Mr. Smith, and many of his admirers think he has done his best work as a painter in water colors. He has traveled widely, viewed life broadly, and studied nature closely; and he has succeeded in transferring to his canvases some of the most charming moods of the outdoor world. His sketches of Venetian, Dutch, and Turkish scenes, and his pictures of other European and Asiatic countries, as well as of America, have won wide applause.

Literature came late among Mr. Smith's accomplishments, but his genius is none the less surely expressed in this form of art. He was forty-seven before the publication of his first book, *Old Lines in New Black and White* (1885). Since that date he has published more than twenty other works, comprising travel sketches, novels, short stories, essays, and criticism on art, but it is through his stories that he has won his secure place in American letters. No more delightful characters than some of Mr. Smith's have appeared in American fiction within the past two decades. One of the finest and subtlest pieces of humorous characterization yet produced in the South is that of Colonel Carter of Cartersville in the novel of that name—Mr. Smith's first, and to many readers his best, piece of fiction. The whole book has a humorous cast. The frankness, the truth, the reality of the portrayal are remarkable; and the sly twinkle in the story-teller's eye is irresistible as he lovingly sets forth all the foibles, all the endearing charms, of the old-time Southern gentleman. Colonel Carter's old body servant, Chad, is an excellent delineation of negro character. The selection given here illustrates Mr. Smith's skillful use of dialect and his keen sense of humor. Among his other stories that have attained wide public favor are *The Fortunes of Oliver Horn* and *Caleb West, Master Diver*.

In one other field Mr. Smith has won renown—namely, on the lecture platform. He is greeted by large audiences wherever he goes, and his histrionic powers seem to indicate that had he turned to the stage he would have succeeded as well before the footlights as he has in engineering, in painting, and in literature.

It was some time before I could quiet the old man's anxieties and coax him back into his usual good humor, and then only when I began to ask him of the old plantation days.

Then he fell to talking about the colonel's father, General John Carter, and the high days at Carter Hall when Miss Nancy was a young lady and the colonel a boy home from the university.

"Dem was high times. We ain't neber seed no time like dat since de war. Git up in de mawnin' an' look out ober de lawn, an' yer come fo'teen or fifteen couples ob de fustest quality folks, all on horseback ridin' in de gate. Den such a scufflin' round! Old marsa an' missis out on de po'ch, an' de little pickaninnies runnin' from de quarters, an' all hands helpin' 'em off de horses, an' dey all smokin' hot wid de gallop up de lane.

"An' den sich a breakfast an' sich dancin' an' co'tin'; ladies all out on de lawn in der white dresses, an' de gemmen in fairtop boots, an' Mammy Jane runnin' round same as a chicken wid its head off,—an' der heads was off befo' dey knowed it, an' dey a-br'ilin' on de gridiron.

"Dat would go on a week or mo', an' den up dey 'll all git an' away dey 'd go to de nex' plantation, an' take Miss Nancy along wid 'em on her little sorrel mare, an' I on Marsa John's black horse, to take care bofe of 'em. Dem *was* times!

"My old marsa,"—and his eyes glistened,—"my old Marsa John was a gemman, sah, like dey don't see nowadays. Tall, sah, an' straight as a cornstalk; hair white

an' silky as de tassel; an' a voice like de birds was singin', it was dat sweet.

"'Chad,' he use' ter say,—you know I was young den, an' I was his body servant,—'Chad, come yer till I bre'k yo' head'; an' den when I come he 'd laugh fit to kill hisself. Dat 's when you do right. But when you was a low-down nigger an' got de debbil in yer, an' ole marsa hear it an' send de oberseer to de quarters for you to come to de little room in de big house whar de walls was all books an' whar his desk was, 't wa'n't no birds about his voice den,—mo' like de thunder."

"Did he whip his negroes?"

"No, sah; don't reckelmember a single lick laid on airy nigger dat de marsa knowed of; but when dey got so bad—an' some niggers is dat way—den dey was sold to de swamp lan's. He would n't hab 'em round 'ruptin' his niggers, he use' ter say.

"Hab coffee, sah? Won't take I a minute to bile it. Colonel ain't been drinkin' none lately, an' so I don't make none."

I nodded my head, and Chad closed the door softly, taking with him a small cup and saucer, and returning in a few minutes followed by that most delicious of all aromas, the savory steam of boiling coffee.

"My Marsa John," he continued, filling the cup with the smoking beverage, "never drank nuffin' but tea, eben at de big dinners when all de gemmen had coffee in de little cups—dat 's one ob 'em you 's drinkin' out ob now; dey ain't mo' dan fo' on 'em left. Old marsa would have his pot ob tea: Henny use' ter make it for him; makes it now for Miss Nancy.

"Henny was a young gal den, long 'fo' we was married. Henny b'longed to Colonel Lloyd Barbour, on de next plantation to ourn.

"Mo' coffee, Major?" I handed Chad the empty cup. He refilled it, and went straight on without drawing breath.

"Wust scrape I eber got into wid old Marsa John was ober Henny. I tell ye she was a harricane in dem days. She come into de kitchen one time where I was helpin' git de dinner ready an' de cook had gone to de spring house, an' she says:—

"'Chad, what ye cookin' dat smells so nice?'

"'Dat's a goose,' I says, 'cookin' for Marsa John's dinner. We got quality,' says I, pointin' to de dinin'-room do'.

"'Quality!' she says. 'Spec' I know what de quality is. Dat's for you an' de cook.'

"Wid dat she grabs a caarvin' knife from de table, opens de do' ob de big oven, cuts off a leg ob de goose, an' dis'pears round de kitchen corner wid de leg in her mouf.

"'Fo' I knowed whar I was Marsa John come to de kitchen do' an' says, 'Gittin' late, Chad; bring in de dinner.' You see, Major, dey ain't no up an' down stairs in de big house, like it is yer; kitchen an' dinin'-room all on de same flo'.

"Well, sah, I was scared to def, but I tuk dat goose an' laid him wid de cut side down on de bottom of de pan 'fo' de cook got back, put some dressin' an' stuffin' ober him, an' shet de stove do'. Den I tuk de sweet potatoes an' de hominy an' put 'em on de table, an' den I went back in de kitchen to git de baked ham. I put on de ham an' some mo' dishes, an' marsa says, lookin' up:—

"'I t'ought dere was a roast goose, Chad?'

"'I ain't yerd nothin' 'bout no goose,' I says. 'I'll ask de cook.'

"Next minute I yerd old marsa a-hollerin':—

"'Mammy Jane, ain't we got a goose?'

"'Lord-a-massy! yes, marsa. Chad, you wu'thless nigger, ain't you tuk dat goose out yit?'

"'Is we got a goose?' said I.

"'*Is we got a goose?* Didn't you help pick it?'

"I see whar my hair was short, an' I snatched up a hot dish from de hearth, opened de oven do', an' slide de goose in jes as he was, an' lay him down befo' Marsa John.

"'Now see what de ladies 'll have for dinner,' says old marsa, pickin' up his caarvin' knife.

"'What 'll you take for dinner, miss?' says I. 'Baked ham?'

"'No,' she says, lookin' up to whar Marsa John sat; 'I think I 'll take a leg ob dat goose'—jes so.

"Well, marsa cut off de leg an' put a little stuffin' an' gravy on wid a spoon, an' says to me, 'Chad, see what dat gemman 'll have.'

"'What 'll you take for dinner, sah?' says I. 'Nice breast o' goose, or slice o' ham?'

"'No; I think I 'll take a leg of dat goose,' he says.

"I didn't say nuffin', but I knowed bery well he wa'n't a-gwine to git it.

"But, Major, you oughter seen ole marsa lookin' for der udder leg ob dat goose! He rolled him ober on de dish, dis way an' dat way, an' den he jabbed dat ole bone-handled caarvin' fork in him an' hel' him up ober de dish an' looked under him an' on top ob him, an' den he says, kinder sad like:—

"'Chad, whar is de udder leg ob dat goose?'

"'It didn't hab none,' says I.

"'You mean ter say, Chad, dat de gooses on my plantation on'y got one leg?'

"'Some ob em has an' some ob 'em ain't. You see, marsa, we got two kinds in de pond, an' we was a little

boddered to-day, so Mammy Jane cooked dis one 'cause I cotched it fust.'

"'Well,' said he, lookin' like he look when he send for you in de little room, 'I'll settle wid ye after dinner.'

"Well, dar I was shiverin' an' shakin' in my shoes, an' droppin' gravy an' spillin' de wine on de table-cloth, I was dat shuck up; an' when de dinner was ober he calls all de ladies an' gemmen, an' says, 'Now come down to de duck pond. I'm gwineter show dis nigger dat all de gooses on my plantation got mo' den one leg.'

"I followed 'long, trapesin' after de whole kit an' b'ilin', an' when we got to de pond"—here Chad nearly went into a convulsion with suppressed laughter—"dar was de gooses sittin' on a log in de middle of dat ole green goose-pond wid one leg stuck down—so—an' de udder tucked under de wing."

Chad was now on one leg, balancing himself by my chair, the tears running down his cheeks.

"'Dar, marsa,' says I, 'don't ye see? Look at dat ole gray goose! Dat's de berry match ob de one we had to-day.'

"Den de ladies all hollered an' de gemmen laughed so loud dey yerd 'em at de big house.

"'Stop, you black scoun'rel!' Marsa John says, his face gittin' white an' he a-jerkin' his handkerchief from his pocket. 'Shoo!'

"Major, I hope to have my brains kicked out by a lame grasshopper if ebery one ob dem gooses didn't put down de udder leg!

"'Now, you lyin' nigger,' he says, raisin' his cane ober my head, 'I'll show you'—

"'Stop, Marsa John!' I hollered; ''t ain't fair, 't ain't fair.'

"'Why ain't it fair?' says he.

"'Cause,' says I, 'you didn't say "Shoo!" to de goose what was on de table.'"

Chad laughed until he choked.

"And did he thrash you?"

"Marsa John? No, sah. He laughed loud as anybody; an' den dat night he says to me as I was puttin' some wood on de fire:—

"'Chad, where did dat leg go?' An' so I ups an' tells him all about Henny, an' how I was lyin' 'cause I was 'feared de gal would git hurt, an' how she was on'y a-foolin', thinkin' it was my goose; an' den de ole marsa look in de fire for a long time, an' den he says:—

"'Dat's Colonel Barbour's Henny, ain't it, Chad?'

"'Yes, marsa,' says I.

"Well, de next mawnin' he had his black horse saddled, an' I held the stirrup for him to git on, an' he rode ober to de Barbour plantation, an' didn't come back till plumb black night. When he come up I held de lantern so I could see his face, for I wa'n't easy in my mine all day. But it was all bright an' shinin' same as a' angel's.

"'Chad,' he says, handin' me de reins, 'I bought yo' Henny dis arternoon from Colonel Barbour, an' she's comin' ober to-morrow, an' you can bofe git married next Sunday.'"

STARK YOUNG

Stark Young of Mississippi has published two volumes of verse, *The Blind Man at the Window* and *Guenevere, a Poetic Drama.* His work shows a remarkable technique for one so young, and displays evidences, too, of a poetic genius far above that of the ordinary verse maker. Mr. Young was born at Como, Mississippi, October 11, 1881. He was graduated from the University of Mississippi in 1901. In 1902, after a year's study in the graduate school of Columbia University, he was granted the degree of Master of Arts. He then went abroad for study and inspiration, sojourning especially in Italy. He returned to his native state in 1904, to become an instructor of English in the University of Mississippi. In 1907 he was invited to become a member of the teaching staff in English in the University of Texas, and in 1910 was made adjunct professor and put in charge of the newly created school of General Literature.

Though Mr. Young's published work seems meager in bulk, it shows a wide range in both subject matter and verse forms. Among his productions are nature lyrics, love songs, literary ballads, reflective and personal poems, and themes from classical myths and medieval romance. Recently he has turned his attention to dramatic composition, and has just (1912) published a volume of one-act plays, *Addio, Madretta, and Other Plays.* His greatest strength seems to lie in his nature lyrics, many of which are very beautiful, and in his classical and medieval themes. *Gordia,* which is here reprinted with Mr. Young's own glosses, is a good example of his artistic treatment of medieval theme.

Perhaps Mr. Young has not yet reached his full maturity in creative work, but he has already done enough to win recognition as one of the most promising of our younger Southern poets.

GORDIA

The nightbird crieth a long wail,
'Tis a ghostly hour, the stars are pale,
The hornèd moon drifts down the west,
The spectre day hath stirred, and soon
The sea-mews chatter in the nest.
Why goeth Prosper on the sands?
Lo! phantom mists are on the plain,
Cold the wind comes from off the main.

Out in the melancholy stars
The ghosts of dear lost things must come
And many, many a weary day
Prosper hath his wont to roam.
'Tis follow, follow, ah, welaway!
Tarry, young Prosper, and go pray;
Light thy taper and tell thy beads,
Criste's moder hath ear for lovers' needs.

Between the night and the coming dawn Prosper roameth the sands of the shore.

'Tis the hour, I wis, the fisherfolk say
That Gordia comes from the sea to the rocks,
And singeth her piteous lay,
Weaving her garland of pale sea-stocks.
Strange are her ballads the fishers tell,
For mortal men not well, not well.
Some say she is a sea-witch, come
To bind poor sailors to her will,
Some speak her fair, a princess from
The palace of the sea-king; still
They fear, and sometimes in a ring

The gossips gather whispering—
It is a grisly crone that saith
It is the fisher-folk that tell of the sea-maiden and of the haunted sands where she waiteth for her lover by night.
A haunted song on yesternight
Hath waked her from a dream of death,
And she saw through the moony fog the light
Gleam on the robe of the sea-maiden,
And how her song was sorrow-laden
As any woman's that may weep. One cries,
"Nay, nay, 't was never a song
From a woman's heart, the song I heard,
But a wild and ringing melodie
Of all the kingdoms that belong
In the sea-king's rich demesne,
Of wreathèd pearls and gems that gird
The brows of his maidens under the sea
And their golden hair." 'T is three have seen
Her spread her mantle of fair sea-lace
Bossed with lilies and lithe sea-dace,
And long would she wave at a passing boat.
Ah, sailor, sailor, didst not hear?
Alack, then hath she torn away
The bright pearls from her swelling throat;
And children later playing there
Find strange sea-gems and a broken wreath,
And all-affrighted hold their breath.
"Thus Gordia," they say, "doth snare
Poor boatmen to their death."

But late young Prosper cometh home,
For when his good ship sank at sea,
Through many a citie did he roam
And many a far countrie,
Where men to wondrous ventures come.
Yet plain and citie must he scorn,

Knowing she waited, sad, lovelorn.
But when he cometh to the bay,
" 'Tis seven year this Whitsuntide
She waiteth not," the fishwives say.
But no man knoweth where she died.

Prosper he is mad they say,
He keepeth but his cot by day,
By night the sands and the cold sea-air.
The long waves moan unto his call,
"Will no one tell me where's my love,
Or who hath her in thrall?"
"Prosper is mad," the fishwives tell;
"The inlet sands he maun beware,
For on a night will ring his knell
When Gordia singeth there."

The wanderer seeketh his love by the sea, but never findeth her.

He waiteth not to hear them carp;
The dunes their ghostly shadows throw,
The moon's rim droppeth down the sky,
He paceth ever to and fro.
"Will no one tell?" The wind is sharp,
And who will hear his cry?
Alack, what charm upon him fell?
'Tis never mortal throat I trow
Singeth so wildly well.
Lo, from a rock 'mid scarce sea-kale
A maiden watcheth yet the sea,
And beautiful and pale;
But on her cheeks the coral hue,
And coral on her full lips too,
And hiding her shoulders everywhere,
Half-hiding e'en her bosom's swell,
And twisting seaweed-like it fell,

Sudden in the light of the moon he beholdeth the sea-maiden.

The treasure of her golden hair.
With it the bright sea-gold is spun,
And up and down her fingers run
Loosing the tangles there.

And at her waist her fair white flesh
Glows with the lustre of her zone,
Of amber and pearls in knotted mesh,
And unnamed sea-stones in it sewn;
Where from it hangeth half-aslant
All the long mantle, fold on fold,
Sinuous and undulant.
Dim twilights in its tissues sleep,
As some soft wave from out the deep
Were woven in with threads of gold
And broidered flowers of wide sea-wold.

And the beauty of the sea is in her body and in her dress and in the voice of her song.

Is it the coral and sea-tints there,
The green of her mantle, the gold of her hair,
The lines of her body flowing free,
The swell of her breasts like waves at sea
Rising ever rhythmicly?
Is it the song the maiden sings
Bindeth Prosper motionless?
Or what sea-magic is 't that brings
Into his eyes the blind distress?
Monotonous and swinging slow
Is the burthen, like a wave,
But her voice is rich and low,
And the murmur of it sweet,
As when distant surf sounds beat
In hollows of a deep sea cave.
"When the wind blows in across the bay,
'T is follow, follow, ah, welaway!

For her that waiteth on the stone,
Sailor, make moan.

"When a lad hath sailed upon the main
And never, never come home again,
His lass must rue, the way is wild,
Ah, Mary Mother, keep thy child
Left all alone.

"There was one who sat beside the shore
And watched the sea, and more and more
But no sail came. And by and by,
When in the bay the tide was high,
They came and found her not, and wept,
But still the sea his secret kept—
Sailor, make moan."

Her song seemeth to be of an earthly woman who waited on the shore for her lover, and who, when after long watching she found him not, vanished into the sea.

'Tis follow, follow, ah, weladay,
The wind hath blown her voice away—
Prosper listens in a spell,
The chaunt hath broke, and only the sound
Of the muffled, distant buoy-bell
To show the tide is gaining ground.
Ah, sweet the bell, some witch's spell
Hath surely sounded Prosper's knell,
For still he moveth never on.
Nay, listen, listen, she lifteth yet
Her voice above the bell's far ringing,
And Prosper, standing like a stone,
Hearkeneth her singing.

The tide cometh in, but Prosper is under the spell of her singing and heedeth not.

"Red is the coral under the sea,
And round it the bright fishes swim:
My love he cometh not to me
And ever I must wait for him,

The song of one who yet waiteth in the sea for her love.

White coral grows the red among,
And pale sea-grasses float along.
And will he never hear my song
And come away with me?"

Meseems the last word hath not died,
Ere Prosper springeth to her side,
In her blue eyes he hath found
Sea-lights changing momently,
Her silken lashes fringing round
Like shadows on the sea.

"Dost know me not?" she saith. "Ah, me,
'Tis long I waited thee."

The lovers find, each lover his beloved; and Prosper is wildered at the change in his beloved.

"Nay, the first song showeth thou art thou,
Thou that didst love me, even thou,
But I am wildered I know not how.
For thou singest burthens strange,
Strange are thy garments, all is strange,
Sure thou hast suffered some sea-change."

"Thou camest not for evermore
To me on the lone shore.
I said, 'If I call him loud he will hear
Ere the long day come and go,
Prospero, Prospero.
O round moon rising out of the dark
Bearest my love in thy yellow bark?'
The white-capped breakers have heard my moan,
The breakers whisper under their breath
'Death, Death!'
The sad sea-voices moaned and called.
'Twas down, down, straight down

She sayeth how for lack of him she called on Death, and how she sank down to the ocean floor and the palace of the sea-king.

To regions where the shifting air
Was liquid emerald.
I sat by the sea-king's windows all day
And saw the idle sea-folk pass,
And watched the haunted wrecks drift by,
But thine came not, alas.
It was an elvish light from heaven,
With a bright blur for the sun,
And the charmèd moon at even
Rising through the unfathomed green,
Seemed a far-off shadow-sheen.
In the sea-groves I called thee loud and low,
Prospero!
And the sea-king hath heard my cry, and saith
'I would not have thee sorrow so,
He shall have sea-life after death,
And come home to thee, never fear,
If thou waitest seven year.'"

And the king of the sea promised her lover to her.

Then who hath known him greater bliss,
Or dear delight to follow pain?
For heart hath never joy, I wis,
Like lovers met again.
The dawn is in the pallid skies,
She wreathes a circlet on his brow
Of pearls and sea-anemones;
She leaneth lower to him now,
And long she kisseth him, till lo!
The sea-lights come into his eyes.
The tide it crawleth gradually,
And down together will they go
To the green fields of the sea.

Her kiss changeth Prosper to a merman, and together they will go down to the fields of the sea.

'Tis follow, follow, ah, welaway,

Who knoweth when 't is true love's day?
Out of the deeps come joy and pain,
Into the deeps forever fain,
Who knoweth when they go again?
The fishers on the lone dun sand
Will never see his figure looming;
The moon it riseth; on the strand
The great waves booming, booming!

It was an idle, weary day.
Their dim-flared lanthorns with them bringing,
Homeward they turn them one by one.
"Jesu pity him," they say,
"For this with her wild, witch's singing
Gordia hath done."

The foolish folk who know not 't is true love's day, will say that Gordia hath wickedly enchanted young Prosper.

TEXAS HEROES

Sons of a land betrayed and wronged are they,
Whose feet are set to the immortal height —
The draggled columns in whose desperate might
The Saxon blood hath voiced itself to-day;
And thou, Martin, whose thirty cut their way
Through hostile lines with succour in the night;
And thou, brave Bonham, who returned to fight
And die beside thy comrades in the fray;
Mild Austin, who of duty knew the worth,
And unto others gave the laurel wreath;
And Houston, burly chief of wit and brawn,
The Atlas of his little Western earth;
And Travis last, who opened unto death
As one that heard Christ calling through the dawn.

From a photograph by Pach Thompson N.Y.

O. HENRY

O. HENRY

The real name of O. Henry was William Sydney Porter. He was born in Greensboro, North Carolina, in 1864. Little has as yet been published about his life, but we know that sometime in his teens he went to Texas, where for nearly three years he worked on a sheep ranch in La Salle County. Later his experience here stood him in good stead, for the scenes of some of his best stories are laid in this southwestern ranch country. Will Porter was determined to improve himself, and even on the ranch he kept beside him constantly a copy of Webster's Dictionary, poring over it hour after hour and day after day. O. Henry's wonderfully broad and accurate vocabulary is doubtless due in large measure to his strange habit of reading the dictionary. Besides, from childhood he was a great reader, devouring everything that came in his way, from Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* to countless modern novels. He preferred the companionship of books to the sports and games of his playfellows, and was always ready to seek the shade of some solitary tree or retire to the loneliness of his own room to find opportunity for quiet reading.

When a chance came for him to leave the ranch and enter upon more congenial work he accepted it. He went to Austin, Texas, and for four years made his home with the family of Mr. Joe Harrell. There were several boys in this family, who used to tell wonderful tales of Will Porter's ability to spell and define words. At this time the youth also developed a gift for sketching with pen and ink. After working for a few years in the State Land Office he went to Houston, where he became a reporter on the *Post*, for the most part writing material for a humorous column. Later returning to Austin, he attempted to establish a small literary and political weekly, which he called the *Rolling Stone*. He wrote the copy, drew the cartoons, set the type, and read the

proof for this paper for a few numbers; but in spite of its cleverness, the publication was suspended for lack of financial support.

A position in the old First National Bank of Austin was then offered to the young man. Here misfortune overtook him, and for six years his life was under a cloud. He finally left Texas and went to Central America to engage in the fruit trade. This venture proved a failure financially, but furnished experiences afterward turned to account in stories dealing with Central American life, most of which are now to be found in *Cabbages and Kings*.

During all these years he had clung to his ambition to become a writer, and he now went to New Orleans to devote himself to what he felt was his life calling. Besides doing some local newspaper work, he tried his hand at short stories. He is said to have selected his pseudonym haphazard, choosing "Henry" simply because his eye chanced to fall on that name in a newspaper, and prefixing the initial O. as the easiest letter to form.

From New Orleans O. Henry was attracted, about 1902, to New York City, and in the last ten years of his life he turned out with amazing rapidity, considering the quality of his work, more than one hundred fifty stories, covering a wide range of scene, character, and subject matter. Concerning his method of work, he said that he first studied out his subject carefully and knew exactly what he was going to say before he began to write; then he wrote his manuscript rapidly, and rarely or never revised.

O. Henry died in New York in 1910, having won for himself a secure if not a lofty place in the world of American fiction. The chief qualities of his work are naturalism and realism mingled with romance, a distinct note of original humor, a warm human sympathy, and an occasional touch of deep pathos. *The Four Million*, dealing with New York life, and *Heart of the West*, portraying life in Texas and the Southwest, contain some of his most characteristic work.

THE GIFT OF THE MAGI

One dollar and eighty-seven cents. That was all. And sixty cents of it was in pennies. Pennies saved one and two at a time by bulldozing the grocer and the vegetable man and the butcher until one's cheeks burned with the silent imputation of parsimony that such close dealing implied. Three times Della counted it. One dollar and eighty-seven cents. And the next day would be Christmas.

There was clearly nothing to do but flop down on the shabby little couch and howl. So Della did it. Which instigates the moral reflection that life is made up of sobs, sniffles, and smiles, with sniffles predominating.

While the mistress of the home is gradually subsiding from the first stage to the second, take a look at the home. A furnished flat at $8 per week. It did not exactly beggar description, but it certainly had that word on the lookout for the mendicancy squad.

In the vestibule below was a letter-box into which no letter would go, and an electric button from which no mortal finger could coax a ring. Also appertaining thereunto was a card bearing the name "Mr. James Dillingham Young."

The "Dillingham" had been flung to the breeze during a former period of prosperity when its possessor was being paid $30 per week. Now, when the income was shrunk to $20, the letters of "Dillingham" looked blurred, as though they were thinking seriously of contracting to a modest and unassuming D. But whenever Mr. James Dillingham Young came home and reached his flat above he was called "Jim" and greatly hugged by Mrs. James

Dillingham Young, already introduced to you as Della. Which is all very good.

Della finished her cry and attended her cheeks with the powder rag. She stood by the window and looked out dully at a grey cat walking a grey fence in a grey backyard. To-morrow would be Christmas Day, and she had only $1.87 with which to buy Jim a present. She had been saving every penny she could for months, with this result. Twenty dollars a week doesn't go far. Expenses had been greater than she had calculated. They always are. Only $1.87 to buy a present for Jim. Her Jim. Many a happy hour she had spent planning for something nice for him. Something fine and rare and sterling—something just a little bit near to being worthy of the honour of being owned by Jim.

There was a pier-glass between the windows of the room. Perhaps you have seen a pier-glass in an $8 flat. A very thin and very agile person may, by observing his reflection in a rapid sequence of longitudinal strips, obtain a fairly accurate conception of his looks. Della, being slender, had mastered the art.

Suddenly she whirled from the window and stood before the glass. Her eyes were shining brilliantly, but her face had lost its colour within twenty seconds. Rapidly she pulled down her hair and let it fall to its full length.

Now, there were two possessions of the James Dillingham Youngs in which they both took a mighty pride. One was Jim's gold watch that had been his father's and his grandfather's. The other was Della's hair. Had the Queen of Sheba lived in the flat across the airshaft, Della would have let her hair hang out the window some day to dry just to depreciate Her Majesty's jewels and gifts. Had King Solomon been the janitor, with all his treasures piled up in the basement, Jim would have pulled out his

watch every time he passed, just to see him pluck at his beard from envy.

So now Della's beautiful hair fell about her, rippling and shining like a cascade of brown waters. It reached below her knee and made itself almost a garment for her. And then she did it up again nervously and quickly. Once she faltered for a minute and stood still while a tear or two splashed on the worn red carpet.

On went her old brown jacket; on went her old brown hat. With a whirl of skirts and with the brilliant sparkle still in her eyes, she fluttered out the door and down the stairs to the street.

Where she stopped the sign read: "Mme. Sofronie. Hair Goods of All Kinds." One flight up Della ran, and collected herself, panting. Madame, large, too white, chilly, hardly looked the "Sofronie."

"Will you buy my hair?" asked Della.

"I buy hair," said Madame. "Take yer hat off and let's have a sight at the looks of it."

Down rippled the brown cascade.

"Twenty dollars," said Madame, lifting the mass with a practiced hand.

"Give it to me quick," said Della.

Oh, and the next two hours tripped by on rosy wings. Forget the hashed metaphor. She was ransacking the stores for Jim's present.

She found it at last. It surely had been made for Jim and no one else. There was no other like it in any of the stores, and she had turned all of them inside out. It was a platinum fob chain, simple and chaste in design, properly proclaiming its value by substance alone and not by meretricious ornamentation—as all good things should do. It was even worthy of The Watch. As soon as she saw it she knew that it must be Jim's. It was like him.

Quietness and value—the description applied to both. Twenty-one dollars they took from her for it, and she hurried home with the 87 cents. With that chain on his watch Jim might be properly anxious about the time in any company. Grand as the watch was, he sometimes looked at it on the sly on account of the old leather strap he used in place of a chain.

When Della reached home her intoxication gave way a little to prudence and reason. She got out her curling irons and lighted the gas and went to work repairing the ravages made by generosity added to love. Which is always a tremendous task, dear friends—a mammoth task.

Within forty minutes her head was covered with tiny, close-lying curls that made her look wonderfully like a truant schoolboy. She looked at her reflection in the mirror, long, carefully, and critically.

"If Jim doesn't kill me," she said to herself, "before he takes a second look at me, he'll say I look like a Coney Island chorus girl. But what could I do—oh! what could I do with a dollar and eighty-seven cents?"

At 7 o'clock the coffee was made and the frying-pan was on the back of the stove hot and ready to cook the chops.

Jim was never late. Della doubled the fob chain in her hand and sat on the corner of the table near the door that he always entered. Then she heard his step on the stair away down on the first flight, and she turned white for just a moment. She had a habit of saying little silent prayers about the simplest everyday things, and now she whispered: "Please, God, make him think I am still pretty."

The door opened and Jim stepped in and closed it. He looked thin and very serious. Poor fellow, he was only twenty-two—and to be burdened with a family! He needed a new overcoat and he was without gloves.

Jim stopped inside the door, as immovable as a setter at the scent of quail. His eyes were fixed upon Della, and there was an expression in them that she could not read, and it terrified her. It was not anger, nor surprise, nor disapproval, nor horror, nor any of the sentiments that she had been prepared for. He simply stared at her fixedly with that peculiar expression on his face.

Della wriggled off the table and went for him.

"Jim, darling," she cried, "don't look at me that way. I had my hair cut off and sold it because I couldn't live through Christmas without giving you a present. It'll grow out again—you won't mind, will you? I just had to do it. My hair grows awfully fast. Say 'Merry Christmas,' Jim, and let's be happy. You don't know what a nice—what a beautiful, nice gift I've got for you."

"You've cut off your hair?" asked Jim laboriously, as if he had not arrived at that patent fact yet, even after the hardest mental labour.

"Cut it off and sold it," said Della. "Don't you like me just as well, anyhow? I'm me without my hair, ain't I?"

Jim looked about the room curiously.

"You say your hair is gone?" he said, with an air almost of idiocy.

"You needn't look for it," said Della. "It's sold, I tell you—sold and gone, too. It's Christmas Eve, boy. Be good to me, for it went for you. Maybe the hairs of my head were numbered," she went on with a sudden serious sweetness, "but nobody could ever count my love for you. Shall I put the chops on, Jim?"

Out of his trance Jim seemed quickly to wake. He enfolded his Della. For ten seconds let us regard with discreet scrutiny some inconsequential object in the other direction. Eight dollars a week or a million a year—what is the difference? A mathematician or a wit would give

you the wrong answer. The magi brought valuable gifts, but that was not among them. This dark assertion will be illuminated later on.

Jim drew a package from his overcoat pocket and threw it upon the table.

"Don't make any mistake, Dell," he said, "about me. I don't think there is anything in the way of a haircut or a shave or a shampoo that could make me like my girl any less. But if you 'll unwrap that package you may see why you had me going a while at first."

White fingers and nimble tore at the string and paper. And then an ecstatic scream of joy; and then, alas! a quick feminine change to hysterical tears and wails, necessitating the immediate employment of all the comforting powers of the lord of the flat.

For there lay The Combs—the set of combs, side and back, that Della had worshipped for long in a Broadway window. Beautiful combs, pure tortoise shell, with jewelled rims—just the shade to wear in the beautiful vanished hair. They were expensive combs, she knew, and her heart had simply craved and yearned over them without the least hope of possession. And now, they were hers, but the tresses that should have adorned the coveted adornments were gone.

But she hugged them to her bosom, and at length she was able to look up with dim eyes and a smile and say: "My hair grows so fast, Jim!"

And then Della leaped up like a little singed cat and cried, "Oh, oh!"

Jim had not yet seen his beautiful present. She held it out to him eagerly upon her open palm. The dull precious metal seemed to flash with a reflection of her bright and ardent spirit.

"Isn't it a dandy, Jim? I hunted all over town to find

it. You 'll have to look at the time a hundred times a day now. Give me your watch. I want to see how it looks on it."

Instead of obeying, Jim tumbled down on the couch and put his hands under the back of his head and smiled.

"Dell," said he, "let 's put our Christmas presents away and keep 'em a while. They 're too nice to use just at present. I sold the watch to get the money to buy your combs. And now suppose you put the chops on."

The magi, as you know, were wise men—wonderfully wise men—who brought gifts to the Babe in the manger. They invented the art of giving Christmas presents. Being wise, their gifts were no doubt wise ones, possibly bearing the privilege of exchange in case of duplication. And here I have lamely related to you the uneventful chronicle of two foolish children in a flat who most unwisely sacrificed for each other the greatest treasures of their house. But in a last word to the wise of these days let it be said that of all who give gifts these two were the wisest. Of all who give and receive gifts, such as they are wisest. Everywhere they are the wisest. They are the magi.

A CHAPARRAL PRINCE

Nine o'clock at last, and the drudging toil of the day was ended. Lena climbed to her room in the third half-story of the Quarrymen's Hotel. Since daylight she had slaved, doing the work of a full-grown woman, scrubbing the floors, washing the heavy ironstone plates and cups, making the beds, and supplying the insatiate demands for wood and water in that turbulent and depressing hostelry.

The din of the day's quarrying was over—the blasting

and drilling, the creaking of the great cranes, the shouts of the foremen, the backing and shifting of the flat-cars hauling the heavy blocks of limestone. Down in the hotel office three or four of the labourers were growling and swearing over a belated game of checkers. Heavy odours of stewed meat, hot grease, and cheap coffee hung like a depressing fog about the house.

Lena lit the stump of a candle and sat limply upon her wooden chair. She was eleven years old, thin and ill-nourished. Her back and limbs were sore and aching. But the ache in her heart made the biggest trouble. The last straw had been added to the burden upon her small shoulders. They had taken away Grimm. Always at night, however tired she might be, she had turned to Grimm for comfort and hope. Each time had Grimm whispered to her that the prince or the fairy would come and deliver her out of the wicked enchantment. Every night she had taken fresh courage and strength from Grimm.

To whatever tale she read she found an analogy in her own condition. The woodcutter's lost child, the unhappy goose girl, the persecuted stepdaughter, the little maiden imprisoned in the witch's hut—all these were but transparent disguises for Lena, the overworked kitchenmaid in the Quarrymen's Hotel. And always when the extremity was direst came the good fairy or the gallant prince to the rescue.

So, here in the ogre's castle, enslaved by a wicked spell, Lena had leaned upon Grimm and waited, longing for the powers of goodness to prevail. But on the day before Mrs. Maloney had found the book in her room and had carried it away, declaring sharply it would not do for servants to read at night; they lost sleep and did not work briskly the next day. Can one only eleven years old, living away from one's mamma, and never having any time

to play, live entirely deprived of Grimm? Just try it once, and you will see what a difficult thing it is.

Lena's home was in Texas, away up among the little mountains on the Pedernales River, in a little town called Fredericksburg. They are all German people who live in Fredericksburg. Of evenings they sit at little tables along the sidewalk and drink beer and play pinochle and scat. They are very thrifty people.

Thriftiest among them was Peter Hildesmuller, Lena's father. And that is why Lena was sent to work in the hotel at the quarries, thirty miles away. She earned three dollars every week there, and Peter added her wages to his well-guarded store. Peter had an ambition to become as rich as his neighbour, Hugo Heffelbauer, who smoked a meerschaum pipe three feet long and had wiener schnitzel and hasenpfeffer for dinner every day in the week. And now Lena was quite old enough to work and assist in the accumulation of riches. But conjecture, if you can, what it means to be sentenced at eleven years of age from a home in the pleasant little Rhine village to hard labour in the ogre's castle, where you must fly to serve the ogres, while they devour cattle and sheep, growling fiercely as they stamp white limestone dust from their great shoes for you to sweep and scour with your weak, aching fingers. And then—to have Grimm taken away from you!

Lena raised the lid of an old empty case that had once contained canned corn and got out a sheet of paper and a piece of pencil. She was going to write a letter to her mamma. Tommy Ryan was going to post it for her at Ballinger's. Tommy was seventeen, worked in the quarries, went home to Ballinger's every night, and was now waiting in the shadows under Lena's window for her to throw the letter out to him. That was the only way

she could send a letter to Fredericksburg. Mrs. Maloney did not like for her to write letters.

The stump of candle was burning low, so Lena hastily bit the wood from around the lead of her pencil and began. This is the letter she wrote:

"DEAREST MAMMA:—I want so much to see you. And Gretel and Claus and Heinrich and little Adolf. I am so tired. I want to see you. To-day I was slapped by Mrs. Maloney and had no supper. I could not bring in enough wood, for my hand hurt. She took my book yesterday. I mean 'Grimms's Fairy Tales,' which Uncle Leo gave me. It did not hurt any one for me to read the book. I try to work as well as I can, but there is so much to do. I read only a little bit every night. Dear mamma, I shall tell you what I am going to do. Unless you send for me to-morrow to bring me home I shall go to a deep place I know in the river and drown. It is wicked to drown, I suppose, but I wanted to see you, and there is no one else. I am very tired, and Tommy is waiting for the letter. You will excuse me, mamma, if I do it.

"Your respectful and loving daughter,

"LENA."

Tommy was still waiting faithfully when the letter was concluded, and when Lena dropped it out she saw him pick it up and start up the steep hillside. Without undressing, she blew out the candle and curled herself upon the mattress on the floor.

At 10:30 o'clock old man Ballinger came out of his house in his stocking feet and leaned over the gate, smoking his pipe. He looked down the big road, white in the moonshine, and rubbed one ankle with the toe of his other foot. It was time for the Fredericksburg mail to come pattering up the road.

Old man Ballinger had waited only a few minutes when he heard the lively hoofbeats of Fritz's team of little black mules, and very soon afterward his covered spring wagon stood in front of the gate. Fritz's big spectacles flashed

in the moonlight and his tremendous voice shouted a greeting to the postmaster of Ballinger's. The mail-carrier jumped out and took the bridles from the mules, for he always fed them oats at Ballinger's.

While the mules were eating from their feed bags, old man Ballinger brought out the mail sack and threw it into the wagon.

Fritz Bergmann was a man of three sentiments—or to be more accurate—four, the pair of mules deserving to be reckoned individually. Those mules were the chief interest and joy of his existence. Next came the Emperor of Germany and Lena Hildesmuller.

"Tell me," said Fritz, when he was ready to start, "contains the sack a letter to Frau Hildesmuller from the little Lena at the quarries? One came in the last mail to say that she is a little sick, already. Her mamma is very anxious to hear again."

"Yes," said old man Ballinger, "thar's a letter for Mrs. Helterskelter, or some sich name. Tommy Ryan brung it over when he come. Her little gal workin' over thar, you say?"

"In the hotel," shouted Fritz, as he gathered up the lines; "eleven years old and not bigger as a frankfurter. The close-fist of a Peter Hildesmuller!—some day shall I with a big club pound that man's dummkopf—all in and out the town. Perhaps in this letter Lena will say that she is yet feeling better. So, her mamma will be glad. *Auf wiedersehen*, Herr Ballinger—your feets will take cold out in the night air."

"So long, Fritzy," said old man Ballinger. "You got a nice cool night for your drive."

Up the road went the little black mules at their steady trot, while Fritz thundered at them occasional words of endearment and cheer.

These fancies occupied the mind of the mail-carrier until he reached the big post oak forest, eight miles from Ballinger's. Here his ruminations were scattered by the sudden flash and report of pistols and a whooping as if from a whole tribe of Indians. A band of galloping centaurs closed in around the mail wagon. One of them leaned over the front wheel, covered the driver with his revolver, and ordered him to stop. Others caught at the bridles of Donder and Blitzen.

"Donnerwetter!" shouted Fritz, with all his tremendous voice—"was ist? Release your hands from dose mules. Ve vas der United States mail!"

"Hurry up, Dutch!" drawled a melancholy voice. "Don't you know when you're in a stick-up? Reverse your mules and climb out of the cart."

It is due to the breadth of Hondo Bill's demerit and the largeness of his achievements to state that the holding up of the Fredericksburg mail was not perpetrated by way of an exploit. As the lion while in the pursuit of prey commensurate to his prowess might set a frivolous foot upon a casual rabbit in his path, so Hondo Bill and his gang had swooped sportively upon the pacific transport of Meinherr Fritz.

The real work of their sinister night ride was over. Fritz and his mail bag and his mules came as a gentle relaxation, grateful after the arduous duties of their profession. Twenty miles to the southeast stood a train with a killed engine, hysterical passengers and a looted express and mail car. That represented the serious occupation of Hondo Bill and his gang. With a fairly rich prize of currency and silver the robbers were making a wide détour to the west through the less populous country, intending to seek safety in Mexico by means of some fordable spot on the Rio Grande. The booty from the train

had melted the desperate bushrangers to jovial and happy skylarkers.

Trembling with outraged dignity and no little personal apprehension, Fritz climbed out to the road after replacing his suddenly removed spectacles. The band had dismounted and were singing, capering, and whooping, thus expressing their satisfied delight in the life of a jolly outlaw. Rattlesnake Rogers, who stood at the heads of the mules, jerked a little too vigorously at the rein of the tender-mouthed Donder, who reared and emitted a loud, protesting snort of pain. Instantly Fritz, with a scream of anger, flew at the bulky Rogers and began to assiduously pommel that surprised freebooter with his fists.

"Villain!" shouted Fritz, "dog, bigstiff! Dot mule he has a soreness by his mouth. I vill knock off your shoulders mit your head—robbermans!"

"Yi-yi!" howled Rattlesnake, roaring with laughter and ducking his head, "somebody git this here sauerkrout off'n me!"

One of the band yanked Fritz back by the coat-tail, and the woods rang with Rattlesnake's vociferous comments.

"The . . . little wienerwurst," he yelled, amiably. "He's not so much of a skunk, for a Dutchman. Took up for his animile plum quick, didn't he? I like to see a man like his hoss, even if it is a mule. The dad-blamed little Limburger, he went for me, didn't he! Whoa, now, muley—I ain't a-goin' to hurt your mouth agin any more."

Perhaps the mail would not have been tampered with had not Ben Moody, the lieutenant, possessed certain wisdom that seemed to promise more spoils.

"Say, Cap," he said, addressing Hondo Bill, "there's liable to be good pickings in these mail sacks. I've done some hoss tradin' with these Dutchmen around Fredericksburg, and I know the style of the varmints. There's big

money goes through the mails to that town. Them Dutch risk a thousand dollars sent wrapped in a piece of paper before they'd pay the banks to handle the money."

Hondo Bill, six feet two, gentle of voice and impulsive in action, was dragging the sacks from the rear of the wagon before Moody had finished his speech. A knife shone in his hand, and they heard the ripping sound as it bit through the tough canvas. The outlaws crowded around and began tearing open letters and packages, enlivening their labours by swearing affably at the writers, who seemed to have conspired to confute the prediction of Ben Moody. Not a dollar was found in the Fredericksburg mail.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said Hondo Bill, to the mail-carrier in solemn tones, "to be packing around such a lot of old, trashy paper as this. What d'you mean by it, anyhow? Where do you Dutchers keep your money at?"

The Ballinger mail sack opened like a cocoon under Hondo's knife. It contained but a handful of mail. Fritz had been fuming with terror and excitement until this sack was reached. He now remembered Lena's letter. He addressed the leader of the band, asking that that particular missive be spared.

"Much obliged, Dutch," he said to the disturbed carrier. "I guess that's the letter we want. Got spondulicks in it, ain't it? Here she is. Make a light, boys."

Hondo found and tore open the letter to Mrs. Hildesmuller. The others stood about, lighting twisted-up letters one from another. Hondo gazed with mute disapproval at the single sheet of paper covered with the angular German script.

"Whatever is this you've humbugged us with, Dutchy? You call this here a valuable letter? That's a mighty

low-down trick to play on your friends what come along to help you distribute your mail."

"That's Chiny writin,'" said Sandy Grundy, peering over Hondo's shoulder.

"You're off your kazip," declared another of the gang, an effective youth, covered with silk handkerchiefs and nickel plating. "That's shorthand. I seen 'em do it once in court."

"Ach, no, no, no—dot is German," said Fritz. "It is no more as a little girl writing a letter to her mamma. One poor little girl, sick and vorking hard avay from home. Ach! it is a shame. Good Mr. Robberman, you vill please let me have dot letter?"

"What the devil do you take us for, old Pretzels?" said Hondo with sudden and surprising severity. "You ain't presumin' to insinuate that we gents ain't possessed of sufficient politeness for to take an interest in the miss's health, are you? Now, you go on, and you read that scratchin' out loud and in plain United States language to this here company of educated society."

Hondo twirled his six-shooter by its trigger guard and stood towering above the little German, who at once began to read the letter, translating the simple words into English. The gang of rovers stood in absolute silence, listening intently.

"How old is that kid?" asked Hondo when the letter was done.

"Eleven," said Fritz.

"And where is she at?"

"At dose rock quarries—working. Ach, mein Gott—little Lena, she speak of drowning. I do not know if she vill do it, but if she shall I schwear I vill dot Peter Hildesmuller shoot mit a gun."

"You Dutchers," said Hondo Bill, his voice swelling

with fine contempt, "make me plenty tired. Hirin' out your kids to work when they ought to be playin' dolls in the sand. . . . I reckon we'll fix your clock for a while just to show what we think of your old cheesy nation. Here, boys!"

Hondo Bill parleyed aside briefly with his band, and then they seized Fritz and conveyed him off the road to one side. Here they bound him fast to a tree with a couple of lariats. His team they tied to another tree near by.

"We ain't going to hurt you bad," said Hondo reassuringly. "'Twon't hurt you to be tied up for a while. We will now pass you the time of day, as it is up to us to depart. Ausgespielt—nixcumrous, Dutchy. Don't get any more impatience."

Fritz heard a great squeaking of saddles as the men mounted their horses. Then a loud yell and a great clatter of hoofs as they galloped pell-mell back along the Fredericksburg road.

For more than two hours Fritz sat against his tree, tightly but not painfully bound. Then from the reaction after his exciting adventure he sank into slumber. How long he slept he knew not, but he was at last awakened by a rough shake. Hands were untying his ropes. He was lifted to his feet, dazed, confused in mind, and weary of body. Rubbing his eyes, he looked and saw that he was again in the midst of the same band of terrible bandits. They shoved him up to the seat of his wagon and placed the lines in his hands.

"Hit it out for home, Dutch," said Hondo Bill's voice commandingly. "You've given us lots of trouble and we're pleased to see the back of your neck. Spiel! Zwei bier! Vamoose!"

Hondo reached out and gave Blitzen a smart cut with his quirt. The little mules sprang ahead, glad to be

moving again. Fritz urged them along, himself dizzy and muddled over his fearful adventure.

According to schedule time, he should have reached Fredericksburg at daylight. As it was, he drove down the long street of the town at eleven o'clock A.M. He had to pass Peter Hildesmuller's house on his way to the post-office. He stopped his team at the gate and called. But Frau Hildesmuller was watching for him. Out rushed the whole family of Hildesmullers.

Frau Hildesmuller, fat and flushed, inquired if he had a letter from Lena, and then Fritz raised his voice and told the tale of his adventure. He told the contents of the letter that the robber had made him read, and then Frau Hildesmuller broke into wild weeping. Her little Lena drown herself! Why had they sent her from home? What could be done? Perhaps it would be too late by the time they could send for her now. Peter Hildesmuller dropped his meerschaum on the walk and it shivered into pieces.

"Woman!" he roared at his wife, "why did you let that child go away? It is your fault if she comes home to us no more."

Every one knew that it was Peter Hildesmuller's fault, so they paid no attention to his words.

A moment afterward a strange, faint voice was heard to call: "Mamma!" Frau Hildesmuller at first thought it was Lena's spirit calling, and then she rushed to the rear of Fritz's covered wagon, and, with a loud shriek of joy, caught up Lena herself, covering her pale little face with kisses and smothering her with hugs. Lena's eyes were heavy with the deep slumber of exhaustion, but she smiled and lay close to the one she had longed to see. There among the mail sacks, covered in a nest of strange blankets and comforters, she had lain asleep until awakened by the voices around her.

Fritz stared at her with eyes that bulged behind his spectacles.

"Gott in Himmel!" he shouted. "How did you get in that wagon? Am I going crazy as well as to be murdered and hanged by robbers this day?"

"You brought her to us, Fritz," cried Herr Hildesmuller. "How can we ever thank you enough?"

"Tell mamma how you came in Fritz's wagon," said Frau Hildesmuller.

"I don't know," said Lena. "But I know how I got away from the hotel. The Prince brought me."

"By the Emperor's crown!" shouted Fritz, "we are all going crazy."

"I always knew he would come," said Lena, sitting down on her bundle of bedclothes on the sidewalk. "Last night he came with his armed knights and captured the ogre's castle. They broke the dishes and kicked down the doors. They pitched Mr. Maloney into a barrel of rain water and threw flour all over Mrs. Maloney. The workmen in the hotel jumped out of the windows and ran into the woods when the knights began firing their guns. They wakened me up and I peeped down the stair. And then the Prince came up and wrapped me in the bedclothes and carried me out. He was so tall and strong and fine. His face was as rough as a scrubbing brush, and he talked soft and kind and smelled of schnapps. He took me on his horse before him and we rode away among the knights. He held me close and I went to sleep that way, and didn't wake up till I got home."

"Rubbish!" cried Fritz Bergmann. "Fairy tales! How did you come from the quarries to my wagon?"

"The Prince brought me," said Lena, confidently.

And to this day the good people of Fredericksburg haven't been able to make her give any other explanation.

HILTON ROSS GREER

Hilton Ross Greer was born in the little hamlet of Hawkins, in the heart of the northeast Texas woods, on December 10, 1878. He was left fatherless in infancy, and his mother removed with her family to Pittsburg, Texas, where the boy spent the formative period of his life. Reared under the tutelage of his mother, a teacher of rare mental attainments and moral strength, he entered the schoolroom at the early age of four years. He finished the school course at the age of thirteen, graduating as the youngest in his class. Young Greer was at once forced into the commercial life of his home town, but after a few years he entered the field of journalism and is now managing editor of the Amarillo *News*. For a time Mr. Greer, like O. Henry, was employed as a clerk in the State Land Office at Austin, and at this period he took up some special work in the University of Texas. His health began to fail, however, and he went away into the southwest Texas country for rest and recuperation, but soon returned to active newspaper work. During all these years he has followed consistently his bent toward poetry, writing lyric and narrative poems that have called forth cordial commendation from reviewers in this country and abroad.

The chief characteristics of Mr. Greer's verse are its lyrical sweetness and rich melody. He sings with a spontaneity and rush of feeling which beget confidence and answering melody in the hearts of his readers. His ear for true cadences and musical combinations is very keen, and he rarely allows a false note or discord to creep into his verses. In onomatapœia and alliterative effects he reminds one of Poe, and in quaintness of diction and turn of phrase he is constantly suggesting Lanier.

A PRAIRIE PRAYER

And this prayer I make
Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her.—WORDSWORTH.

Not crouched, a-cloistered, upon servile knee,
With dull, down-groping eyes—
But (no less reverently)
Standing, beneath Thy searching noonday skies,
With gaze uplifted, and with soul laid bare
To the keen cleansing of Thy sun and air,
I, Lord, with free,
Full, frank, unfaltering tongue would speak with Thee:
Worn with the world, with man-made wounds a-smart,
That I might heal my heart,
To these wide prairie solitudes I fled,
Where—with no roof save Heaven overhead,
Green Earth my house by day, by night my bed--
I might ungyve my soul, too long unfree,
And with clear eye that did but dimly see
Through the Time's trade-fogged, creed-clogged airs,
Roving fair Nature's face, not unawares
Might look on Thine, O Lord, nor blinded be:
And with tense ear might heed 'neath Nature's tone
The deepmost underword that is Thine own.

And I have heard and seen Thee. Earth and sky
Close confidants of spirit-ear and eye,
Noon-clear to me
Have voiced and visioned Thee most humanly.

Yea, e'en the least of slenderest spears that stir
Sunward finds tongue as Thine interpreter:
Blue blossom-script that stars the page I scan,
In fragrant phrase proclaims *God loveth Man;*
And outward, lo!
Beyond all bounds the finite thought may span,
Sweep these vast plains, a seeming sea that rounds
And rounds—on—on—in undulations dim
Toward Earth's last, loneliest, utmost, edgemost rim!
Yet this wide, awful sea hath certain bounds—
Thy will hath fixed, Thy hand hath set them so:
Only Thy love, I know,
For Thy poor, needy kinsman, cramped below,
Thy pity for his poignant soul-distress,
Thy largeness, shaming all his littleness,
Are what these prairies *seem*, unbounded, limitless!

This have Thy prairies taught. And ere I go
Back to my world to bear a braver part,
Let me ensky them ever with my heart!
Nay, Lord, refashion me, reshape me so,
My soul, new-made, shall be
A prairie, broad and free,
With sun-warmed space for all humanity:
Let winds of Purpose sweep it clean each morn
Of ills outworn and doubtings shadow-born:
Let Faith spring lushly after storms of pain,
As grasses after rain:
Let selfless aim and generous intent
Burst into blossom, rich and redolent:
Let thoughts, like teeming flocks, find large increase,
Full-rounded grow, and strong,
That from their goodly fleece
The honest weaver, Art,

May shape some rare enduring cloth of song,
To cloak keen winter from one shrinking heart:
And lastly, let such deep serenity
As this rapt peace of noonday fold it in
Throughout all times of tumult that may be:
Yea, make my soul a prairie, Lord. Amen.

A MOCKBIRD MATINÉE

Ever spend an afternoon
Of a day in jocund June
At a mockbird matinée?
Never? Honest? Well-a-day!
Where've you lived, sir, anyway?

There's no hint of trade or town
In the path one loiters down;
Not a thought of shops or desks
Where the sun weaves arabesques,
Fragile-fair and fairy-hued,
In the wood's still solitude;
Not a thing but God's pure air,
Shine and shadow everywhere!

Pick yourself a mossy seat
In some dim and cool retreat,
And with sighs of deep content,
Settle down, all indolent,
With your head against the trunk
Of some hoary forest monk:
Bare your forehead while the breeze
Plies its gentle ministries:

Close your eyes in rapture deep,
Feel yourself grow sleepy—sleep—
Then, a-sudden—hist! a stir
From some hidden chorister,
As along a branching spray
Where the sunbeams plash and play
Fares he forth in modest coat,
Flinging from his throbbing throat
Clear cascades of tinkling song,
Silver-sweet and subtle-strong:
Strains of soul-compelling sound,
Streams of symphony unbound:
Lures of lyric riotry,
Miracles of melody,
Soft at times, and sweet and low
As the slow and measured flow
Of some placid river-tide
Through warm meadows, lush and wide:
Or some breast aflame, afire,
Wild with passion, hot desire,
High and high and high and higher,
Leap the frantic notes until
Fen and forest, haunt and hill,
Pulse and pant and throb and thrill,
Overawed and overcome
By the keen delirium!

Then, as if such riotings
Had consumed symphonic springs,
For a solemn space—a hush!
But once more a rhythmic gush,
Flashing downward, fleet and free,
Mad with mirthful minstrelsy:
Ravishing the raptured ear

With a cadence crystal-clear
As the laugh of limpid rain
In autumnal fields of grain:
Stilling spirit-strife and stress
With a rune of restfulness:
Purging blood and breast and brain
Of their poignant pangs of pain:
Rousing noble aims and true
In the slumbrous soul of you!

WILLIAM LAWRENCE CHITTENDEN

William Lawrence Chittenden, the poet-ranchman, was born in Montclair, New Jersey, March 23, 1862. After receiving a common-school education in his native town he removed to St. Louis, Missouri, to go into business. When he was twenty-five the fascination of ranch life led him to give up his work in the city and go farther west. He took charge of a ranch in Jones County, Texas, and here for more than a dozen years he lived the life of a "cowman," galloping over the free prairies, following the trail, camping on the Divide, helping at the roundups, and attending the cowboys' Christmas balls. But all this time he was writing verses, "the offsprings," as he says, "of solitude—born in idle hours on a Texas ranch." These were published in various newspapers and journals, and in 1893 he gathered the best of them into a volume called *Ranch Verses*. The vigor and freshness of material and the lively and rollicking style of the verse attracted favorable notice; and the public read the poems with evident relish and pleasure, no less than twelve editions being called for within as many years.

Mr. Chittenden has written society verse, personal poems, and some lyrics, but in his portrayal of Western ranch life lies his surest claim to literary fame. John A. Lomax in an essay on his work says: "He has caught the genuine spirit of the prairies as reflected in the lowing cattle; the hooting owls; the howling cayotes; the whispering mesquite leaves; the moaning northers; the dull, brown, broad expanse of the wide-spread, eternal plains, dreary and big with the loneliness of the open sea."

Since 1900 Mr. Chittenden has spent his time traveling in search of new material and fresh local color for the poetry which he is continually producing. In 1909 he published a volume, *Bermuda Verses*, voicing the beauties of the scenery around his home near Bailey's Bay on the Bermuda Islands.

THE RANCHMAN'S RIDE

Hurrah for a ride on the prairies free,
On a fiery, untamed steed,
Where the curlews fly and the cayotes cry,
And the fragrant breeze goes whispering by;
Hurrah! and away with speed.

With left hand light on the bridle-rein,
And saddle-girths cinched behind,
With lariat tied at the pommel's side,
And lusty bronchos, true and tried,
We'll race with the whistling wind.

We are off and away, like a flash of light
As swift as the shooting star,
As an arrow flies towards its distant prize,
On! on we whirl toward the shimmering skies;
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

As free as a bird o'er billowy sea,
We skim the flowered Divide,
Like a seamew strong we fly along,
While the earth resounds with galloping song
As we plunge through the fragrant tide.

Avaunt with your rides in crowded towns!
Give me the prairies free,
Where the curlews fly and the cayotes cry,
And the heart expands 'neath the azure sky;
Ah! that's the ride for me.

OLD FORT PHANTOM HILL

(An abandoned fort in Jones County, Texas. Supposed to be haunted.)

TO THE VETERANS OF THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

On the breezy Texas border, on the prairies far away,
Where the antelope is grazing and the Spanish ponies play;
Where the tawny cattle wander through the golden incensed hours,
And the sunlight woos a landscape clothed in royal robes of flowers;
Where the Elm and Clear Fork mingle, as they journey to the sea,
And the night-wind sobs sad stories o'er a wild and lonely lea;
Where of old the dusky savage and the shaggy bison trod,
And the reverent plains are sleeping 'midst drowsy dreams of God;
Where the twilight loves to linger, e'er night's sable robes are cast
'Round grim-ruined, spectral chimneys, telling stories of the past,
There upon an airy mesa, close beside a whispering rill,
There to-day you 'll find the ruins of the Old Fort Phantom Hill.

Years ago, so runs the legend, 'bout the year of Fifty-three,
This old fort was first established by the gallant soldier, Lee;
And to-day the restless spirits of his proud and martial band

Haunt those ghostly, gloomy chimneys in the Texas border land.
There once every year at midnight, when the chilling Northers roar,
And the storm-king breathes its thunder from the heights of Labrador,
When the vaulted gloom re-echoes with the owl's "whit-tu-woo!"
And the stealthy cayote answers with his lonely, long "ki-oo!"
Then strange phantoms flit in silence through the weeping mesquite vale,
And the reveilles come sounding o'er the old McKenzie Trail,
Then the muffled drums beat muster, and the bugles sadly trill,
And the vanished soldiers gather 'round the heights of Phantom Hill.

Then pale bivouac fires are lighted and those gloomy chimneys glow,
While the grizzled veterans muster from the taps of long ago,
Lee and Johnston and McKenzie, Grant and Jackson, Custer, too,
Gather there in peaceful silence waiting for their iast review;
Blue and gray at length united on the high redoubts of fame,
Soldiers all in one grand army, that will answer in God's name.
Yes, they rest on heights of glory in that fair, celestial world,
"Where the war-drum throbs no longer, and the battle-flags are furled."

And to-day the birds are singing where was heard the
cannon's roar,
For the gentle doves are nesting 'midst those ruins of the
war.
Yes, the mocking-birds re-echo: "Peace on earth, to men as
good will,"
And the "swords are turned to ploughshares" in the
land of Phantom Hill.

HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS

One of the most popular of the later writers of fiction in the South is Harry Stillwell Edwards of Macon, Georgia. He was born in that city on April 3, 1855. Thrown on his own resources at an early age, he educated himself largely by night study while employed as a government clerk in Washington, D. C. He returned to Macon while yet in his teens and became a bookkeeper. He continued his night study and put in a part of his time at Mercer University, being graduated at the age of twenty-one from the law department of that university. He opened an office, but he seems to have been more interested in literature than in his law practice, and for several years he engaged in newspaper work. In 1886 he began writing stories for the magazines, his first successful effort being *Elder Brown's Backslide*, published in *Harper's Monthly*. In 1896 his mystery story, *Sons and Fathers*, won the first prize in a ten-thousand-dollar prize-story contest conducted by the Chicago *Record*. He published another novel shortly after this, continuing a suggestion made in *Sons and Fathers*, and called it *The Marbeau Cousins*. Two volumes of collected short stories and a small sheaf of lyric poems complete the sum of Mr. Edwards's published work. Much of his prose has in it that touch of art which gives it rank as literature.

Aside from Mr. Edwards's literary work, his family and his home—a beautiful country place just outside Macon—are the chief joys of his life. He is especially fond of children, and it is said that every child in Macon knows him. Since 1900 he has been postmaster of Macon; but his leisure moments are devoted to writing, and we may yet look forward to many excellent stories and poems from his pen.

"SHADOW"

A Christmas Story

A negro convict, awake, lay on his back in the log barracks. Wearied forms stretched out in slumber in long lines to the right and left of him. A chain ran from his shackles, as from theirs, to a stout beam, holding him prisoner.

He was only a boy when the shackles were riveted on his ankles, his crime an error born of ignorance and the lack of moral training. Six years had passed since, dazed and terrified, he had been led from the courthouse, and at twenty he still owed the State of Alabama fourteen years of servitude. Life for him had been fierce and full of agony. Down in the black darkness of coal-mines he had labored until accident made him useless and gave him back to daylight and the great green world above. Life then settled into the dull routine of the camp and a hostler's duties, the darkness behind him a nightmare, the days of his lost freedom a dream. The freedom to come was too far away for his imagination to compass.

From the right and left of him came the deep breathing of tired men. Sleep with the convict is rest in the full and perfect significance of the word, and he plunges into it after his coarse evening meal as into a tide. That which kept the boy awake was necessarily something novel. It was not pain Had he not felt the lash and the crush of falling coal? Nor sorrow; for behind him, among the far-away Georgian hills, was a cabin about which as a child he had played, as all children play, and the sad, undying memory of it shut out all other sorrows. Nor was it a

mere yearning for freedom; that had long since given place to a dull, unlifting despair. All these—sorrow, pain, and despair—had been the companions of his solitude in many a night of gloom, keeping watch as he slept. The strange new companion of his solitude, from whose divine presence this night all others withdrew, was Hope. As he lay, the darkness fell away beyond the radiance of his visitor, and three faces shone out as clearly as the white cloudlets in the blue of summer skies. Sunshine, Moonbeam, and Starlight stood by his side.

Sunshine, Moonbeam, and Starlight! When all the branches and departments of the State government refugeed into the highlands away from the fever and beyond the vexations of quarantine, the convicts came to Wetumpka; and on days when the prison commissioner came to inspect the camp, with him were the three, each less than a dozen years of age. And Sunshine was the youngest of them all.

"Take care of them, Shadow," he said to the hostler convict; and the black boy, with the memory of his "own white folks" far away filling his heart with joy, took care of them proudly and gratefully. Six years had passed since he had looked on childhood. Take care of them? Aye, if necessary, he would lay down his life for them. Instead, he rigged up swings of plow-lines, marked off hop-scotch diagrams for their little feet, and taught them how to ride on the back of a superannuated mule. He filled their hours with excitement and pleasure, and when they wearied of exercise, lying in the shade of a great oak, he touched their hearts with the story of his misfortunes. He drew for them graphic pictures of his terrible life in the coal-mines, of the men who work where eternal darkness reigns, and the accidents in which lives go out like the light of snuffed candles. And, looking over the hills, he

told, too, of that cabin where he was born; of his mammy at the wash-tub, singing hymns that linger now as the voices of dead slaves on old plantations; and of the "little miss" and her child friends who came down to the "big white house" in the summer, and thence to the gin-house to play in the heaped-up cotton. Not a line of it all was gone from his memory, not a picture was blurred.

And Sunshine, Moonbeam, and Starlight, touched by the divine pity which is eloquent in the hearts of women old and young, looked into the sad black face of their friend.

"Good-by, Shadow," they said, when the quarantine was lifted and they had come for the last time. "Good-by. We are going to get you out by Christmas. Only you must promise to be good, always. Will you?" And Shadow, with tears on his cheeks from eyes long dry, pledged himself before the good God looking down on them, his messengers, to be perfect forever and forever.

And the memory of it all filled the darkness with a flood of beauty, as though Sunshine, Moonbeam, and Starlight were indeed by his side. Not for a moment had he doubted them. So Hope furled her wings above him on Christmas Eve, and he lay waiting with wide-opened eyes. Sunshine, Moonbeam, and Starlight, where were they? The floor vibrated under the convict's head, a lantern flashed, and a guard stood over him. One word broke the silence — one word, his own name.

"Shadow!"

It was the day before Christmas, and nothing had been accomplished for Shadow. Freeing a convict was not the trivial matter imagined. The commissioner, besieged and wearied out of discretion, after many laughing refusals referred the little petitioners to the governor. They knew the governor. Almost daily they saw him pass on their

block, and sometimes he laid a hand on a curly head in passing. But he never transacted business outside his office, he said; never. And always he smiled and passed along. They must come and see him, he said. But the governor was never in when they called, timidly; at least he was never in sight. Then their last day of grace arrived, and they charged Capitol Hill once more. Terrace and portico fell quickly before their assault. The historic spot where Jefferson Davis delivered his "inaugural" over the cradle of the great Confederacy, and launched the war which was to end in freedom for all the black people, was simply space to be crossed, and they crossed it. They carried their advance into the governor's room. They came without ceremony; and with the red of their country's flag on their cheeks, its blue within their eager eyes, and within their parted lips its gleaming white, they stormed his great chair, planted their victorious arms about him, and demanded an unconditional surrender.

The governor seemed to yield. They made a transient summer in the still, cold room and awoke a youth that long had slept within his heart—a youth full of romance and of love. Romance, love—are not these born ever under the sunshine, the moonbeams, and the starlight? The governor seemed to yield; he stroked each curly head and learned each name. He remembered when their respective parents were married. He knew more about them than did the little ones themselves. Then the crash came.

"Pardon a convict? No." The man had not surrendered. The smiling face faded into a grave, cold face. The governor they knew had vanished, and a new governor, grave, courteous, and firm, but not nearly so nice, had taken his place.

But in the sunshine the ice is melted at last; and in the moonbeams and the light of the stars love finds a way.

Reason was powerless, refusal impotent. The illogical trinity sat on his knees and the arms of his chair and admitted all that he urged to be true. They agreed with him in his conception of a governor's duty; they even recognized the claims of good public policy to be against them; and when he had finished they put their arms about him and asked mercy for their friend Shadow.

"It would not be so bad," said Sunshine, "if we had n't promised." And the governor laughed.

How potent is innocence, how weak at times is wisdom! Driven from his positions one by one, the beleaguered governor took refuge behind the judicial ermine. Shadow had been placed in prison by the judge. The judge was really the man to be seen. It would never do for the governor arbitrarily to reverse the action of the judge. And then he sighed a great sigh of relief. Why had he not thought of that before?

"Give us a letter to the judge, then," said Sunshine, sturdily. And she handed him his pen, point reversed.

"Good!" said the governor. "Yes; he is the man you should see. Do you know the judge?"

Yes, they knew the judge. Almost daily they saw him pass on their block, and sometimes he, too, laid a hand on their heads in passing. But they had never thought of asking his help in getting Shadow out.

"If the judge says you may let him go," said Sunshine, with a tremulous little note in her voice, "will you do it?"

"Aha!" exclaimed the governor, with apparent irrelevancy. And yet it was pertinent and relevant. It meant, this little "aha" spoken to himself and the thoughts within him, that the logic of the situation had hemmed him in. He must say "Yes" or admit that he had been insincere. Then he remembered that a great murder trial was on, and approaching its close, and that even a telephone

message could hardly make its way into the courthouse, so dense was the crowd.

"Yes," he answered guardedly, "if the judge says I may, I shall have to do something for Shadow. But," he added, pitying their situation, "you cannot see the judge to-day. He is engaged in trying a man for his life, and hopes to get through before Christmas."

The three answered not. Serenely they went forth. A friendly Irishman in a police uniform was at the foot of the steps dreaming day-dreams, perhaps of the "childer" at home. His smiling face was an invitation, and they asked him the way to the courthouse.

"Coourthouse?" he said. "Coourthouse? An' why should the likes of ye babies that ye arre be huntin' for-r the coourthouse?"

"They are trying a man for his life," said Sunshine, getting her logic mixed, "and we have a message to the judge from the governor!" The Irishman glanced at the official envelope and whistled.

"An' is't imporr'nt?" he said.

"It may get a man out of prison," said Sunshine, "if we can get there in time."

"It's get there in time ye will," said the Irishman, "if I have to carry the last darlin' of ye in me arms an' on me head. Come along wid me!"

Every corridor, every foot of courtroom space, was occupied with excited men, and the way was blocked. Over the murmur of their voices rang the voice of the defendant's attorney as he pleaded for his client's life. A whisper ran through the crowd. The Irishman started it. They looked with wonder on the three dainty messengers, and opened a path for them. "Message from the governor?" What could it mean? The tension was at its highest pitch. The sheriff, lifting his hand at the

entrance to the bar, waited until the judge's gavel fell, and repeated the whisper aloud—"a message from the governor, your Honor!"

And up the aisle trudged the children, while a strange silence settled over the great throng; and in open contempt of court, they climbed up to the judge and presented their credentials, all talking while the bewildered official read the message. A smile dawned on his stern face which echoed in silence from the crowd, if such things can be, while he wiped his glasses.

"Suspend for five minutes," he said to the lawyer who had been speaking. The lawyer suspended willingly, and his unchanging gaze fixed on the children, kept the eyes of every juror riveted there. With the children by his side, the judge examined a record handed up by the clerk.

"And did the governor send you to me with the note?" he asked, as he turned the pages.

"Yes, sir," said Sunshine. "And he laughed too."

"Oh, he laughed, did he?" The judge laughed, too. "I see, I see." And then he read from the record, "'twenty years for robbery!' And he was a boy when it occurred!" He shook his head. "Yes, the sentence was too severe—too severe, when his youth is considered." His pen swept across the governor's note a few times, he smiled grimly, a path opened up through the throng, and Sunshine, Moonbeam, and Starlight fading from the scene, left Justice at work in the chill and gloom. The State lost its case when the counsel for the defense resumed with the words: "Children like those, my friends, await their father's home-coming this Christmas eve."

But they knew nothing of this. Thirty minutes after leaving the governor's room they entered stormily, gleefully, and planted their victorious colors over the citadel and its vanquished custodian. He learned their story

in amazement, and looked with comic gravity on their flushed faces.

"The republican form of government is a failure," he said at length. "The infantry has usurped the executive and suspended the judiciary!"

"And may we tell Shadow he is free?" asked Sunshine.

"Yes; let freedom be his Christmas present." The child's eyes swam in softer light.

"Write it down for me, please!" Again she handed him the pen, this time point foremost, the little hand trembling with excitement. And taking his pen, the chief executive wrote this, the strangest, sweetest, gentlest public document that ever issued from Alabama's Capitol:

"DEAR SUNSHINE: I have looked into the case of your friend, Shadow, from Crenshaw County, and am inclined to think that his sentence is too severe. His term is twenty years from September 23, 1893. I have about made up my mind to cut his sentence to less than one third. You can let Shadow know this, and save this letter to show, if needed. He had three mighty nice girls to beg for him, and, you see, I am giving him off more than four years for each girl.

"Your friend,

"THE GOVERNOR."

Late that night Sunshine's father succeeded in getting connection by telephone with Wetumpka, and Shadow was brought into the superintendent's office.

"Do you know who this is, Shadow?" The child's voice annihilated space as it had annihilated opposition.

"Mis' Sunshine!"

"Well, Shadow, the governor says you will be free in the morning, and I am so glad."

Back over the wires came a great voice shouting. It was the wordless expression of a soul whose chains had been broken asunder, and to whom the whole beautiful

world came back as a Christmas gift! Was there ever such a gift! One other sound came to the listening child—the sound of a falling telephone receiver. Sunshine turned away with her eyes full of tears. The city clock rang out clearly through the night upon the first stroke of twelve. Clapping her hands, she cried aloud:

"It is Christmas! Shadow is free!"

THE VULTURE AND HIS SHADOW

All the day long we roam, we roam,
  My shadow fleet and I;
One searches all the land and sea,
  And one the trackless sky;
But when the taint of death ascends
  My airy flight to greet,
As friends around the festal board,
  We meet! we meet! we meet!

Ah! none can read the sign we read,
  No eye can fathom the gales,
No tongue can whisper our secret deed,
  For dead men tell no tales.
The spot on the plains is miles away;
  But our wings are broad and fleet—
The wave-tossed mote in the eye of day
  Is far—but we meet! we meet!

The voice of the battle is haste, oh, haste!
  And down the wind we speed;
The voice of the wreck moans up from the deep,
  And we search the rank sea-weed.

The maiden listens the livelong day
  For the fall of her lover's feet;
She wonders to see us speeding by—
  She would die, if she saw us meet!

L'ENVOI

Sweeping in circles, my shadow and I,
Leaving no mark in the land or sky,
When the double circles are all complete,
At the bedside of death we meet! we meet!

MADISON CAWEIN

In the many-voiced choir of the younger American poets no note has been heard oftener, none has carried farther, and none is sweeter than that of "the Keats of Kentucky," Madison Cawein. He has published no less than twenty-seven volumes of verse,—a vast amount of poetry when we consider his age and his environment,—and his work is well known wherever English is read.

Born in Louisville, Kentucky, on March 23, 1865, he lived for a year at a country place in Oldham County, Kentucky, and then—the family having moved—for nearly three years he attended school and played among the hills and meadows and woodlands of the "Knob" country near New Albany, Indiana. It was here the embryo poet first learned to know and love nature, and it was here he first felt the raptures of poetic inspiration. "If ever children were happy," Mr. Cawein says, "they were happy there. We walked two and a half miles every school day from fall to spring to the New Albany district school; but we enjoyed it. I used to walk along by myself, making up wonderful stories of pirate treasures and adventures, which I could continue, serial-wise, from day to day in my imagination unendingly—dependent upon no publisher."

In 1881 the family returned to Louisville, and here young Cawein attended the city schools. He completed the course at the Male High School, and though he did not realize his ambition of pursuing a full college course, the grade of work which he did at the city high school would entitle him to a bachelor's degree at many of our better junior colleges. While in school he read widely in English literature, both in romantic prose and poetry, and was constantly turning his school exercises and his experiences, both imaginary and real, into verse. He wrote the class poem on his graduation in 1886, and called it, with Coleridge in mind, *The Mariners*. Most of the

verse written by him at this time was in imitation of Scott, Keats, Coleridge, Tennyson, and other favorite poets of his early reading, but even in these juvenile poems there were occasional gleams of originality, poetic fancy, and quaint phrasing, which gave promise of the growing genius of the young poet.

Immediately upon graduation he accepted a clerical position in a not very poetic business managed by his eldest brother, but this did not deter him from further study and reading, both in English and in foreign languages, nor from composing verse. He snatched odd moments from his onerous and confining clerkship to mount his Pegasus, sitting up late at night and rising early in the morning to write. In 1887 he published the best of his productions under the title *Blooms of the Berry.* This book fell under the eye of the eminent critic William Dean Howells, who hailed its writer as a most promising young poet. Others, particularly in the South, were slower to recognize Mr. Cawein's genius, but Mr. Howells continued to praise his work as it appeared in succeeding volumes; and now editors and lovers of poetry everywhere recognize in him a poet of notable gifts.

Mr. Cawein is too cosmopolitan and too much of an artist to be strictly local in his appeal, and some critics have failed to find in his work what they would denominate the distinctly Southern spirit. He is a worshiper of beauty wherever he finds it, in Greek myth, in Scandinavian saga, in medieval lore, in Persian legend, in Arabian tale, but especially and above all in the outdoor world of nature.

He has shown a steady and a virile growth in his poetic art, gradually lopping off his youthful excesses and crudities, and putting more and more of originality, compactness of structure, and force into his work. He is now in the prime of life; and being still devoted heart and soul to the muses, doubtless will achieve yet greater triumphs in his art. But even if he has already given us the best product of his genius, we may be thankful to accept his work as it is and recognize in him a new American poet of distinct and permanent worth.

THE OLD WATER-MILL

Wild ridge on ridge the wooded hills arise,
Between whose breezy vistas gulfs of skies
Pilot great clouds like towering argosies,
And hawk and buzzard breast the azure breeze.
With many a foaming fall and glimmering reach
Of placid murmur, under elm and beech,
The creek goes twinkling through long glows and glooms
Of woodland quiet, poppied with perfumes:
The creek, in whose clear shallows minnow-schools
Glitter or dart; and by whose deeper pools
The blue kingfishers and the herons haunt;
That, often startled from the freckled flaunt
Of blackberry-lilies — where they feed and hide —
Trail a lank flight along the forestside
With eery clangor. Here a sycamore,
Smooth, wave-uprooted, builds from shore to shore
A headlong bridge; and there, a storm-hurled oak
Lays a long dam, where sand and gravel choke
The water's lazy way. Here mistflower blurs
Its bit of heaven; there the oxeye stirs
Its gleaming hues of bronze and gold; and here,
A gray cool stain, like dawn's own atmosphere,
The dim wild-carrot lifts its crumpled crest:
And over all, at slender flight or rest,
The dragon-flies, like coruscating rays
Of lapis-lazuli and chrysoprase,
Drowsily sparkle through the summer days;
And, dewlap-deep, here from the noontide heat
The bell-hung cattle find a cool retreat:

And through the willows girdling the hill,
Now far, now near, borne as the soft winds will,
Comes the low rushing of the water-mill.

Ah, lovely to me from a little child,
How changed the place! wherein once, undefiled,
The glad communion of the sky and stream
Went with me like a presence and a dream.
Where once the brambled meads and orchardlands
Poured ripe abundance down with mellow hands
Of summer; and the birds of field and wood
Called to me in a tongue I understood;
And in the tangles of the old rail-fence
Even the insect tumult had some sense,
And every sound a happy eloquence;
And more to me than wisest books can teach,
The wind and water said; whose words did reach
My soul, addressing their magnificent speech,
Raucous and rushing, from the old mill-wheel,
That made the rolling mill-cogs snore and reel,
Like some old ogre in a fairy-tale
Nodding above his meat and mug of ale.

How memory takes me back the ways that lead—
As when a boy—through woodland and through mead!
To orchards fruited; or to fields in bloom;
Or briary fallows, like a mighty room,
Through which the winds swing censers of perfume,
And where deep blackberries spread miles of fruit;—
A splendid feast, that stayed the ploughboy's foot
When to the tasseling acres of the corn
He drove his team, fresh in the primrose morn;
And from the liberal banquet, nature lent,
Took dewy handfuls as he whistling went.—

A boy once more I stand with sunburnt feet
And watch the harvester sweep down the wheat;
Or laze with warm limbs in the unstacked straw
Near by the thresher, whose insatiate maw
Devours the sheaves, hot drawling out its hum—
Like some great sleepy bee, above a bloom,
Made drunk with honey—while, grown big with grain,
The bulging sacks receive the golden rain.
Again I tread the valley, sweet with hay,
And hear the bob-white calling far away,
Or wood-dove cooing in the elder-brake;
Or see the sassafras bushes madly shake
As swift, a rufous instant, in the glen
The red-fox leaps and gallops to his den;
Or, standing in the violet-colored gloam,
Hear roadways sound with holiday riding home
From church, or fair, or bounteous barbecue,
Which the whole country to some village drew.

How spilled with berries were its summer hills,
And strewn with walnuts were its autumn rills—
And chestnut burs! fruit of the spring's long flowers,
When from their tops the trees seemed streaming showers
Of slender silver, cool, crepuscular,
And like a nebulous radiance shone afar.
And maples! how their sappy hearts would gush
Broad troughs of syrup, when the winter bush
Steamed with the sugar-kettle, day and night,
And all the snow was streaked with firelight.
Then it was glorious! the mill-dam's edge
One slant of frosty crystal, laid a ledge
Of pearl across; above which, sleeted trees
Tossed arms of ice, that, clashing in the breeze,
Tinkled.the ringing creek with icicles,

Thin as the peal of Elfland's Sabbath bells:
A sound that in my city dreams I hear,
That brings before me, under skies that clear,
The old mill in its winter garb of snow,
Its frozen wheel, a great hoar beard below,
And its west windows, two deep eyes aglow.

Ah, ancient mill, still do I picture o'er
Thy cobwebbed stairs and loft and grain-strewn floor;
Thy door,—like some brown, honest hand of toil,
And honorable with labor of the soil,—
Forever open; through which, on his back
The prosperous farmer bears his bursting sack.
And while the miller measures out his toll,
Again I hear, above the cogs' loud roll,—
That makes stout joist and rafter groan and sway,—
The harmless gossip of the passing day:
Good country talk, that tells how so-and-so
Has died or married; how curculio
And codling-moth have ruined half the fruit,
And blight plays mischief with the grapes to boot;
Or what the news from town; next county fair;
How well the crops are looking everywhere:
Now this, now that, on which their interests fix,
Prospects for rain or frost, and politics.
While, all around, the sweet smell of the meal
Filters, warm-pouring from the grinding wheel
Into the bin; beside which, mealy white,
The miller looms, dim in the dusty light.

Again I see the miller's home, between
The crinkling creek and hills of beechen green:
Again the miller greets me, gaunt and brown,
Who oft o'erawed me with his gray-browed frown

And rugged mien: again he tries to reach
My youthful mind with fervid scriptural speech.—
For he, of all the country-side confessed,
The most religious was and happiest;
A Methodist, and one whom faith still led,
No books except the Bible had he read—
At least so seemed it to my younger head.—
All things in earth and heav'n he'd prove by this,
Be it a fact or mere hypothesis;
For to his simple wisdom, reverent,
"The Bible says" was all of argument.—
God keep his soul! his bones were long since laid
Among the sunken gravestones in the shade
Of those black-lichened rocks, that wall around
The family burying-ground with cedars crowned;
Where bristling teasel and the briar combine
With clambering wood-rose and the wild-grape vine
To hide the stone whereon his name and dates
Neglect, with mossy hand, obliterates.

SEASONS

I

I heard the forest's green heart beat
As if it heard the happy feet
Of one who came, like young Desire:
At whose fair coming birds and flowers
Sprang up, and Beauty, filled with fire,
Touched lips with Song amid the bowers,
And Love led on the dancing Hours.

II

And then I heard a voice that rang,
And to the leaves and blossoms sang:—
"My child is Life: I dwell with Truth:
I am the spirit glad of Birth:
I bring to all things joy and youth:
I am the rapture of the Earth.
Come look on me and know my worth."

III

And then the woodland heaved a sigh,
As if it saw a shape go by—
A shape of sorrow or of dread,
That seemed to move as moves a mist,
And left the leaves and flowers dead,
And with cold lips my forehead kissed,
While phantoms all around held tryst.

IV

And then I heard a voice that spoke
Unto the fading beech and oak:—
"I am the spirit of Decay,
Whose child is Death, that means relief:
I breathe—and all things pass away:
I am Earth's glory and its grief.
Come look on me: thy time is brief."

SOUNDS AND SIGHTS

Little leaves, that lean your ears
From each branch and bough of spring,
What is that your rapture hears?

Song of bird or flight of wing,
All so eager, little ears?

"Hush, oh, hush! Oh, don't you hear
Steps of beauty drawing near?
Neither flight of bee nor bird—
Hark! the steps of Love are heard!"

Little buds that crowd with eyes
Every bush and every tree,
What is this that you surmise?
What is that which you would see,
So attentive, little eyes?

"Look, oh, look! Oh, can't you see
Loveliness camps 'neath each tree?
See her hosts and hear them sing,
Marching with the maiden Spring!"

ZYPS OF ZIRL

The Alps of the Tyrol are dark with pines,
Where, foaming under the mountain spines,
The Inn's long water sounds and shines.

Beyond, are peaks where the morning weaves
An icy rose; and the evening leaves
The glittering gold of a thousand sheaves.

Deep vines and torrents and glimmering haze,
And sheep-bells tinkling on mountain ways,
And fluting shepherds make sweet the days.

The rolling mist, like a wandering fleece,
The great round moon in a mountain crease,
And a song of love make the nights all peace.

Beneath the blue Tyrolean skies
On the banks of the Inn, that foams and flies,
The storied city of Innsbruck lies.

With its medieval streets, that crook,
And its gabled houses, it has the look
Of a belfried town in a fairy-book.

So wild the Tyrol that oft, 'tis said,
When the storm is out and the town in bed,
The howling of wolves sweeps overhead.

And oft the burgher, sitting here
In his walled rose-garden, hears the clear
Shrill scream of the eagle circling near.

And this is the tale that the burghers tell:—
The Abbot of Wiltau stood at his cell
Where the Solstein lifts its pinnacle,

A mighty summit of bluffs and crags
That frowns on the Inn; where the forest stags
Have worn a path to the water-flags.

The Abbot of Wiltau stood below;
And he was aware of a plume and bow
On the precipice there in the morning's glow.

A chamois, he saw, from span to span
Had leapt; and after it leapt a man;
And he knew 'twas the Kaiser Maxmilian.

But, see! though rash as the chamois he,
His foot less sure. And verily
If the King should miss . . . "Jesu, Marie!

"The King hath missed!"—And, look, he falls!
Rolls headlong out to the headlong walls.
What saint shall save him on whom he calls?

What saint shall save him, who struggles there
On the narrow ledge by the eagle's lair,
With hooked hands clinging 'twixt earth and air?

The Abbot, he crosses himself in dread—
"Let prayers go up for the nearly dead,
And the passing-bell be tolled," he said.

"For the House of Hapsburg totters; see,
How raveled the thread of its destiny,
Sheer hung between cloud and rock!" quoth he.

But hark! where the steeps of the peak reply,
Is it an eagle's echoing cry?
And the flitting shadow, its plumes on high?

No voice of the eagle is that which rings!
And the shadow, a wiry man who swings
Down, down where the desperate Kaiser clings.

The *crampons* bound to his feet, he leaps
Like a chamois now; and again he creeps
Or twists, like a snake, o'er the fearful deeps.

"By his cross-bow, baldrick, and cap's black curl,"
Quoth the Abbot below, "I know the churl!
" 'Tis the hunted outlaw Zyps of Zirl,

"Upon whose head, or dead or alive,
The Kaiser hath posted a price.—Saints shrive
The King!" quoth Wiltau. "Who may contrive

"To save him now that his foe is there?"—
But, listen! again through the breathless air
What words are those that the echoes bear?

"Courage, my King!—To the rescue, ho!"
The wild voice rings like a twanging bow,
And the staring Abbot stands mute below.

And, lo! the hand of the outlaw grasps
The arm of the King—and death unclasps
Its fleshless fingers from him who gasps.

And how he guides! where the clean cliffs wedge
Them flat to their faces; by chasm and ledge
He helps the King from the merciless edge.

Then up and up, past bluffs that shun
The rashest chamois; where eagles sun
Fierce wings and brood; where the mists are spun.

And safe at last stand Kaiser and churl
On the mountain path where the mosses curl—
And this the revenge of Zyps of Zirl.

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK

Though Samuel Minturn Peck's parents came from Northern states, he was himself born and for the most part reared and educated in the South, and his temperament and his emotional nature have been so largely influenced by his environment that he is recognized as thoroughly Southern. He was born near Tuscaloosa, Alabama, November 4, 1854, and spent all but a few years of his childhood in and around that picturesque little city. He attended the University of Alabama, took his master's degree in 1876, and afterward, in deference to parental advice, studied medicine. But he never practiced the profession that was imposed upon him by his parents. His inclinations were toward the sister arts of music and poetry, and to these he devoted his leisure. He became an excellent amateur performer on the piano and, like Sidney Lanier, wished to become a professional musician. To this his parents would not consent, so he turned to the other art, poetry.

He had written verses while in college, and received encouragement from several of his teachers, notably Professor W. C. Richardson. His first work appeared in local newspapers and the larger Southern dailies. He was finally induced by Professor Richardson to submit some of his poems to Northern journals. They were promptly accepted, and Mr. Peck thus began his career as a professional literary man. His first volume, *Cap and Bells*, published in 1886, was remarkably successful, running through five or six editions. His other volumes of verse are *Rings and Love-knots* (1892) and *Rhymes and Roses* (1895). In recent years Mr. Peck has published numerous poems in the leading magazines, and it is his intention to gather these into another volume sometime soon. One other volume, *Alabama Sketches*, composed of light love stories, is also to be put down to Mr. Peck's credit, but the public is not nearly so much interested in his prose as in his delicate and quaint lyrics.

AN ALABAMA GARDEN

Along a pine-clad hill it lies,
O'erlooked by limpid Southern skies,
A spot to feast a fairy's eyes,
    A nook for happy fancies.
The wild bee's mellow monotone
Here blends with bird-notes zephyr-blown,
And many an insect voice unknown
    The harmony enhances.

The rose's shattered splendor flees
With lavish grace on every breeze,
And lilies sway with flexile ease
    Like dryads snowy-breasted;
And where gardenias drowse between
Rich curving leaves of glossy green,
The cricket strikes his tambourine,
    Amid the mosses nested.

Here dawn-flushed myrtles interlace,
And sifted sunbeams shyly trace
Frail arabesques whose shifting grace
    Is wrought of shade and shimmer;
At eventide scents quaint and rare
Go straying through my garden fair,
As if they sought with wildered air
    The fireflies' fitful glimmer.

Oh, could some painter's facile brush,
On canvas limn my garden's blush,

The fevered world its din would hush
To crown the high endeavor;
Or could a poet snare in rhyme
The breathings of his balmy clime,
His fame might dare the dart of time
And soar undimmed forever!

THE GRAPEVINE SWING

When I was a boy on the old plantation,
Down by the deep bayou,
The fairest spot of all creation,
Under the arching blue;
When the wind came over the cotton and corn,
To the long slim loop I'd spring
With brown feet bare, and a hat-brim torn,
And swing in the grapevine swing.

Swinging in the grapevine swing,
Laughing where the wild birds sing,
I dream and sigh
For the days gone by,
Swinging in the grapevine swing.

Out—o'er the water-lilies bonnie and bright,
Back—to the moss-grown tree;
I shouted and laughed with a heart as light
As a wild-rose tossed by the breeze.
The mocking-bird joined in my reckless glee,
I longed for no angel's wing,
I was just as near heaven as I wanted to be,
Swinging in the grapevine swing.

Swinging in the grapevine swing,
Laughing where the wild birds sing,—
Oh, to be a boy
With a heart full of joy,
Swinging in the grapevine swing!

I 'm weary at noon, I 'm weary at night,
I 'm fretted and sore of heart,
And care is sowing my locks with white
As I wend through the fevered mart.
I 'm tired of the world with its pride and pomp,
And fame seems a worthless thing.
I 'd barter it all for one day's romp,
And a swing in the grapevine swing.

Swinging in the grapevine swing,
Laughing where the wild birds sing,
I would I were away
From the world to-day,
Swinging in the grapevine swing.

THE NOTES

The Star-spangled Banner

INTRODUCTORY:

The history of the composition of this famous patriotic song is given in full in the sketch of Francis Scott Key.

EXPLANATORY:

4. *Ramparts.* Here, the embankments before Fort McHenry on Whetstone Point, just below the city of Baltimore.

5. *Rocket's red glare.* The British ships attempted to pass by the fort after midnight, and the brilliant discharge of signal rockets and bursting bombs from the fort and from the vessels made a beautiful but awful display in the blackness of the night.

7. *Star-spangled Banner.* This beautiful descriptive phrase has become the common designation of our flag, but we must not forget to give Francis Scott Key the credit of coining it, or at least giving it popularity and currency.

9. *Mists of the deep.* See the sketch for an explanation.

11. *Towering steep.* Fort McHenry is on the promontory of Whetstone Point, and is built up so as to look like a steep mound.

17. *So vauntingly swore.* Just after the conclusion of the incident Key wrote to his friend John Randolph of Virginia: "To make my feelings still more acute, the admiral had intimated his fears that the town must be burned, and I was sure that if taken it would have been given up to plunder. I have reason to believe that such a promise was given to their soldiers. It was filled with women and children. I hope I shall never cease to feel the warmest gratitude when I think of this most merciful deliverance. It seems to have given me a higher idea of the 'forbearance, long-suffering, and tender mercy' of God, than I had ever conceived before."

30. *In God is our trust.* The motto, "In God we trust," is stamped on practically all of our larger American coins.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) Read the history of the composition of the song (pp. 1–3) and comment on the realism and the historic fact incorporated in the stanzas. (2) The first stanza gives the anxious anticipation of the watcher as at dawn he scans the shore in search of the flag after the terrific battle of the day and night preceding; the second stanza brings the flag to sight in the first gleam of the morning sunlight, and shows the enemy's vessels lying off the harbor in the "dread silence" of defeat; the third describes the carnage visited

upon the vaunting foe; the climax or concluding stanza is an outburst of religious fervor and thanksgiving to the Power which had saved our nation. Study out these points closely and condense them into an outline. (3) By what rhetorical means is the anxiety of the watcher expressed? (4) Note how the poet gradually leads up to the disclosure of the flag, and how lovingly and beautifully he pictures it in the sun's first beams. (5) To what does Key attribute the American victory? (6) In studying the form of the poem note the anapæstic rhythm of the four-stress lines. Some of the feet are rather heavy and cumbrous, and are not easily uttered or sung rhythmically; as, "whose broad stripes." Here we have three full, heavy syllables, and it is difficult to utter the first two words in the short, quick time which the rhythm demands. But the awkwardness of the movement is atoned for by the fervor and sincerity of the lines. (7) Work out the rime scheme of stanza 1. You will notice the first quatrain (or four lines) is composed of alternately riming lines, the first and third being masculine, and the second and fourth feminine. See if this scheme is followed throughout. Now note the duplication of the rimes in the second quatrain. The fifth line has an internal rime, *glare, air;* and the sixth line rimes with it,—*there.* See if this scheme is carried out in the other stanzas. The last couplet is the refrain, and is repeated with but slight variation throughout.

The Mocking-bird

INTRODUCTORY:

This and the following selection are taken from Audubon's *American Ornithological Biography,* the text made to accompany *The Birds of America* (1827–1838).

EXPLANATORY:

6. *Bignonias.* The bignonia is a genus of woody-fibered climbing plants, commonly known in the South as cross-vine. Its stem is porous and splits in sections, and when dry is often used by small boys as a harmless substitute for cigarettes.

8. *Stuartia.* A plant of the genus camellia, the Southern tea tree.

39. *Hautboy.* An oboe, or wooden wind instrument of the reed type, having a keen, high-toned register. The word is from the French, *haut,* high, and *bois,* wood. Pronounced hō′boi.

141. *Philomel.* A poetic name for the nightingale, from the Greek *phileo,* love, and *melos,* song. Compare the beautiful passage on the nightingale in Milton's *Il Penseroso,* beginning,

> "And the mute Silence hist along
> 'Less Philomel will deign a song."

A *soubrette* is an actress who sings a light or lively part in an opera.

142. *Mozart.* A German musician (1756–1791), noted for the rich melody and intricate elaboration of his compositions. Pronounced mō′tsärt.

144. *Essays.* Attempts, efforts.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) Outline the topics discussed in each paragraph. (2) Name over the plants mentioned by Audubon as characteristic of the natural habitat of the mocking bird. (3) What are the chief features of the setting in which he would place the bird? Thus he implies that the rich, exuberant, varied, tropical plant life is reproduced in the bird's song. (4) How is the general description of the place in the first paragraph answered concretely in the second? (5) What is meant by Europe's "adventurous sons"? (6) How does the bird mimic nature? (7) What sounds have you heard the mocking bird imitate? (8) According to your observation, is Audubon accurate in his description of the nesting habits of the mocking bird? (9) Have you ever noticed mocking birds opening and shutting their wings while hopping along the ground? Is this a winter or a summer habit? (10) Have you ever noticed that mocking birds migrate? Do they go in flocks? (11) Is there any bird which can get the better of the mocking bird in a fight? (12) What is Audubon's opinion of the mocking bird's musical powers as compared with those of the nightingale? (13) What is the antecedent of *which* in line 142? If the relative pronoun were intended to refer to *soubrette*, what would be a better form? Audubon may after all mean that if the soubrette could study under Mozart she might in time become very interesting. The sentence is not clear and should be reconstructed.

(NOTE. A few liberties have been taken with the text in this and the following selection to straighten out entangled pronouns, secure concord, and the like, but the quality of Audubon's style has been preserved in every case.)

The Ruby-throated Humming-bird

EXPLANATORY:

20. *Curious.* Careful. From the Latin *cura*, care.

70. *Tyrant fly-catcher.* The kingbird, commonly called bee martin in the South.

80. *Humble-bees.* We usually say *bumblebees.*

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) What topics does the author discuss in the various paragraphs? (2) What double purpose does the author seem to have in view in this essay? Is there emotional appeal as well as information? (3) Point out passages in this selection to prove that Audubon was an enthusiastic lover of birds. (4) If you have ever seen a humming bird feeding from flowers, describe the appearance and movements of the bird as it darts from flower to flower. In what words does the author describe all this? (5) What is meant by the "returning sun"? (6) To what is the bird compared in lines 20–21? What is the force of *curious* here? (7) Why does the author speak of fanning the flowers, cooling them, lulling the insects to repose, etc.? (8) Does the bird go far north in the summer? When does it return southward, and where does it winter? (9) What qualities does the observer note in the bird during the mating season? (10) Describe the young birds.

Lament of the Captive

INTRODUCTORY:

This lyric is taken from an unfinished epic based on the experiences of the poet's brother in the Seminole War in Florida. From its first line, which is usually given as the title of the poem, many have been led to interpret the stanzas as expressive of Wilde's despondent and sentimental view of life. To understand a lyric of this kind, we must read it not as an expression of the author's own emotion, but as his conception of the emotions of another—in this instance of a captive who dies away from his people, many—perhaps all—of whom, as he believes, have fallen before the conquering enemy.

EXPLANATORY:

18. *Tampa's desert strand.* Locate Tampa Bay.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) What three comparisons are presented in the three stanzas? (2) Is each stanza devoted exclusively to its topic? (3) What is the unifying thought in all three stanzas? State the theme of the poem in a single sentence. (4) In what mood does the author imagine the captive to be? (5) Study the parallelism of structure in the three stanzas. (6) What line becomes a sort of refrain? (7) What image in the first stanza suggests the use of *weep* in the last line? (8) What image in the second stanza suggests *sigh?* (9) What image in the third stanza suggests *mourn?* (10) The meter is four-stress iambic. Scan the first stanza. (11) Analyze the rime scheme, and note the rime that is repeated in all three stanzas.

The Partisans

INTRODUCTORY:

This passage is taken from the twenty-first chapter of *The Partisan: A Romance of the Revolution*, first published in 1835. Simms tells us that he spent part of a summer with a friend in the vicinity of "the once beautiful but now utterly decayed town of Dorchester," studying the scenery, talking with the old settlers, and gathering material for the historical and traditional background of his romance. He also says in the preface of the revised edition (1853): "This story will be found to comprise the leading events of the war of the Revolution in South Carolina, dating from the fall of Charleston in 1780. It is proposed as a fair picture of the province—its condition, prospects, resources—pending the brief struggle of Gates with Cornwallis and immediately after the disastrous campaign of 1780." Strictly speaking, Major Robert Singleton, the hero of the romance, is "the partisan"; but in the title to the selection given here the term is applied to those famous leaders, Marion and Sumter, the "Swamp Fox" and the "Game Cock."

It will be better for the pupil to consider the prose selection and *The Swamp Fox* separately.

EXPLANATORY:

1. *Ashley.* The small river which takes its rise in Berkeley County and flows in a southeasterly direction, emptying into the Atlantic at Charleston. Locate it on your map of South Carolina.

2. *Dorchester.* Formerly a thriving village some twenty-five miles northwest of Charleston, in what is now Dorchester county.

45. *Their chief city was besieged and taken.* Charleston surrendered to the British under Sir Henry Clinton in 1780.

80. *Sumter.* General Thomas Sumter was born in Virginia, but moved to South Carolina at an early age. He became a partisan leader in 1780, defeated the Tories at Hanging Rock, but was driven back by Tarleton's British regulars. He was also severely defeated by Tarleton at Fishing Creek; however, he turned the tables on his able British opponent by overwhelmingly repulsing him at Blackstock Hill in the same year. Read up further on Sumter, and his career in war and in peace, in any good encyclopedia or biographical dictionary.

85. *Marion.* General Francis Marion of South Carolina was born in 1732. He took an active part in the military operations in his native state during the Revolution, rising from the rank of captain to that of brigadier-general. He was a fine strategist, and early in his career earned from his British opponents the title "Swamp Fox." Marion, Sumter, Pickens, Lee, and others were called partisan leaders.

102. *George Dennison.* Probably a character invented by Simms as a means of introducing some of his own poems into the narrative.

104. *Troubadours.* These were French lyrical poets of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries who wandered about over the country singing of love and war: here applied to local poets or singers.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) Give a topic for each of the paragraphs in the prose selection. Note how the author progresses from the description of the scene around Dorchester to the historic and traditional events associated with the place, leading up gradually to the scene of the battle between the patriots and the British invaders, and then turning to the partisan leaders, Sumter and Marion. The last paragraph on George Dennison, the partisan poet, is introduced as a device for inserting the poem on Marion. (2) Determine as nearly as you can the exact spot where the old village of Dorchester was situated on the Ashley River. (3) Give a sketch of the partisan warfare carried on by Marion, Sumter, and others. (4) Why is Washington spoken of as colonel in the second paragraph? (5) Notice that the description of the activities of the partisan bands is given in the present tense in the latter part of paragraph two and in paragraph three. Why is this done? (6) How is contrast employed in the portraiture of Sumter and Marion? (7) Explain the thought in the third sentence of the paragraph on George Dennison. (8) The latter half of this paragraph is an apostrophe to the supposed poet. What is the effect of this device, and in what respects does the style of this section differ from the rest of the selection?

The Swamp Fox

EXPLANATORY:

3. *Tarleton.* Colonel Bannastre Tarleton was a distinguished British officer serving under Cornwallis.

8. *Wild and hunted men.* The British authorities had given Colonel Tarleton orders to destroy Marion and his followers.

19. *Santee.* Locate this river on the map of South Carolina. Marion's chief activities were between the Santee and Pedee rivers.

38. *To shy.* To turn quickly and retire; an uncommon use of the word.

43. *Colonel.* Marion was at this time a colonel, though later he became a general.

55. *Dry potatoes.* An interesting story is told of an English officer who visited Marion's camp under a flag of truce on business connected with the exchange of prisoners. He came just as the men were preparing dinner. Marion courteously invited the officer to remain and take dinner with him. That officer was greatly surprised when the servant Tom brought them some roasted sweet potatoes on a piece of bark and served the dinner on a log. It is said that he reported the incident to his friends and remarked that the British could never conquer a country defended by men so self-sacrificing as Marion and his soldiers.

62. *Cooter.* A kind of water turtle.

63. *Plashing light.* The light reflected by plashing or gently undulating water. Compare *splash*, which is a more violent movement of water with accompanying spray.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) The poem consists of a series of pictures descriptive of the daily life, the tactics, the habits, and the ideals of Marion's men. Try to find a good topic for each of the stanzas. (2) Why was Marion called the "Swamp Fox"? (3) Describe the camps and hiding places of the partisans. (4) Describe the time and methods of their attacks. (5) Explain the meaning of the line, "The twisted bore, the smiting brand." (6) What characteristics of the men are developed in stanza 5? (7) Read William Cullen Bryant's *Song of Marion's Men* and compare it closely with Simms's poem. (8) Determine the meter and rime scheme of this simple poem, and scan a typical stanza.

The Grape-vine Swing

INTRODUCTORY:

The swing celebrated in this poem was, Professor Trent tells us in his *Life of Simms*, to be found near "Woodlands," the author's beautiful plantation home about halfway between Charleston, South Carolina, and Augusta, Georgia. It is described as "a wonderful swing . . . for the vine had drooped its festoons, one below another, in such a way that half a dozen persons (so says an apparently veracious traveler) could find comfortable seats; and yet not one of them be sitting on a level with his neighbor, nay, could

not only sit, but could hold a book in one hand and reach ripe grapes with the other."

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) The first stanza is descriptive; the second suggests personal associations; the third is reminiscent. Read the poem with this analysis in mind, and outline for yourself the topics. (2) Study the imaginative touches in stanza 1. In the last four lines work out the apt comparisons to various wild things. (3) Note the romantic associations of the lovers in stanza 2 and point out expressions that suggest tender sentiments. Why are the lovers pictured as boy and girl rather than as man and woman? (4) Why does the poet call the swing "giant strange"? (See the introductory note above.) (5) Where is the poet as he now thinks of the swing? What cordage does he playfully grasp? (6) Study the verse structure. The rime is alternate, and the rhythm is a combination of anapæstic and iambic feet, with some irregularities, as the omission of the introductory light stresses in lines 1, 2, and others. Do you think the rhythm is suggestive of the movement of the swing? (7) There is a good deal of tone-color obtained by alliterative and riming pairs, as "lithe and long," "springing and clinging." Point out others, and study the musical effects thus brought out.

The Gold Bug

INTRODUCTORY:

The Gold Bug was a prize story first published in the Philadelphia *Dollar Newspaper*, June 21 and 28, 1843. Poe wrote it for *Graham's Magazine* while he was editor of that periodical; but when the new publication, the *Dollar Newspaper*, advertised a prize contest, he went to Mr. Graham and offered to substitute another manuscript for the one already handed in, explaining frankly that he felt confident he could earn considerably more money by entering his story in the contest. Mr. Graham generously consented that Poe withdraw the manuscript, and it easily won the first prize. *The Gold Bug* belongs to the group of Poe's analytical ratiocinative stories having an element of mystery. Since its first appearance it has been a favorite among Poe's readers, particularly young people. Poe was for some years just prior to the writing of this story greatly interested in secret writing of all kinds. In *Graham's Magazine* for July, 1841, he published an essay, *A Few Words on Secret Writing*, explaining the antiquity of cryptography and discussing the various types of cipher writing. He pronounced the dictum: "Human ingenuity cannot concoct a cipher which human ingenuity cannot resolve"; and in order to prove his assertion, he agreed to solve any and all examples of secret writing sent him. He is said to have received about one hundred puzzling cryptograms, all of which, with one single exception, he immediately solved, and the exception he proved to have no meaning whatever, being a mere jargon made up at random. For a full account of this wonderful exploit read, in Vol. XIV of Professor James A. Harrison's edition of Poe's *Works*, the article above referred to and the correspondence it provoked.

EXPLANATORY:

What ho! Note how this quotation suggests the action of Legrand after he had, according to Jupiter, "bin bit somewhere bout de head by dat goole-bug," p. 40. The passage is presumably quoted from a comedy, ***All in the Wrong***, adapted from the French of Deslouche by the British playwright, Arthur Murphy (1727–1805); but Professor W. P. Trent examined ***All in the Wrong*** and failed to find the quotation. Poe may have been quoting from memory; or he may have made up a passage to suit the occasion, as he frequently did.

2. ***Huguenot.*** The Huguenots, or French Protestants, were granted civil and religious liberty by the Edict of Nantes (1598), but by the revocation of that edict in 1685 thousands of them were driven into exile, many coming to America. Why did Poe select the name Legrand? Does the date of the exile of the Huguenots coincide with the date of Captain Kidd's activity? Compare note 1042 below.

16. ***Fort Moultrie.*** Situated on an island in Charleston Harbor. What historical events are associated with this fort?

39. ***Swammerdamm.*** A Dutch physician and naturalist of the seventeenth century, noted for his study of anatomy and entomology and for his large collection of insects.

140. ***Scarabæus caput hominis.*** Man's head or skull beetle.

166. ***Exacerbate.*** Aggravate. Look up the etymology of this learned word. Look up also the following words of Latin or French origin, and make notes on their formation and history: coppice, entomologist, grandiloquent, obstreperous, pertinacity, prevarication, vociferate, curvet, caracole, extravagant, vagary, aversion, demented, caprice, caloric, scrutiny, corrosion, relevancy, collation, collocation, cognizance, coadjutor. Add others to the list as you find them in your study.

205. ***Syphon.*** What is Jupiter trying to say? Spell it correctly.

257. ***Brusquerie.*** A French word meaning bluntness or rudeness of manner or speech.

266. ***Solus.*** A Latin word meaning alone.

305. ***Empressement.*** A French word meaning eagerness, earnestness.

430. ***Tulip-tree.*** The poplar, so called because of its tulip-shaped blossoms. Notice how fully and accurately the tree is described in lines 463–468.

694. ***Madness . . . method.*** Compare ***Hamlet***, Act II, Sc. ii: "Though this be madness, yet there 's method in 't."

716. ***Vagaries.*** The accent is on the second syllable.

814. ***Guineas.*** English coins worth a little more than five dollars each; so called because first coined (about 1663) from gold brought from Guinea.

834. ***Bacchanalian.*** Pertaining to the bacchanalia, or festivals of Bacchus, the Roman god of wine; hence, reveling.

837. ***Avoirdupois.*** Why does the author use avoirdupois instead of troy weight in measuring jewels and gold?

1011. *Zaffre* (or *zaffer*). Blue coloring matter.

1012. *Aqua regia.* Nitro-hydrochloric acid. Literally, "royal water."

1014. *Regulus.* A Latin alchemical term, meaning "little king," applied first to antimony and later to any intermediary metallic sulphide. *Nitre*, or *niter*, is commonly known as saltpeter. Notice how Poe parades his learning here.

1042. *Captain Kidd.* A noted English pirate who lived in the latter half of the seventeenth century (1650–1701). For many years it was supposed that he had buried immense treasures somewhere on the coast of the Southern Colonies, and various attempts were made to discover the exact spot.

1044. *Hieroglyphical.* Pertaining to signs or pictures as used in early systems of writing.

1121. *Golconda.* A city in India, formerly famous as a center of diamond industries.

1130. *Cryptographs.* Cryptograph, meaning a cipher or secret writing, is from the Greek *kryptos*, hidden, and *graphe*, writing.

1290. *Rationale.* A logical system of reasoning. Pronounced răsh-ŭn-ā′lē.

1371. *Twenty-one.* First printed forty-one, but later changed to twenty-one. What other changes would be necessitated in other parts of the story?

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

I. GENERAL. (1) Into what two large divisions may the story be divided? Indicate the exact point of division. (2) In which is Poe's main interest, the discovery of the treasure or the solution of the cryptogram? (3) What is the scene of the story? Locate it on a map and tell how Poe became familiar with this locality. (4) What is the time of the event related? Why does Poe use a blank in line 52 for the exact date? Look up other places where he uses blanks, as "Lieutenant G——" (line 80) and "My Dear——," (line 255), and try to explain each case. (5) Does the information that Jupiter has been manumitted (line 41) help to fix the time any more definitely? Does the fact that Jupiter calls Legrand "Massa Will" help? Remember that the story was published in June, 1843. (6) What was the time of the burying of the treasure? (7) How much time, then, has elapsed since it was buried? What is the age of the tulip tree? (8) Who are the principal characters in the story? (9) Is Jupiter's way of speaking like that of negroes whom you have heard talk? How do you account for the differences? (10) Make a list of the characteristics of Legrand as indicated by his actions, and from these write a character sketch of the hero. (11) Do you think the story teaches any lesson? What is its purpose, then? Compare it with *The Masque of the Red Death* in this respect. (12) Does it appeal primarily to the heart or to the intellect?

II. SPECIFIC. (1) How many paragraphs are given to the description of the setting of the story? (2) Why are we told that the vegetation of the island is scant or dwarfish? (3) What are

Legrand's chief occupations? Why was it necessary to make him a collector of shells and entomological specimens? (4) Why was it necessary to elaborate the idea of chilliness (line 62)? Notice the details of the "overcoat," the "fine fire," etc. (5) Why are *scarabæus*, *antennæ*, etc., printed in italics? Does Poe often use italics for other purposes? Point out several instances. Nowadays the use of italics for emphasis is not nearly so common. (6) Why is the heaviness of the gold bug developed here? (7) Why is the lack of writing paper introduced? (8) Why is the interruption caused by the dog necessary at this point (line 110)? Notice that the narrator is still seated by the fire. Look up the further details of the situation as explained later (lines 995–1004). What further part does the dog play in the story? (9) Why does the visitor say that Legrand is a poor artist? (10) Describe the effect on Legrand when he takes back the parchment. (11) Why is the visitor allowed to depart on the night of his arrival? (12) How does the conversation on pp. 64–65 advance the action? (13) Notice how the bug is made the cause of Legrand's peculiar actions; also how the method of catching the bug in the paper is more fully detailed on p. 61. (14) How does the letter repeat and emphasize part of what Jupiter has just been telling? (15) Why has Jupiter bought three spades? (16) In what sense does Legrand mean that the bug is of *real gold?* (17) Describe the situation of the tulip tree. (18) Describe Jupiter's ascent of the tree. (19) What is suggested by the fact that the limb is rotten? How much longer would it have been before all chance to discover the gold had passed? (20) Why does Legrand become so excited when Jupiter announces he is near the end of the limb? (21) Jupiter says the face of the skull is outward. How then can he drop the beetle through the eye socket? Do you suppose the top of the skull has been sawed off? How can the skull have been nailed to the limb otherwise? (22) How do they happen to miss the treasure at the first digging? (23) Account for the difference in the behavior of the dog at the second digging. (24) Explain the presence of the three or four loose coins. Why is Legrand disappointed? (25) Why was it necessary to suggest that the wooden box had been subjected to some mineralizing process? (26) "There was no American money." Why? (27) What is suggested by the decayed hull of a ship's longboat near where the piece of parchment has been picked up? (28) Why did Poe make the narrator somewhat doubtful and always ready to question during Legrand's explanation concerning the cryptograph? (29) Why are the letters "j" and "v" left out of the alphabet as given on p. 69? (30) How do you suppose *bishop's hostel* became *Bessop's Castle?* Did Captain Kidd make the mistake or were the words changed in the mouths of the people? (31) Draw on the playground a diagram of the position of the tree and the two positions of the shot, and extend lines through them for fifty feet (reduced scale if necessary), and see how far the two circles of four or five feet in diameter would be from each other. (32) What does "poetical consistency" (lines 1445–1446) mean? (33) Is every point in the story explained to your entire satisfaction? What becomes of the

treasure? Would it have been better to tell this, or is it more artistic to leave it to the imagination of the reader?

The Haunted Palace

INTRODUCTORY:

This poem first appeared in the *Baltimore Museum*, April, 1839. A few months later, Poe incorporated it in his story *The Fall of the House of Usher*, which appeared in Burton's *Gentleman's Magazine*, September, 1839. In the story the authorship of the poem is appropriately assigned to Roderick Usher, who, in his fits of intense mental excitement, composes on his guitar impromptu fantasias as accompaniments to weird songs such as this. Read the story for its own sake as well as to see how skillfully the poem is introduced and how well it shows Usher's mental condition.

EXPLANATORY:

3. *A fair and stately palace.* That is, a gifted man.

5. *The monarch Thought's dominion.* Poe was himself a monarch in the intellectual realm, and some believe that he is here describing himself as well as his hero Roderick Usher. What is the figure of speech?

20. *To a lute's well-tunèd law.* The lute is an old-fashioned musical instrument of the guitar-mandolin type; used here as typical of poetical genius.

22. *Porphyrogene.* The name of the lord of the stately palace, the literal meaning being "born to the purple." Determine the pronunciation by the rime.

29. *Echoes.* In Greek mythology Echo was a beautiful Oread, or mountain nymph. (Look up the story of Narcissus and Echo.) Poe here pluralizes the word, using it to represent all sweet sounds issuing from the mouth of the poet or singer.

33. *Evil things.* Sin in its various forms.

42. *Red-litten.* We should now say *lit* or *lighted.* What is the effect of the archaic participle?

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) The poem is to be interpreted allegorically as the picture of a noble or gifted man, a king in the realm of thought, who has lost his mind and so had his kingdom taken away from him. (2) Why is the palace placed in Thought's dominion? (3) What do the yellow banners represent? (4) What is the effect of placing the story in "the olden time long ago"? (5) What does the image of the "ramparts plumed and pallid" suggest? (6) Who are the wanderers? (7) Interpret the "two luminous windows." (8) What are represented by the spirits? (9) Why are they pictured as dancing around Porphyrogene's throne to the music of the lute? (10) Interpret the fair palace door. Why is it described as formed of pearl and ruby? (11) What do Echoes represent? (12) Suggest some specific interpretations for "evil things." (13) What conditions do lines 37 to 40 describe? (14) Construe *entombed.* (15) Contrast the pictures presented in stanzas 3 and 6. (16) What

does "red-litten windows" suggest to your imagination? What physical condition do red, bloodshot eyes indicate? (17) Why is the door now described as pale? (18) What sort of laughter is that in which there is no smile? (19) Make a plain prose statement of the argument of the entire poem. (20) Classify the poem. Is it capable of adaptation to music? (21) The rhythm is typically trochaic, but the sudden variations and irregularities of the meter are rather difficult for young students. The artistic modulations and charming melody of the lines, however, make the poem a favorite with all readers. The musical devices of frequent feminine or double rime, abundant alliteration, and skillful repetition, as well as the richness and variety of vowel concord and harmony, are characteristic of Poe at his best. (22) There are a number of slightly "wrenched" accents for the sake of the rime; for example, *tenanted* line 2, where *ed* must be accented to bring out the rime with *head*. Find similar wrenched accents in stanzas 3, 5, and 6. (23) Are *valleys*, *palace* (lines 1, 3) and *river*, *forever* (lines 45, 47) good rimes? (24) Find several good examples of alliteration. (25) In what tone and with what movement should the poem be read?

The Raven

INTRODUCTORY:

The Raven appeared in the *Evening Mirror* of New York, January 29, 1845, from advance sheets of the *American Whig Review*, where it was formally published in the February number. In March it was reprinted in *The Southern Literary Messenger*, and later in *The Broadway Journal*, and it also appeared in Poe's volume of 1845, *The Raven and Other Poems*. *The Raven* may be classed as a "melancholy, melodramatic, reflective lyric of love and sorrow," based on a distinct narrative. Its fundamental theme is the separation of lovers by death. There have been various allegorical interpretations suggested as to its real meaning, but Poe's own idea that the raven is emblematical of a lover's "mournful and never-ending remembrance" of his lost mistress is perhaps the best interpretation. An explanation of the genesis and development of the poem is given by the author in the essay on *The Philosophy of Composition*, which will be found immediately following this selection. Though the poem was finished about two years before the death of his young wife, Virginia Clemm Poe, it is practically certain that Poe intended Lenore to represent her. The whole poem, then, is based on Poe's premonitions of what his feelings would be when she died, for it was already well known that she could not live long.

EXPLANATORY:

10. *Surcease.* Complete cessation. An archaic or poetic word.

11. *Lenore.* Bürger, a German lyric poet, wrote a ballad under this title. Poe was particularly fond of the name. Notice how frequently the word is repeated in this poem.

38. *Stately Raven.* The raven is a large crow-like bird, noted for its intelligence and for its ability to speak when trained. It has long

been superstitiously regarded as an omen of death or calamity. Look up the effective use of the raven as presaging the murder of King Duncan in *Macbeth*, Act I, Sc. v; and find out also the part played by the raven in Dickens's *Barnaby Rudge.*

41. *Pallas.* Another name for Minerva or Athene, the goddess of wisdom.

45. *Shorn and shaven.* The raven is not ordinarily bald, but here the poet so conceives him for grotesque effect.

47. *Night's Plutonian shore.* Pluto was the god of the lower regions. Hence the adjective *Plutonian* is suggestive of the intense darkness of the night. Be careful not to confuse Pluto with Plato.

76. *Gloated.* To gloat means to look upon with some evil influence, but Poe seems to use the word here in the sense of look or shine upon exultingly or lovingly.

82. *Respite.* Rest. *Nepenthe* was a drug or magic drink supposed by the ancients to free one from sorrow and make one forget his troubles. The poet here desires to forget his sorrow on account of the death of his beloved Lenore. Pronounce nē pĕn'thē.

89. *Balm in Gilead.* "Is there no balm in Gilead; is there no physician there?" (*Jeremiah*, viii. 22.) That is, is there no consolation, no remedy for the sorrows suffered here? *Balm* or *balsam* is a soothing or healing medicine extracted from the plant of that name; it flourished in Gilead, a district of Canaan lying east of the Jordan.

93. *Aidenn.* A fanciful variant of Eden for the sake of the rime.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) Tell the story briefly in your own words. (2) Is there unity of effect? Is there anything in the poem that could be omitted without loss? (3) Point out some of the many noble lines that are easily separated from the context. (4) What is the dominant tone? (5) Seek to gather the total impression of the poem. Visualize as clearly as you can every image. (6) How does the first stanza set forth time, place, and incident? (7) What conception do you get of the student? How is he engaged? (8) Notice how the furnishings of the room, as they appear later, accord with his tastes and mode of life. (9) What is there in the last line of stanza 1 to excite the reader's curiosity? (10) How is the time more definitely stated in the second stanza? (11) How do the weather conditions, the incident of the raven's entrance, and the quiet and luxury of the interior scene help to create the dominant tone of the poem? (12) Notice how suggestive of the sound of moving silk are the words in the first line of stanza 3. (13) What is the cause of the student's sorrow? In what line is it stated? What, then, is the theme of the poem? (14) Why does he hesitate to open the door at first? (15) What is the effect of the last line of stanza 4? (16) Of what do you think the student is dreaming as he looks out into the darkness? (17) What is suggested by "all my soul within me burning"? (18) What do you think of the rimes *that is, lattice, thereat is?* (19) Why is it more effective to have the raven come in at the window than at the door? Is there anything unnatural or grotesque in this? (20)

"With many a flirt and flutter, in there *stepped* a stately Raven." How does this image impress you? (21) How do you think the black raven on the marble bust would look? (22) You see in the first line of the eighth stanza what effect this picture has on the lover. Explain it. (23) What sort of question does the lover first put to the raven? (24) Why is the "Nevermore" of this stanza and the next written with a capital? Explain the use of the capital or small letter in this word in other stanzas. (25) In what tone do you think the raven utters the word? (See line 56.) (26) Does the scholar doubt that this is the bird's name? (27) In the tenth stanza (line 58) the student apparently classes the raven among his friends. Does he seem to regret the probable flight of the bird? (28) What hopes of his have flown before? (29) How does Poe's own experience compare with that of the student as set forth here? (30) Why is the bird called *ominous?* (See note on line 38.) (31) In what state of mind is the student as he sinks into his velvet cushions? (32) Why do the bird's fiery eyes burn into his soul? (33) Why is he afraid of the bird? (34) Why is *she* italicized? To whom does Poe refer? (35) Why does the air seem to grow denser? (36) Can you fix clearly in your mind the image of tinkling footfalls? (37) To whom does *wretch* refer? Who speaks, and to whom? (38) How is he affected by the raven's startling answer to his soliloquy? (39) In what tone does he appeal to the raven to know if there is balm in Gilead? What is there to show that he is highly excited now? (40) Do you think he has already guessed the answer the raven will give? (41) Poe says he wrote stanza 16 (lines 91–96) first and intended it to be the climax of the poem. How does the whole poem seem to center in this stanza? (42) Why in the next stanza does the lover shriek and order the bird back into the night? (43) What is the meaning of "take thy beak from out my heart"? (44) What is implied in the raven's answer to this appeal? (45) How many times does the line "Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore,'" occur? (46) How does the lover's mood change in the last stanza? (47) What is meant by the last two lines? Does the lover give up all hope of forgetting his lost Lenore? Does he also give up hope of gaining surcease of his sorrow? (48) Some have criticized the poem here because the shadow could not have fallen on the floor unless the lamp were on the wall above the bird. Poe said his idea was that there was a bracket candelabrum on the wall high above the bust and the door. Does he make this idea quite clear anywhere in the poem? (49) The typical foot is trochaic, and the number of stresses is eight except in the last line of the stanza, which has four stresses. The lines ending in the masculine rime *-ore* are catalectic; that is, they lack one syllable of filling out the trochaic rhythm. (See Poe's own remarks on the meter, pp. 95–96, and the note, p. 416.) Scan the first two lines. The pause after *dreary* really divides the line into two tetrameter or four-stress lines, and the internal rime (*dreary, weary*) emphasizes the break. But in many other lines there is no pause at this point, and the rime is much less emphatic. Find examples. (50) Study out fully the rime scheme of the whole poem. Notice that the only

masculine or single-syllable rime is on the deep *o*-vowel in combination with *r*, as in *-ore*. How often and where does this rime occur? What is the effect of the feminine rimes, like *weary, dreary, napping tapping, rapping?* Find other examples of feminine rimes repeated two, three, and even four times. (51) Notice how repetition and refrain are constantly employed, as in lines 4 and 5, and 21 and 22. Point out several other instances. The whole poem may be said to be a study in refrain effects. (52) Alliteration is another kind of rime or sound agreement, in which the first consonant sounds of words or accented syllables are the same. Examples are "*r*are and *r*adiant," "*s*ilken, *s*ad, uncertain," "*g*rim, ungainly, *g*hostly, *g*aunt." Find others. All of this, together with the rich, deep vowel combinations, adds to the sonorousness and melody of the poem. (53) Besides this abundant tone quality, there is much to make the poem richly sensuous. Take, for example, the quaint and curious volume, the curtains of purple silk, the sculptured bust of Pallas, the seats of cushioned velvet, the gloating lamplight, the perfume, etc. The luxurious, the beautiful, the fantastic, the weird, the grotesque, are wonderfully blended throughout.

The Philosophy of Composition

INTRODUCTORY:

The Philosophy of Composition appeared in *Graham's Magazine*, April, 1846, about fourteen months after the first appearance of *The Raven*. The poem had sprung at once into wide popularity, and the author was thus justified in choosing that well-known composition as the subject of his analysis. All appearances of egotism or self-praise are carefully avoided, and the essay thus becomes of permanent interest as an example of Poe's critical acumen and analytical power. There is the same careful and full logic here which we have already noticed as one of the chief characteristics of the style of *The Gold Bug*. Every detail is carefully elaborated, and no point in the process of composition or in the mechanism of the poem is left in doubt. If we are to accept with full credence all that Poe has to say in this essay, we are forced to the conclusion that *The Raven* was composed almost mechanically. But the fire of genius, the glow of spontaneous production, the light of inspiration, are apparent everywhere in the poem, and it rises far above the mere mechanical type of poetical composition. It must be remembered that the analysis was written something over a year after the poem was published, and hence contains, doubtless, some ideas that came subconsciously into the author's mind simultaneously with or subsequently to the actual composition of the poem.

The essay should be read only after a careful study and analysis of the poem itself.

EXPLANATORY:

3. "*Barnaby Rudge.*" In the *Saturday Evening Post*, in 1841, Poe, who had seen the serial parts of the first volume of *Barnaby Rudge*, predicted the plot of the novel with such absolute precision as to startle its author. Dickens was amazed by Poe's powers

of concentrated reasoning and his perfect prevision in analysis. *Says*—. Notice how frequently Poe employs the dash where modern usage would require a comma or some other mark of punctuation. Notice also his frequent use of the comma for a rhetorical or elocutionary pause in the reading, where the sense or construction would not require it, and hence where modern usage would omit it. Make a careful study of the punctuation of this essay.

4. *Godwin.* William Godwin was a noted novelist, philosopher, and miscellaneous writer of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century. His best-remembered production is the novel *Caleb Williams*, published in 1794.

16. *Dénouement.* Unraveling of plot, ending; a French word found frequently in this essay. Pronounced dā-nōō'mäN.

65. *Histrio.* Actor. A Latin word.

75. *Desideratum.* Thing to be desired. Latin. *Modus operandi*, just below, is another bit of Latin, meaning method of procedure or operation. Make a complete list of the foreign words and phrases and their meanings, and consider their general effect on the style of the essay.

96. *Ceteris paribus.* Other things being equal. From what language?

104. *Psychal.* Of the soul.

140. *A few words.* The verb phrase has been intentionally omitted. Supply the full sense.

328. *Less of invention than negation.* The meaning apparently is that originality consists more in the negative mental action of refusing to follow established models than in the positive mental action required in finding or inventing entirely new forms. Do you agree with this?

331. *Acatalectic.* Not curtailed or cut short. *Catalectic* means cut short by one syllable.

464. *Transcendentalists.* Those who held to transcendentalism, a doctrine of philosophy setting forth intuitive or immediate comprehension of truth without the intervention of experience or reason. They stood generally for a sort of idealism, mysticism, and liberalism, in art and in life.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) What type of composition is this? (2) How may it be divided into large divisions? Consider the first seven paragraphs as one part and the remainder of the composition as another. (3) Now, how may the subheads be arranged under each part? Consider the following as merely suggestive:

A. General discussion of methods of composing.
   1. How to begin a work of art.
   2. Different methods of constructing a story.

B. Application to a specific composition: The Raven.
   1. First aim, universality of appeal.
   2. Extent or length of the poem determined. (Make several subdivisions here.)
   3. The impression or effect to be attained.

4. Sadness the proper tone.
5. Artistic piquancy to be attained by the device of the refrain.
6. The nature of the proposed refrain.
7. The method of monotonous repetition determined and the raven selected as the means.
8. The most poetical thing in the world.
9. Combining the raven and the bereft-lover motives.
10. The actual composition beginning with the end.
11. The versification determined; the stanza original.
12. The setting.
13. The use of contrast.
14. The end of the narrative proper.
15. The metaphorical application.

(4) What does Poe condemn in the usual method of beginning the composition of a story? (5) What is his own method of beginning? (6) Why does he insist that a poem should not be too long to be read at one sitting? (7) Did he ever write a long poem? (8) In another essay Poe said: "I hold that a long poem does not exist. I maintain that the phrase 'a long poem' is simply a flat contradiction in terms." Do you agree entirely with him in this? Do you accept the statement that *Paradise Lost* is deprived by its length of totality or unity of effect? (9) In what sense does the author insist that beauty is the sole legitimate province of the poem? What nineteenth-century English poet held practically the same view? The following quotations are from this poet: "A thing of beauty is a joy forever"; "Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all ye know on earth, and all ye need to know." (10) Do you think that sadness is the most poetical of all moods? Another English poet has said, "Our sweetest songs are those which tell of saddest thought." Can you name the poet and place this quotation? (11) Poe says "the long *o* is the most sonorous vowel" and "*r* the most producible consonant." Exactly what does he mean by this? (12) Why did the poet write first the stanza containing the climax? (13) Do you understand what Poe has to say about the verse? Scan a stanza of the poem and thus test your knowledge. (14) In what points of technique does he claim some originality? (15) Note the distinct change in tone, in the passages quoted, to illustrate the grotesque or fantastic element and that in which profound seriousness is dominant. (16) How do the last stanzas differ from the rest of the poem? (17) Explain what the author means by "the first metaphorical expression." (18) What does he set forth as the final allegorical meaning of the whole poem? How is this thought expressed in the poem? Is it literal, metaphorical, or suggestive? (19) Now read the poem through again, recalling all you can of the analysis as presented in the essay just studied.

The Bells

INTRODUCTORY:

The Bells was first published in the April number of the *Home Journal*, 1849. It also appeared in Sartain's *Union Magazine* in November of the same year.

EXPLANATORY:

10. ***Runic rhyme.*** A rune is an early type of alphabetic character used by the Germanic peoples before the introduction of the Roman characters. Runes were looked upon as mysterious signs; hence the meaning of the adjective here is mystic, mysterious.

11. ***Tintinnabulation.*** An example of onomatapœia, or the adaptation of sound to sense. Note how well the word expresses the ringing or tinkling of bells.

20. ***Molten-golden.*** Melted gold, as though the notes were made of liquid gold.

23. ***Turtle-dove.*** Emblematic of love. Poe seems to use *gloat* in the sense of to gaze steadily on, with no connotation of malign or evil influence. Compare the note on line 76 of *The Raven*.

72. ***Monody.*** A melancholy poem or ode sung by one voice; here used as representative of the single tone or note of the bell tolling for the dead. Compare "muffled monotone" just below.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) Outline the poem, giving a suitable heading for each of the stanzas. (2) Notice with what period of life each stanza deals. The poem, then, is an allegorical presentation of human life—youth, marriage, misfortune, death. Prove this. (3) In this view is apparent its perfect unity. What other unifying devices do you discover? Examine the opening and closing lines of each stanza. (4) What further parallelisms do you notice in the structure of the stanzas? (5) How many lines are there in each stanza? (6) Do you find any cumulative refrain effects as the stanzas increase in length? (7) Why is this artistic? The whole poem may be considered as a kind of study of climax, increasing in intensity and rapidity of movement continuously to the close. (8) How would you classify this poem, now that you understand its meaning somewhat more fully? (9) Examine the poem for musical effects. Note how many fine examples of onomatapœia there are in it. Point out several. (10) What onomatapoetic words are used to distinguish the different kinds of bells? (11) What various metals does the poet select for the different subjects treated? Why is each appropriate? (12) How do you think the paired words, ***jingling*** and ***tinkling***, ***jangling*** and ***wrangling***, ***clamor*** and ***clangor***, ***moaning*** and ***groaning***, etc., help to create the desired effect? (13) Study the rimes carefully, noticing how many of them are feminine, like ***sprinkle***, ***twinkle***. (14) Find several examples of internal rime, like ***swinging***, ***ringing***, line 31. (15) What rime sound is most frequently repeated in the poem? Notice how suggestive it is of the sound of bells. Compare its continuous use with that of the ***-ore*** rime in *The Raven*. (16) Why are certain words so many times repeated? (17) Study the numerous examples of alliteration throughout the poem, such as *m*erriment . . . *m*elody, in line 3. (18) Study also the assonance or vowel concord, as in "*i*cy air of n*i*ght." (19) Notice the predominance of the light ĭ, ĭ, and ē, ĕ vowels in the first, the broad, full ā, ŏ, and ū vowels in the second, the rapid contrasts and clashes of various vowels in the third, and the deep,

sonorous ŏ sounds in the fourth stanza. (20) What movements would you assign to the different stanzas? How would you read each? (21) What time is noted in each stanza? How does this help to unify and emphasize the general effect? Why are sounds better heard at night? (22) How is night conceived of in such expressions as "the startled ear of night"? (23) What is the difference between the *terror* in stanza 3 and the *affright* in stanza 4? (24) In the original manuscript the eighth line of the fourth stanza read, "From out their ghostly throats." Why is the line in the text an improvement over this? What does *rust* suggest to the imagination? (25) How and why is the loneliness of the bell-tollers emphasized? (26) What is suggested by lines 84 and 85? (27) Why are the people who toll the bells called ghouls? (28) Why do they seem to rejoice in tolling death knells? (29) Why is the king of ghouls introduced? (30) How are the first and last stanzas organically and technically united in the latter part of the last stanza?

Annabel Lee

INTRODUCTORY:

In this poem Poe celebrates his love for his cousin Virginia Clemm; who while yet a mere child became his wife, and over whom he watched and for whom he cared with a pathetic tenderness through her long struggle against that terrible monster consumption. She died in 1847, and the poem may have been written shortly after her death. It was not published, however, until 1849, the year of Poe's death, when it appeared in the New York *Tribune*, October 9.

EXPLANATORY:

12. *Coveted.* Compare *envying* in line 22, and mark the slight distinction in the meanings of the two words.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) What is the theme of the lyric? Sum up the whole poem in one sentence. (2) What time is indicated in line 1, and what is the effect of this? (3) Why did the author choose the indefinite "kingdom by the sea"? (4) What do you suppose led him to select the name Annabel Lee? Repeat it aloud several times; notice how often it occurs in the poem. (5) What is the meaning of lines 15, 16? (6) How is this thought made more emphatic in lines 25, 26? (7) How, then, does the speaker explain the death of his loved one? (8) How does he console himself in the last lines (30-41)? (9) How are sweetness and melody increased in these last lines? (Study the sound and position of the words *ever, dissever, never; beams, dreams; rise, eyes; tide, side, bride.*) (10) How many words and phrases are repeated for musical effect? (11) How should the poem be read? (Loudly, softly, rapidly, slowly, moderately?) (12) What is the principal emotion expressed? (13) The movement of this poem is typically anapæstic, that is, usually two light or unaccented syllables precede each accented or stressed syllable in the line; and usually the lines of four accented or stressed syllables are followed by lines of three stresses. (14) Point out

several substitutions of iambic for anapæstic feet. This gives variety and prevents mechanical monotony in the rhythm. (15) Occasionally the rhythm seems reversed, that is, dactylic instead of anapæstic. Examine and scan lines 7, 10, 26. It is perhaps better to assume omitted syllables at the beginning of the line and thus preserve the anapæstic rhythm throughout.

The Masque of the Red Death

INTRODUCTORY:

The Masque of the Red Death was first published in *Graham's Magazine*, May, 1842, and later appeared in a somewhat revised form in the *Broadway Journal*, II, 2. It belongs to the group of horror stories by Poe, and is an excellent example of vivid and imaginative descriptive and narrative writing, rich in color and subtle suggestiveness, and eminently characteristic of Poe's genius at its best.

EXPLANATORY:

Masque. This is a variant, after the French spelling, of ***mask.*** It is used here in the sense of a masquerade or masked ball.

1. *Red Death.* Poe invented this disease, though it may have been suggested by smallpox, which was at the time he wrote much more fatal in its effect than now.

3. *Avatar.* This word means literally a descent, and was applied in the original Sanscrit to the descent of a Hindu deity to earth in a natural form, that is, a form manifest to human beings. Hence the meaning here is visible manifestation or sign. Pronounced ăv′*a*-tär′.

7. *Pest ban.* A ban is a proclamation or edict; here it is used as a sign of the curse or interdiction which was set upon one attacked by the pest.

11. *Prince Prospero.* The name is suggested by Shakspere's character in *The Tempest*, the Duke of Milan, who was shipwrecked on an island and there learned to work enchantments through Ariel and other spirits.

16. *Castellated abbeys.* Castellated means provided with towers and battlements. An abbey is literally the residence of an abbot, or a group of buildings inhabited by monks. Here it is used for king's palace or castle.

28. *Improvvisatori.* Musicians or poets who made up their entertainment spontaneously or without previous practice or study. The plural form here used is the Italian. Pronounced ĭm′prŏv-vē′-zā tō′rē. Why does Poe use this form?

39. *Suite.* A French word. Literally, following; here, a series of connected apartments. How is the word pronounced?

112. *Decora.* Customs, outward proprieties. The Latin plural of ***decorum.***

[illegible]. *Hernani.* A romantic drama by Victor Hugo. It has [illegible] scenes of fantastic and grotesque effect. *Arabesque* means after the manner of the Roman and Renaissance ornamen- [illegible] arabesque, so termed because most successfully

employed by Arabian artists. Poe called the collection in which *The Red Death* appeared *Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque*, a finely descriptive title, as this story amply illustrates.

149. *Their ears.* An objective genitive; more properly "the ears of those."

175. *Out-Heroded Herod.* Herod was the ruler of Judea about the time of the birth of Christ. In old plays in which he was represented, his rôle was characterized by ranting and boisterous acting. So the phrase "out-Herod Herod," first used in Shakspere's *Hamlet*, developed the meaning of surpass or outdo.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) Read the opening and the closing sentence, and then recall the progress of the story, noticing how perfectly the whole is unified. (2) State the theme in one sentence. (3) Is there any lesson taught? (4) Is there any definite time fixed for the story? Any definite place? (5) In what country do you imagine the scene is laid? Do the tastes of the prince and the descriptions of his luxurious surroundings offer any suggestion? (6) How is the Red Death described in the first paragraph? (7) How is the character of the prince set forth? (8) Has he taken the thousand of his knights and dames to protect them from the plague, or to gratify himself? (9) Why do they weld the bars in the iron gates? (10) Explain *ingress* and *egress*, and make a list of similar words that are interesting for their etymology. (11) What part of the narrative begins at the third paragraph? (12) Describe the scene of the masquerade. (13) What is the dominant tone in all the description? (14) Why is a new paragraph devoted to the ebony clock? Why ebony? (15) What do you think of the sounds issuing from this clock? (16) How do they affect the musicians and masqueraders? (17) How is this motive worked up to a climax? Notice how many times the striking of the clock is mentioned. (18) Why does the author insert the parenthetical remark about the three thousand and six hundred seconds? (19) Does this seem to be the first intimation of unhappiness or coming disaster? (20) What is the general character of the costumes? Is the dominant tone continually subserved in these details? (21) What is the effect of calling the mummers dreams? (22) What happens at the stroke of twelve by the ebony clock? (23) What emotions are aroused here? (24) Why do the revelers object to having an image or mask of the Red Death among them? (25) Describe in detail the costume of the strange mummer. What is the effect on your feelings? (26) Why is the word *blood* italicized? (27) A separate paragraph is devoted to Prince Prospero's emotion on seeing the strange mummer. Why? (28) Why did the author put the scene of this outbreak in the eastern room? (29) Why do the courtiers refuse to seize the intruder? (30) Do the colors of the rooms as here given follow the order as set forth on p. 107? (31) What is the prince's purpose in rushing after the strange mummer? (32) How do you explain his death in the black-draped, scarlet-lit room? (33) Why do the other revelers finally follow the mummer? (34) What do they find in the mask

and grave-clothes? Can you explain this? (35) What does the figure really typify? (36) Can you offer any solution of the mystery of the ebony clock and the appearance of the Red Death inside the castle? (37) Compare this story with *Lady Eleanore's Mantle*, a similar tale by Hawthorne, in *Twice-told Tales*.

Land of the South

INTRODUCTORY:

This song is introduced in a long patriotic poem of mediocre quality, called *The Day of Freedom*, which the poet read at a celebration held in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, July 4, 1838.

EXPLANATORY:

19. *Helvyn's hills.* The Swiss Alps.

21. *Tempe.* The valley between Mounts Olympus and Ossa in Thessaly, northern Greece, famous for its idyllic beauty.

33. *Heaven's best gift.* Quoted with slight changes from Milton's *Paradise Lost*, V, 18.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) What is the theme of this lyric, and how is it repeated in every stanza? (2) Select a suitable topic for each of the six stanzas, and thus construct a simple outline of the poem. (3) What natural scenic beauties are mentioned in stanzas 1 and 2? (4) What is the force of the comparisons in stanza 3? (5) Did the wish or hope expressed in the last stanza remain unfulfilled? Did Meek carry out the resolution expressed in the last two lines? (6) The meter is iambic four- and three-stress verses, with alternate rime throughout the stanza except in the fifth and seventh lines, which are unrimed.

The Mocking-bird

INTRODUCTORY:

This excellent lyric is given the second place in Judge Meek's *Songs and Poems of the South.* Dr. Charles Hunter Ross speaks of it as "the best poem of Meek's collection," and he adds that his friend Professor Morgan Callaway, Jr., who has made a special study of a large number of poems on the mocking bird, considers Meek's superior to any of the others.

EXPLANATORY:

12. *Mime.* An imitator or mimic.

16. *Crusader.* A medieval Christian knight who went on one of the various military expeditions against the Saracens in the Holy Land.

25. *Petrarch.* One of the greatest of the Italian lyric poets (1304–1374). His love sonnets to his proud mistress Laura became the model for many imitations in both Italian and English literature.

32. *Anacreon.* A Greek lyric poet (563[?]–478 B.C.) who wrote principally on themes of love and sensuous pleasure.

38. *Troubadour.* An early French lyric poet of the Provençal district, who sang principally of love and war. See note 104, p. 405.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) The poem is properly classified as a nature or bird lyric, though in reality it may also be called a love song. Why? (2) At what time does the poet hear the bird? Is this true to the habits of the mocking bird? (3) Where does the poet imagine himself, and who is with him? (4) What trees are mentioned for local color effect in stanza 1? (5) Why is the bird called "wild poet" and "mime and minstrel"? (6) Explain the allusion to Petrarch and Laura, and say just what is meant by "sylvan Petrarch" and "woodland Laura." (7) Why is the mocking bird called "winged Anacreon" and "troubadour"? (8) Does the poem rise to a fitting climax? Explain. (9) The meter is trochaic four-stress with an eight-line stanza and a four-line refrain, all alternately rimed. Which lines have feminine and which masculine rimes? (10) In which stanza is the feminine rime lacking in the first and third lines? (11) Find two examples of imperfect rime, and say whether or not you think they seriously mar the poem. (12) Compare this poem with the one by Hilton Ross Greer on p. 366.

The Bivouac of the Dead

EXPLANATORY:

1. *Muffled drum.* Drums are usually muffled when used in beating the funeral march.

20. *Shroud.* A soldier who falls in battle is honored by being shrouded or wrapped in his country's flag.

36. *Serried.* Drawn up rank upon rank in battle array. The *foe* was led by Santa Anna, the great Mexican commander, who had over twenty thousand men as against less than five thousand under the American general, Zachary Taylor.

47. *Chieftain.* General Zachary Taylor. In the next stanza (lines 53–56) reference is made to General Taylor's career in the War of 1812, in which he commanded a company of Kentuckians in the campaigns against the Indian allies of England.

57. *Norther.* A cold northern wind in winter.

58. *Angostura.* Literally "the narrows," a pass leading from the south to the plateau of Buena Vista ("beautiful view"), where the battle was fought.

65. *Dark and Bloody ground.* This is said to be the meaning of the Indian word *Kentucky.*

75. *Spartan mother.* Sparta was the southern province of ancient Greece and was notable for her heroic soldiers. The Spartan mothers sent their sons to war with the command to return "with their shields or on them." The large, old-fashioned shields were made to cover the entire body, and were sometimes used as stretchers on which to bear off the slain from the battle field.

83. *Impious.* Irreverent. Accent the first syllable.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) What type of poem is this? See the sketch of O'Hara. (2) Outline the progress of the thought in the poem. Put the

first four stanzas under one heading, the fifth to the eighth under another, and the last four under a third, supplying such subheadings as you think appropriate. (3) Determine the tone of the poem. (4) Is this tone preserved throughout? (5) Show that there is unity of thought and subject matter as well as of tone. (6) What military figures are appropriately used in the first stanza? (7) What is meant by *silent tents*, line 6? (8) Explain the figure of speech illustrated in *Life's, Fame's, Glory.* (9) Does this description of soldier life appeal to you vividly? (10) Look up in your history all you can find on the battle of Buena Vista and General Zachary Taylor. (11) What figure is in lines 33–36? (12) What is the subject of *had waged*, line 43? (13) What is the meaning of "vengeful blood of Spain," line 44? (14) Restate in prose order lines 47 and 48. (15) Explain the thought in lines 53–56. (16) What is the significance of *laurels*, line 54? (17) Give the prose equivalents of *norther's breath*, and *pitying sky has wept*, lines 57 and 59. (18) How does the poet conceive of the battle field in lines 61–64? (19) Why is the air called *heedless* in line 68? (20) How is Kentucky conceived of in lines 75–76? (21) What is meant by line 89? (22) Memorize the first, fourth, eleventh, and twelfth stanzas. (23) Examine the stanza for its structure, determining the rime scheme, the meter, and the rhythm. (24) Is the rime true in lines 9 and 11? How should *advance* be pronounced to make the rime approximately true? Find similar slightly faulty rimes in stanzas 3 and 5. (25) Notice how *hurricane* would have to be accented to make lines 33 and 35 really rime. Find in stanza 10 a similar instance of wrenched accent. (26) How should *wind* in line 10 be pronounced? (27) The meter is called "double common meter" in hymnody; that is, there are two quatrains of alternate four- and three-stress lines in each stanza. The four-stress lines are denominated "long meter," the three-stress lines "short meter," but the combination of four and three is called "common meter." (28) The rhythm is iambic. Determine how many syllables should be pronounced in *bivouac* (line 8), *warriors* (line 14), *plumed* (line 18), *flower* (line 51), *beloved* (line 51). (29) There are numerous examples of reversed accent, particularly at the beginning of a line, as in line 53.

The Daughter of Mendoza

INTRODUCTORY:

This lyric was found among President Lamar's papers after his death. The poem celebrates the charms of a beautiful South American woman from the province of Mendoza, in the Argentine Republic. The name Mendoza is a noted one in Spanish history, and the Indian girl who attracted President Lamar's notice is thought to have been a descendant of Don Pedro de Mendoza, the Spanish explorer who founded the city of Buenos Aires. The name is properly pronounced mĕn-dō'thă, though mĕn-dō'să is more commonly heard.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) Classify the poem. (2) What is the unit of thought in the first stanza? In the second? (3) The last two stanzas change the point of view from simple objective description to personal address. What is the effect of this? (4) What comparisons are made in stanza 3? (5) Is there much sorrow expressed at the prospect of separation? (6) Do you think this is a love poem, or merely a poem of admiration for "a thing of beauty"? Remember that President Lamar lost his young wife before he left Georgia, and seventeen years later married again; and he was nearly sixty years old when he wrote this poem. (7) How has the poet in a way fulfilled the prophecy of the last two lines? (8) Notice the striking and individual combination of rimes in this excellent stanza. The first and third lines are consistently rimed in double or feminine sounds, and the fifth, sixth, and seventh make a triplet of masculine rimes. The last line is a repetend or refrain with a slight change in the last two stanzas. Verify this rime scheme throughout the poem. (9) The meter is alternate iambic four-stress and three-stress verse, the short lines having an extra final syllable on account of the feminine rimes. Scan a stanza.

A Health

INTRODUCTORY:

This poem has been classed by some as a convivial lyric, but it is simply a love song cast in the form of a toast, and there is nothing of the liveliness and jollity of the typical drinking song in the lyric. Professor F. V. N. Painter says: "The flowing and lilting melody of this . . . song is quite remarkable. It is traceable to the skillful use of liquid consonants, and the avoidance of harsh consonant combinations." The poem, says Weber, was written in honor of Mrs. Rebecca Somerville of Baltimore. Though it is usually printed in the eight-line stanzaic arrangement, we have preferred here the four-line arrangement as given in the *Library of Southern Literature.*

EXPLANATORY:

8. *Burthened.* An older form of *burdened.*

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) Why is the poem called *A Health?* (2) What general description is given in stanza 1? (3) What is the topic of the second stanza? Of the third? (4) How does the fourth stanza summarize the topics of the preceding stanzas and come to a fitting, if somewhat hyperbolic, climax? (5) In what way does the last stanza echo the first and thus make a definite conclusion? (6) In what meter is the poem written? (7) Study the rime scheme, noting particularly the additional internal rime in the first and fourth lines of each stanza. In which stanza does the poet fail to make this double internal rime in one line?

Florence Vane

INTRODUCTORY:

This poem was written in 1839 and in 1840 was first printed in the March number of Burton's *Gentleman's Magazine*, then under the editorship of Poe. Professor Painter quotes one of Cooke's unpublished letters written in 1841, in which the poet says: "Tell Mary [his sister] that the little piece of verse 'Florence Vane,' that I wrote two years ago, is getting me an amusing reputation among the ladies far and near. Hewitt, the Baltimore composer, is about to set it to music, and Russell has done so in New York. . . . It was a lucky little bark, and the winds and waters have been favorable to it. I, who built it, know that it was no great thing, and that I can build a better any day. I think I will write some more of these little pieces this winter." In the *Southern Literary Messenger* of June, 1850, a letter on *Florence Vane* by J. Hunt, Jr., addressed "from the Banks of the Ohio, March 19th, 1850," is reprinted from the Cincinnati *Gazette*. Mr. Hunt explains that he had named his baby daughter Florence Vane and had requested the poet to send him a manuscript copy of the poem. This Cooke did, adding a note on the manuscript, a part of which follows: "The idea contained in the two lines of the third stanza,

> "'Thy heart was as a river
> Without a main'—

is not clearly expressed. . . . My meaning, I suppose, was that Florence did not lack the capacity to love, but directed her love to no object. Her passion went flowing like the currents of a lost river. . . . When little Florence Vane comes after a while, in inquiring how her name originated, to read this, she may care to know that 'Florence Vane' came into my mind one spring day as I walked in a flower-garden and heard my young wife sing from a window of an old country house."

EXPLANATORY:

13. *Elysian.* Pertaining to Elysium, the Greek paradise; hence perfect, blessed.

19. *Closes.* Poetical cadences.

22. *Main.* Sea. See the introductory note above.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) How is the tone of the whole poem struck in the first stanza? (2) Tell the story as it is related in the poem. (3) Why is the former meeting place of the lovers now described as lone and hoary? (4) What three comparisons are made in the third stanza? (5) Even though Florence Vane had disdained his love, what wish does the lover express in the last stanza? (6) The meter is a combination of three-stress and two-stress iambic lines, the longer lines having double or feminine rimes, and the shorter ones masculine rimes. Is this a pleasing combination? (7) The emphasis on the title words is strongly brought out both by repetition and by a metrical device. Explain just what this metrical device is. (8) Of the three poems,

The Daughter of Mendoza, *A Health*, and *Florence Vane*, which do you like best?

Every Year

INTRODUCTORY:

The poem was written in the sad period immediately succeeding the Civil War. At first there were only seven stanzas, but there were added from time to time additional ones until there are now in some editions thirteen, and one of these has been shown to be taken bodily from the English poet A. C. Swinburne's *Garden of Proserpine*. Professor C. Alphonso Smith thinks that this was interpolated by some irresponsible editor without the knowledge or consent of the author. The poet's daughter, Mrs. Lilian Pike Roome, asserts that the stanzas given here are the only authentic ones.

At best the poem, even as it appears in the authorized editions, is diffuse and lacking in unity and compactness of structure. The form, however, is exceedingly attractive, and this is doubtless what has given it so prominent a place in the popular esteem. The tone is almost pessimistic, but we could hardly expect it to be otherwise, coming to light, as it did, in the gloomy years of the Reconstruction period.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) The poem may be analyzed as the expression of a gloomy or pessimistic mood, each stanza repeating some phase of loss, sorrow, or misfortune. The last stanza is the only one in which a note of hope is struck, and that is hope for happiness beyond the grave. The last stanza may be said, then, to constitute the second or concluding section of the poem. Try to summarize the stanzas separately, and notice how unity is violated, many of the ideas being repetitions from preceding stanzas. (2) The meter is at base iambic three-stress, but there are numerous inversions, substitutions of anapæstic feet, and other irregularities. Throughout the poem anacrusis, or the addition of an extra syllable at the end of the longer lines, is employed in order to make the constant recurrence of feminine rimes. The third and fourth stanzas are fairly regular; scan these. (3) What is the effect of the refrain?

Music in Camp

INTRODUCTORY:

This poem is said to be based on an actual incident of the battle of Fredericksburg, December 10 to 13, 1862. But Thompson has made the setting in the summer rather than the winter, and some doubt is expressed as to the exact identity of the battle referred to.

EXPLANATORY:

2. *Rappahannock's waters.* Trace this river through Virginia.

8. *Embrasure.* An opening through which a cannon may be fired. *Each dread gun* refers, of course, to the thunder hidden away in the clouds.

65. *Iris.* The rainbow. In Greek mythology Iris was the goddess of the rainbow and a messenger of the gods.

76. *One touch of Nature.* "One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin." Shakspere, *Troilus and Cressida*, Act III, Sc. iii.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) What is the fundamental theme of the ballad? (See the last stanza.) (2) Analyze this simple ballad, or narrative poem, by dividing it into setting, first minor incident, second minor incident, main incident, and conclusion. (3) What two armies are camped on opposite banks of the Rappahannock? (4) Explain the figures of speech in stanza 2. Why are the military figures appropriate? (5) At what time of day does the incident occur? Explain how the poet uses this circumstance effectively. (6) Why does the Federal band play all the selections? Do you imagine the Confederates had a band? (7) Describe the tone of the first two airs played. (8) What tone is given to the third selection? (9) What effect has the last selection on the soldiers? Why do you think they are thus moved? (10) The meter is the ballad measure of iambic four- and three-stress lines in alternately rimed quatrains, the second and fourth lines having an extra syllable on account of the feminine rimes. (11) How would the following words have to be pronounced to make pure rimes: embrasure, splendor, cymbal, fairy, creature?

Little Giffen

INTRODUCTORY:

Miss Michelle Ticknor says that this poem is based on fact in every detail. It first appeared in *The Land We Love*, a paper published in Charlotte, North Carolina. Mrs. Rosalie Nelson Ticknor, who is still living, tells how she found little Giffen in one of the improvised hospitals in Columbus, where she went daily to minister to the wounded and sick soldiers. She begged her husband, Dr. Ticknor, to have the boy moved to Torch Hill, where she might care for him, for the helplessness of this emaciated lad of sixteen had appealed strongly to her sympathies. With careful nursing and nourishing food the boy slowly regained his health, and during his convalescence Mrs. Ticknor taught him to read and write. His full name was Isaac Newton Giffen. He was the son of a Tennessee blacksmith, and had joined General Joseph E. Johnston's army early in the war. It was in September, 1863, that Giffen was brought to Torch Hill, and in the following March, when he heard that his old leader was hard pressed at the front, he went forward to join Johnston's command. Nothing further was ever heard of him, and there is no doubt of his death in some battle immediately following. With the true poet's insight the Good-Samaritan doctor saw the supreme heroism displayed by this simple blue-eyed country boy, and wrote the poem of which Maurice Thompson said, "If there is a finer lyric in the whole realm of poetry, I should be glad to read it," and of which Professor C. Alphonso Smith declares, "In the simplicity of its pathos, the intensity of

its appeal, and the dramatic concentration of its thought *Little Giffen* ranks among the best short poems in American literature."

EXPLANATORY:

1. *Focal.* Central, situated at the focus or central point. *Fire* is here used for the firing line in battle.

12. *Lazarus.* Look up the story in *Luke*, xvi, 19–31. Lazarus is the Greek form of the Hebrew name Eleazar, meaning "whom God aids."

26. *Johnston.* This was General Joseph E. Johnston, who with inadequate and poorly equipped forces conducted a masterly retreat across Georgia before General Sherman's army.

30. *Fight.* Perhaps the battle of Atlanta, July, 1864.

32. *King.* Referring to King Arthur, a legendary British king. What do you know of him?

33. *Golden Ring.* The Round Table.

36. *The best.* That is, "the best of all my knights."

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) What virtue does this poem celebrate? (2) Is there anything remarkable in the courage of one so young as "Little Giffen"? (3) Tell the story of the boy's life, filling in such details as you think appropriate. (4) Explain and analyze the force of the striking phrase in the first line. (5) Why do the surgeons in the hospital so readily give the wounded soldier up? (6) Describe his condition. (7) Does the boy whine and shed tears during his sufferings? (See line 28.) (8) Explain the allusion in line 12. (9) What war is referred to in line 13? (10) How long does it take him to recover from his wounds and illness? (11) Can you think of any battle fought in Tennessee in which he may have been wounded? (Professor Painter suggests Murfreesboro, Dec. 31, 1862, to Jan. 2, 1863.) (12) What do we learn in the fourth stanza of the boy's education? (13) To whom does he write? What fine element in his character is shown by this? What pathetic situation in his far-away Tennessee home is suggested? (14) What does the captain's answer tell us of Giffen's comrades? (15) What is Giffen's reputation in that company? In how many battles has he fought? (16) Explain what is meant by "Johnston pressed at the front." (17) What effect does this news have on the boy soldier? (18) Why does he shed a tear at parting? Is it true that often a stern man will shed tears when his heart is touched by some act of kindness? (19) Why do you think the poet would willingly exchange any of King Arthur's knights for "Little Giffen"? (20) Is the style of the poem smooth or jerky? What is the effect of the broken and incomplete sentences? (21) Is it verbose or condensed in expression? Notice how much is told in a few words. (22) Is the movement rapid or slow? What effect on the movement has the omission of verbs and connective words? (23) Mark the tone of martial bravery in the verses and how suggestive they are of the march, the battle, the carnage of war. (24) What can you say of the originality of the poem? Have you ever read one like it? Read Browning's *An Incident of the French Camp.* (25) The meter of this poem is somewhat irregular, but the typical

foot is dactylic, as in line 1. Naturally in a measure like this we expect a good many irregularities, such as the substitution of one type of foot for another, as in the third foot where a trochee is used; catalexis, or truncation of light syllables, especially at the end of the lines for the sake of the rime; inversions of the rhythm, as in line 10. (26) Point out the fine examples of alliteration in this poem. (27) Can you find an example of "perfect rime"; that is, a rime where exactly the same consonant and vowel sounds occur, though the words are of different meaning? (28) Two stanzas have seven lines each. Where is the extra rime placed in these? (29) What line in the last stanza echoes one in the first? Does this improve the structural unity of the poem?

The Lily Confidante

INTRODUCTORY:

This dainty poem of sentiment appeared in the first volume of Timrod's poems, published in 1860. None but a poet of the most delicate imagination could have conceived this fanciful conversation between the lover and the lily.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) Classify the poem, saying whether it is lyric, epic, or dramatic. (2) Divide it into its two perfectly balanced parts. (3) Does the lover talk as though he were giving away a great secret? Determine the best way to read his speech. (4) What two objects does he confide in? Why are these appropriate? (5) Why is the flute called wordless? (6) What makes the lover hesitate when he comes to repeat the girl's name? Note that since no name is given, any may be supplied. (7) How does the poet make a unified impression in his description of the maiden? (8) Do you think the lily gives the lover good advice? Quote some of the best lines from the lily's speech. (9) The rhythm of this poem is trochaic. Determine the number of stresses or feet in each line, and compare the stanzaic form and the rhythm with those of the *Ode* on page 154. Note particularly the difference in the quality of the verse on account of the difference in rhythm.

Storm and Calm

INTRODUCTORY:

Storm and Calm was included in the "Additional Poems" of the edition of Timrod's *Poems* published in 1873. It probably first appeared in some one of the newspapers with which Timrod was connected. It is a fine, vigorous poem for young readers to study. Nothing could better illustrate the doctrine of struggle against adversity, and the mystery of suffering out of which comes great character than Timrod's own checkered life.

EXPLANATORY:

1. *South.* The south wind, which with its soft, warm zephyrs is supposed to bring the balmy days of spring.

9. *North.* The north wind, whose fierce wintry blasts bring storms and cold.

15. *Berg . . . floe.* The iceberg and the flat mass of floating polar ice. Note the imaginative quality of this line.

18. *Fiend.* Evil spirit, devil. *Shrouds* is another word for sails. Why is it effective here?

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) Point out the two contrasting sections of the poem, and give the main thought in each. (2) Which part receives more emphasis? Why? The main theme is cast in the form of an apostrophe to the fierce spirit of the north wind. With this thought in mind, we might analyze the poem as consisting of an introductory thought of calm, typified in the gentle south wind; the body of the poem, a cry to the fierce spirit of the north wind, in which is set forth the doctrine of struggle and suffering as the source of strong human character; and a brief reversion to the introductory thought in the two concluding lines. (3) Now study each stanza in detail, marking the emphatic words and strongest and most suggestive lines. (4) By what means does the poet suggest the soft, luxurious tone of the first division? (5) Explain fully the thought in stanza 2. (6) Note the change of tone in the opening line of stanza 3. What is the effect of the change? (7) From this point on to the end of the poem count the lines that open with a strong imperative word. This requires an inversion of the rhythm, and great emphasis is thus gained. (8) Explain the figurative expression in lines 11 and 12. (9) What is the force of *Arctic* in line 17? How long is the arctic night? (10) Point out some of the facts of Timrod's life that seem to verify the teaching of this poem. (11) The metrical form of these verses is simple but very effective. The rhythm is iambic, but there are numerous inversions in the first foot to throw strong emphasis on the opening syllable, which is usually a monosyllabic word in the imperative mood. Point out these inversions. (12) What is the effect of the triplet rime in the last stanza? (13) Can you point out two slightly false rimes?

Carolina

INTRODUCTORY:

This poem was composed in 1861 and published widely in the Southern newspapers in the early years of the Civil War. Among the martial songs of our Southern literature there is none that surpasses *Carolina* in depth of patriotic sentiment and fineness of artistic quality. The poem celebrates the spirit of Timrod's native state, and the poet's friend Paul Hamilton Hayne has said that the "lines are destined perhaps to outlive the vitality of the state whose antique fame they celebrate."

EXPLANATORY:

1. *Despot.* The Federal soldier. Compare *Huns*, line 45.

27. *Eutaw's battle-bed.* In the Revolutionary battle fought at Eutaw Springs in 1781, the Continentals under General Greene

defeated the British under General Stewart. Name several other Revolutionary battles fought in South Carolina.

31. *Rutledge. . . Laurens.* John Rutledge, born in Charleston in 1739, was elected President of South Carolina in 1776, and Governor in 1779. He was one of the most famous of Southern statesmen. Colonel John Laurens, a youthful and gallant Carolinian, was killed at the head of his regiment in a battle at Combahee, South Carolina, in 1782.

34. *Marion's bugle-blast.* The famous partisan leader Francis Marion, known as the "Swamp Fox," was in the battle of Eutaw Springs, in 1781. See Simms's poem, p. 25.

45. *Huns.* The Huns were the fiercest of the ruthless barbarian tribes who swept down on Rome from the fastnesses of northern Germany. Here the allusion is to the Federal soldiers.

46. *Festal guns.* Guns fired in joyous or festive salutation.

50. *Sachem's Head to Sumter's wall.* Sachem's Head is probably another name for Cæsar's Head, a peak in the Blue Ridge range in the extreme northwestern part of South Carolina. Fort Sumter is the famous naval fort in Charleston Harbor in the southeastern portion of the state.

79. *Armorial trees.* The coat of arms of South Carolina bears a palm tree.

81. *Gauntlet.* A leathern glove covered with steel plates as a part of the armor covering the hand; to throw down the gauntlet is a challenge to battle.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) What is the purpose of such a lyric as this? (2) In what form is the poem cast? (In answering this question, note the continual use of the nominative of address, "Carolina," throughout the poem.) (3) The poem may be divided into two movements with a conclusion. The first three stanzas set forth the appeal; the fourth, fifth, and sixth indicate the answer that the people of the state will make to this appeal, and the seventh stanza prophesies or suggests the complete triumph of the cause for which the poet pleads. Taking this analysis as suggestive, give proper topics for each of the seven stanzas. (4) Why does the poet begin with a description of Carolina in the hands of her enemies? (5) What does the poet mean by "lances of the palm," and "a spot . . . on thy garment's rim"? (6) Interpret line 18. (7) What sentiment is set forth in the third stanza? Had Carolina taken a worthy part in Revolutionary history? Give some of the facts. (8) Why does the poet begin in stanza 4 with the murmur of the waves and the swell of the ocean? (9) Stanza 5 shows the ready answer of the people to the call to arms. Explain the figurative language in lines 57–59. (10) In stanza 6 the poet suggests that Carolina may be crushed but never conquered. Explain the thought of lines 65–72 concerning the women and children of the state. (11) The bold and vigorous conclusion indicates that no power shall be able to quell the indomitable will of the sons of Carolina. The outcome of the war literally disproved this prophecy, but the spirit of the poem

still strongly stirs our souls. Read the poem through again with this thought in mind. (12) Study now the form of the verse. Notice the three triplets of four-stress lines in iambic meter, with the one-word refrain of two trochaic feet repeated after each triplet. Perhaps Timrod received a suggestion from Tennyson's *The Ballad of Oriana*, the first stanza of which reads:

"My heart is wasted with my woe,
Oriana.
There is no rest for me below,
Oriana.
When the long dun wolds are ribb'd with snow,
And loud the Norland whirlwinds blow,
Oriana,
Alone I wander to and fro,
Oriana."

Timrod's arrangement seems equally artistic and musical. In fact, there is not a false rime or halting line in the whole poem. Though simple and chaste in language, the lines are full of the fire and intense passion of patriotism.

Ode

INTRODUCTORY:

This Ode was sung in Magnolia Cemetery, Charleston, in 1867, on the occasion of the memorial service held on the day set apart for decorating the graves of the Confederate dead. It is one of the last productions of Timrod, and may in a sense be called his swan song. In its classic restraint and finished beauty it may well be considered his finest poem. It is called, simply, *Ode*, because of its elevated quality and its seriousness of tone; but in reality it is a song-lyric of the elegiac or commemorative type. The English poet William Collins wrote a poem very similar in form and theme, which he called *Ode Written in the Beginning of the Year 1746*, commemorating the British soldiers who fell in the War of the Austrian Succession. Timrod has often been compared with Collins, in his life and poetic temperament as well as in individual poems, so it seems desirable to reproduce here Collins's *Ode*, that the two poems may be more closely compared.

ODE

Written in the Beginning of the Year 1746

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

"By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!"

EXPLANATORY:

2. *Fallen cause.* The cause of State Sovereignty, or the right of the Southern States to secede and form a Confederacy. See the date of the poem, and give the date of the close of the war.

3. *Marble column.* A bronze figure of a color-bearer upon a granite base has since been erected as a soldiers' monument in Magnolia Cemetery.

5. *In seeds of laurel.* The laurel or bay has been from ancient times a symbol of honor. The poet here conceives that the honor due to the Southern soldiers is yet only in the seed, but in imagination he sees the full-blown blossoms, even while the seeds are still in the earth.

9. *Behalf.* A poetical condensation for "in behalf of."

10. *Storied.* Containing or suggestive of the stories of valor. Compare Gray's use of the word in his famous *Elegy*, where *storied* means pictured images or inscriptions:

> **"Can storied urn or animated bust**
> **Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?"**

13. *Shades.* Spirits.

15. *Cannon-moulded pile.* A lofty commemorative monument made or molded from the brass cannon used in the wars.

16. *Bay.* Charleston Bay. Locate it on your map.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) What concrete object is given strong emphasis in line 1? This may be called the initial impulse or occasion of the emotion of sorrowful reverence for the dead heroes. (2) Give a phrase for the principal thought in each of the five stanzas. Notice that stanzas 1 and 2 belong to the first thought movement, while 3 and 4 are the answering thought, and in stanza 5, the most beautiful of all, the two thought movements are united into a grand climax. (3) What figure is suggested by the word *craves?* (4) Can you think of a full-blown blossom in a seed that is yet in the earth? Can you think of a shaft in the stone "waiting for its birth"? This is an extremely imaginative stanza. (5) What does the poet mean by "blossom of your fame"? (6) Has the prophecy of stanza 2 been realized? (7) Explain "your sisters." (8) Interpret fully the thought in stanza 4. (9) Exactly what do the words *valor* and *beauty* mean? Notice the fine effect of the two adjectives used with these words. (10) Study closely the sad, solemn beauty of the picture in stanza 4. (11) The stanzaic structure is extremely simple and natural, but this very simplicity and naturalness adds to the subdued tone and chaste imagery of the whole lyric. Determine the rhythm and the number of stresses in the lines, and read the poem slowly and quietly, to bring out fully its tonal quality. (12) Memorize the last stanza. (13) In a brief composition make a comparison of Collins's *Ode* (see the introductory note above) with Timrod's.

The Death of Stonewall Jackson

INTRODUCTORY:

This selection comprises the one hundred thirty-first and part of the one hundred thirty-second chapter of Cooke's most successful novel, *Surry of Eagle's-Nest*, published in 1866 and since reprinted many times. Though the story is purely imaginary, the author

has put much of his own actual experience and much real history into his narrative. The selection given here is based on fact in almost every detail. The student should read Chapters XXXIV to XL of Cooke's *Life of Thomas Jonathan Jackson* for the fuller historical account of the battle of Chancellorsville and the fatal accident which deprived the South of one of her greatest soldiers.

EXPLANATORY:

1. *My memoirs.* Colonel Surry, "having returned to 'Eagle's-Nest' and hung up a dingy gray uniform and a battered old saber for the inspection of his descendants," is supposed to be writing his memoirs, recounting his experiences as a staff officer under General Stuart during the war. Cooke was himself a member of Stuart's staff.

11. *The hero of a hundred battles.* General Thomas Jonathan Jackson, son of a West Virginia farmer, was born January 21, 1824. After graduating at West Point he served in the Mexican War. He resigned from the army in 1852 to fill the chair of physics and artillery tactics in the Virginia Military Institute, Lexington, Virginia. At the beginning of the war he joined the Confederate Army, and as a brigadier-general made a reputation at the first battle of Manassas or Bull Run, the sobriquet "Stonewall" being always afterward associated with his name. Promoted to major-general, he was the hero of many engagements in the Shenandoah Valley, with the Federal generals Shields and Banks; he participated actively in the Peninsular Campaign, defeated Banks at Cedar Mountain, captured Harpers Ferry, took part in the bloody battles of Antietam and Fredericksburg; was made lieutenant-general. Then came the tragedy at Chancellorsville, following the successful attempt of Jackson to cut off Hooker's right from his main force.

15. *Last scene of all.* Quoted from Shakspere's *As You Like It*, Act II, Sc. vii.

22. *General Fitz Lee.* General Fitzhugh Lee, nephew of General R. E. Lee, a brave soldier and a wise counselor, died in 1905.

37. *Rodes's, Colston's, and A. P. Hill's divisions.* Robert Emmett Rodes and Raleigh Edward Colston were both graduates of the Virginia Military Institute. Each joined the Confederate Army and rose to the rank of brigadier-general. A. P. Hill, a Virginian closely associated with Jackson, was a major-general at this time. He rose to the rank of lieutenant-general and was killed before Petersburg in 1865. The subordinate officers mentioned in the narrative are all historic.

60. *Hooker.* The Federal general, "Fighting Joe" Hooker, commander of the army of invasion, was severely defeated at the battle of Chancellorsville, and was soon relieved of the command of the Army of the Potomac.

93. *Sombre and lugubrious Wilderness.* Dark and funereal forest. The undergrowth was so thick round about Chancellorsville that the country was called the Wilderness. Cooke is fond of using the word lugubrious. Note where it occurs again.

251. *General Pender.* He was a North Carolinian and was

educated at West Point. He resigned from the United States Army and joined the Confederate Army in 1861, rose to the rank of major-general, was wounded at the battle of Gettysburg, and died a few days afterward.

292. *The man of Manassas and Port Republic.* Manassas is a small town in Virginia about thirty miles southwest of Washington, D. C., where the Confederates repelled the first advance on Richmond in 1861, and where Jackson was given the sobriquet "Stonewall." At Port Republic, a place on the Shenandoah River, ninety miles northwest of Richmond, Jackson defeated the Federals under General Shields.

320. *Stuart.* Lieutenant-general J. E. B. Stuart, the intrepid cavalry leader in General Lee's army, was only twenty-seven years old when he left the United States Army and joined the Confederacy. He was bold and daring, but possessed of fine military judgment, and was remarkably successful in his forays. Like Jackson and Lee, he was a pure-minded Christian, carrying his mother's Bible with him always, and never allowing profanity or excessive drinking among his men. He was put in command of Jackson's corps after Jackson and General A. P. Hill were wounded, and it was Stuart who led the fighting when Hooker's army was dislodged.

434. *Lexington.* General Jackson was buried at Lexington, Virginia, the scene of his labors in the Virginia Military Institute.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) This narrative selection should be studied as a succession of incidents or movements leading to a climax. The death of Jackson is made a sort of after-catastrophe in the whole novel, but here the selection must be studied as a complete composition within itself. Make an outline of the selection, filling in the details if time permits. (2) Point out phrases which help to make a solemn or lugubrious background for the tragedy which is to follow. Note particularly the "pallid moon," the cry of the whippoorwills, the dark Wilderness, all of which are repeated in some form on page 166. (3) Describe in your own words just how the fatal accident occurred. (4) What is the effect of introducing the strange horseman (lines 154–155)? Do you think this horseman was a Confederate or a Federal? Why? (5) What is the reason for introducing the capture of the two Federal soldiers at this point? The incident is historic. (6) Why did the friends of Jackson wish to conceal the identity of the wounded general? (7) Do you get a vivid picture of Jackson as he moves painfully to the rear? Give some of the most striking details. (8) Describe Jackson's death, and interpret his last words. (9) Give your estimate of his character. (10) Read in connection with this selection Margaret Junkin Preston's poem *The Shade of the Trees*, p. 188.

Lyric of Action

INTRODUCTORY:

In his *History of Southern Literature* Professor Carl Holliday says of this poem: "His *Lyric of Action* should delight every admirer of

sturdy manhood. Persevering vigor sounds through every line of it, and coming as it does from a man reduced from great wealth to great poverty and exiled from refined, congenial society to a silent wilderness, the poem should stand as one of the most remarkable exhortations in American literature."

EXPLANATORY:

27. *The seraph*, etc. Uriel (pronounced ū′rĭ-ĕl), signifying in Hebrew "the light of God." This angel was represented by Milton in *Paradise Lost* (Book III, line 648ff) as the regent of the sun.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) What kind of poem is this? (2) Is the hortative style characteristic of any other selections from Hayne here given? (3) Is exhortation or preaching good subject-matter for poetry? (4) How does the poet express the hopes and aspirations of youth? (5) What influence does he appeal to as still potent to give one renewed courage? (6) Interpret lines 8–11. (7) Point out a poetic word form in the second stanza. (8) What state of mind is represented in the exclamation "Too late"? (9) How does the last stanza unify and apply the theme of the whole poem? Do you feel that the repetition of lines from stanza 1 gives a tone of finality to the conclusion of the poem? (10) Make a close comparison of this *Lyric of Action* with Longfellow's *Psalm of Life*, and note the similarity of the two poems in thought and tone.

Aëthra

INTRODUCTORY:

Aëthra illustrates Hayne's power to tell a legendary story tersely, dramatically, and in beautiful blank verse. In fact, it seems to the present editor that this poem in its classical finish and restraint, in its clearness, forcefulness, and beauty of style, surpasses all the other narrative poetry produced by its author. The legend is, so far as we know, original with Hayne.

EXPLANATORY:

Aëthra. Though Hayne wrote the word thus, both meter and etymology show that it would be more correct to spell it Æthra, and pronounce it in two syllables, ē′thrȧ. The meaning of the Greek word *æthra* is "a clear, bright sky; fair weather." In Greek mythology Æthra was the mother of the great Attic hero Theseus.

5. *Philantus.* The name is formed from the Greek *phileo*, love, and is used here to typify the hero as one who loved his wife.

31. *Tarentum.* The modern Taranto in southern Italy was anciently called "Tarentum," and was supposed to have been founded by a body of Spartan immigrants about 708 B.C.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) What type of poem is this? (2) What is the verse form? (3) Tell the story in your own words. (4) What lines are purely introductory? (5) By whom and to whom is the story supposed to be related? (6) Look up the etymology of *cordial* in line 4, and

thus determine why the word is used here. (7) Give the date of the story. (8) Under what circumstances did the ancient Greeks consult the oracles? (9) Give the principal traits of character of the hero and heroine of this legend.

Sonnets

INTRODUCTORY:

The sonnet is a poem consisting of fourteen lines of iambic five-stress verse, the rimes being arranged according to a definite, yet somewhat widely varying, scheme. This verse form was introduced from the Italian by Sir Thomas Wyatt in the sixteenth century, and under the improved forms practiced by his friend and co-author, Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, the sonnet became extremely popular toward the end of the century. When the original Italian models are more or less closely followed, we have what is called the regular or Italian sonnet. This consists of an octave, or eight lines, usually made up of two quatrains or four-line groups on two rime sounds, namely *abba abba*, and a sestet or six lines, usually arranged in two tercets, or three-line groups, on two or three rimes variously interlaced, as *cde cde*, *cdc dcd*, etc. Occasionally a third and even a fourth rime is introduced in the octave, and this leads to the English or irregular sonnet, sometimes called also the Shaksperean sonnet, because Shakspere practiced this form exclusively. It consists of three quatrains with a final couplet, the rime scheme usually running *abab*, *cdcd*, *efef*, *gg*. Hayne rarely practiced this form. The sonnet entitled *My Study* in the group here chosen is composed of three quatrains, but it does not conclude with the couplet as does the irregular or Shaksperean sonnet.

Great Poets and Small

EXPLANATORY:

6. *Empyreal.* Pertaining to the empyrean. In the ancient conception of the universe the empyrean was the highest heaven, or region of pure fire.

11. *Russet linnet.* A small European song bird of reddish or yellowish brown coloration.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) What question is asked in the first quatrain? (2) How is it echoed in the second quatrain? (3) Explain exactly what is meant by "anointed pinion of song's radiant king." (4) How is the thought of the octave applied in the sestet? (5) What conclusion, then, does the poet reach? (6) What two birds does he select to typify poets of moderate ability? (7) What two does he select to denote poets of supreme gifts? (8) Does the skylark suggest any particular poet to you? Hayne was a great admirer of Percy Bysshe Shelley and addressed one of his best sonnets to that poet. Read Shelley's *Ode to the Skylark*. (9) What rime in the octave is carried over to the sestet? This carrying over of a rime from the octave to the sestet is not allowable in the strictest Italian models.

Poets

EXPLANATORY:

9. *Parnassus.* A mountain in Greece sacred to Apollo and the Muses; hence, the domain of poetry.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) This sonnet has been placed after the preceding one as illustrative of the poet's ability to treat the same theme from two distinct points of view. Contrast and compare these two points of view. (2) What three types or kinds of poets does the author speak of in this sonnet? (3) How is the thought developed through the octave? (4) The first tercet in the second part of the sonnet treats of what group of poets? (5) What is the final thought or application? It is practically the same as that reached in the preceding sonnet. What two examples of assonance are noticeable between the octave and the sestet? This is considered a flaw by the more fastidious practitioners of the strict Italian sonnet, the basis of the criticism being that the two systems should be kept absolutely distinct from each other, both in thought and in structure. To the ordinary English ear, however, this is no blemish.

My Study

EXPLANATORY:

8. *Tendance.* The act of holding in the attention, attendance; an archaic or poetic form.

12. *Mammon.* Of Mammon, the ancient Syrian god of riches.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) Why does the poet call his study his "world"? (2) What does he mean by owning a "princely service"? Contrast these imaginary luxuries with the real conditions of his life. (3) How does the poet express his freedom from the thraldom of modern commercialism? (4) Point out several words which help to give a romantic or imaginative touch to the thought and feeling of the poem. (See the notes.) (5) Find one faulty rime.

To Henry W. Longfellow

EXPLANATORY:

2. *Laurel-crown.* Laurel is emblematical of poetical honors.

4. *Prescient.* Foreknowing, suggesting here foreknowledge of death.

11. *Immaculate.* Without spot or blemish, pure. The "new note" referred to is doubtless that of William Cullen Bryant, who died June 12, 1878. Longfellow was then over seventy-one years old. He lived to be seventy-five.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) For what does the poet express his unbounded admiration? (2) What figure of speech does he use to convey this idea? (3) What is the exact meaning of "prescient night"? (4) In line 6 what attitude does Hayne take toward Longfellow? What was

the difference in the ages of the two poets? (5) What two phases of the thought of the sonnet are set forth in the first eight lines? (6) How many lines are there in the first phase, and how many in the second? Is this the usual division of the octave? This is not a serious flaw in the structure, for the form or technique must always give way to the logical divisions of the thought when there is a conflict. (7) What question is propounded in the first tercet? (8) What wish is expressed in the second? (9) What image is in the poet's mind when he speaks of "the altar," "golden dreams ascending," "thoughts of fire"? (10) This sonnet, with the single minor exception of the overlapping of the thought between the first and second quatrains, is practically a perfect example of the Italian or regular form, the rime scheme being *abba abba, cde cde.* There is one slight blemish in the rime, *grown* being merely an eye rime and not making real concord of sound with *renown*, etc. If you have access to the complete edition of Hayne's poems, read the sonnet *To Longfellow* (*On Hearing He Was Ill*) and the double sonnet *Longfellow Dead.*

The Mocking-bird amid Yellow Jasmine

EXPLANATORY:

3. *Queen of Fairies' tiring hour.* Probably the poet had in mind Titania, queen of the fairies in Shakspere's *Midsummer Night's Dream. Her tiring hour*, or attiring hour, is the hour at which she makes her dainty toilet.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) No title was given by the author for this sonnet. Can you think of a better one than that supplied here? (2) What is the subject or picture presented in the first quatrain? (3) Of the second? (4) Of what three elements is the complete picture, as set forth in the octave, made up? (5) What transforming element is introduced in the first tercet? (6) What climax is reached in the second tercet as a result of this? (7) How does the poet strive to express in the last line the whole beauty and passion of the poem? Explain the figure of speech and give your opinion of it. (8) Write out the rime scheme of the sonnet. (9) In order to bring out the rime clearly, what word in line 4 would have to be accented abnormally—that is, on a syllable which would not ordinarily be accented? This is called wrenched accent.

Maryland! My Maryland!

INTRODUCTORY:

Oliver Wendell Holmes once said that he was the more anxious to visit Baltimore because that city had produced the three best things of their kind: *The Raven, The Star-spangled Banner*, and *Maryland! My Maryland!* The last-named poem was written on April 23, 1861, while Randall was professor of English at Poydras College, Pointe Coupée, Louisiana. It was published three days later in the New Orleans *Delta*, and was widely copied in the newspapers throughout the South. To appreciate the spirit of the poem,

the student should try to recall the situation and the feeling that was everywhere present in the hearts of Southerners as they contemplated the progress of the Federal Army southward. Such clashes between citizens and soldiers as that which occurred on the streets of Baltimore, April 19, 1861, were inevitable. But in thus recalling, as we read and admire the fiery and impassioned war songs, the spirit of resistance as it was expressed in the South, we should find no reason for loving our united country any the less; rather should we love it the more because of the complete healing of wounds and the complete reconciliation after the bitter quarrel of the Civil War period. As one of our Georgia poets, Frank L. Stanton, expresses it:

> After all,
> One country, brethren! We must rise or fall
> With the Supreme Republic. We must be
> The makers of her immortality;
> Her freedom, fame,
> Her glory, or her shame—
> Liegemen to God and fathers of the free!
>
> After all,
> Hark! from the heights the clear, strong, clarion call
> And the command imperious: "Stand forth,
> Sons of the South and brothers of the North!
> Stand forth and be
> As one on soil and sea—
> Your country's honor more than empire's worth!"
>
> After all,
> 'T is Freedom wears the loveliest coronal;
> Her brow is to the morning; in the sod
> She breathes the breath of patriots; every clod
> Answers her call
> And rises like a wall
> Against the foes of liberty and God!

For a brief note on the adaptation of *Maryland! My Maryland!* to music, see the sketch of Randall, and for a fuller account see the history of the poem as given by Matthew P. Andrews in his introduction to the 1910 edition of Randall's poems.

EXPLANATORY:

1. *Despot's heel.* Compare a similar use of the word in the first line of Timrod's poem *Carolina.*

5. *Patriotic gore.* On April 19, 1861, in a clash between the citizens of Baltimore and the soldiers of the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment, four soldiers and twelve private citizens were killed and many more wounded. One of Randall's college mates was among the dead.

7. *Battle queen of yore.* Evidently referring to the resistance made by Baltimore against the English fleet under Admiral Cockburn in the War of 1812. In this connection see Key's *Star-spangled Banner.*

9. *Exiled son.* Throughout his life Randall looked upon himself as an exile and a wanderer from his native state.

21. *Carroll's sacred trust.* Charles Carroll, a noted statesman of Revolutionary times, an active member of the Maryland Convention of June 21, 1776, which declared America ought to be free and

independent, and of the Continental Congress which declared our independence. This last is probably the trust referred to, though Carroll represented his state in many positions of trust.

22. *Howard's warlike thrust.* Colonel John E. Howard won fame at the battle of Cowpens by ordering his men to charge with the bayonet. He was afterward Governor of Maryland.

29. *Ringgold.* Major Samuel Ringgold was an artillery commander in the Mexican War. He was personally directing the fire of his squad in the battle of Palo Alto, 1846, when he was shot through the hips. When his friends offered to take him to the rear for medical attention, he insisted that they leave him alone, as they were needed at the front.

30. *Watson.* Colonel William H. Watson was killed in Mexico at the head of his regiment in the battle of Monterey, September 24, 1846.

31. *Lowe . . . May.* Governor Lowe and Henry May were strong defenders of states' rights and vigorous opposers of the Federal war measures imposed upon Maryland in 1861.

39. *And chaunt thy dauntless slogan song.* This line was originally written, "And add a new Key to thy song"; the pun in allusion to Francis Scott Key, author of the *Star-spangled Banner*, was criticized by Oliver Wendell Holmes and others, and Randall changed the line to read as in the text. The improvement is noteworthy.

46. *Sic semper tyrannis.* "Thus always with tyrants," a Latin phrase on the coat of arms of Virginia.

62. *Bowl.* Though the meaning is not easily apparent, the word probably refers to a method of inquisitorial torture in which the victim was placed in a wooden vessel filled with spikes. The exigency of rime accounts for the use of this particular word.

67. *Old Line's bugle, fife, and drum.* A reference to the Continental or Revolutionary soldiers. See Willard's famous painting, "The Spirit of '76."

70. *Northern scum.* This harsh expression should be interpreted figuratively. Mr. Andrews, apparently quoting Randall, says, "To the poet, Maryland was 'a rock able to withstand a mighty sea of invasion and repel it in foam or scum at its base.'" Some modern editors omit this stanza, but with injustice to the poet and to the spirit of the lyric. Hard words were the natural result of the fierce passions that moved men's hearts in those terrible days.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) Study the gradual rise of emotion, and try to read the poem in full realization of the poet's patriotic fervor. (2) In what form does the poet conceive of his native state throughout the poem? (3) Give the occasion and the history of the poem. (4) Why did Randall call himself an exile? (5) Explain the historical allusions in stanzas 3 and 4. (6) What is meant by "Virginia should not call in vain"? (7) Discuss the imaginative touches in the final stanza. (8) Explain the following words from the poem: panoplied, dalliance, slogan, minions, Vandal. (9) Compare this poem with Timrod's *Carolina*, and try to determine from a purely literary

point of view which is the better poem. In this exercise try not to take into account the added force and popular appeal which the music has given to Randall's poem. (10) Each stanza is built on a single riming sound with the refrain interspersed. Test the rime scheme to see if it is consistently followed. (11) The meter is iambic tetrameter, or four-stress verse. Scan a stanza. Notice that the refrain necessarily omits the initial light syllable.

Pelham

INTRODUCTORY:

Colonel John Pelham, one of six brothers who enlisted in the Confederate Army, was born in Calhoun County, Alabama, September 7, 1838. He left West Point just before his graduation, in order to join the Confederate forces, and he was immediately put in command of a detachment of artillery. It has been said that he was the most capable and brilliant commander of artillery in the South. He was in many hard-fought engagements. At Fredericksburg his work was so remarkable that he was referred to by General Lee in his report of the battle as "the gallant Pelham," by which title he has since been known. He was killed at Kelly's Ford on the Rappahannock, March 17, 1863. His body was carried to Alabama, where it was seen by Randall, and buried in the beautiful little town of Jacksonville in the mountains of northern Alabama.

EXPLANATORY:

8. *Marcellus.* A Roman general and consul, a spirited and noble young patriot mentioned by Vergil in the Æneid, Book VI.

28. *Divine surprise.* That is, his surprise at the fame and glory which he received in heaven. Compare Milton's famous passage on fame in *Lycidas*, ending

"Of so much fame in heav'n expect thy meed."

35. *Amaranthine wreath.* The amaranth in Greek lore is an imaginary plant or flower which never withers or fades. Explain the application here.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) This elegy may be said to receive its initial impulse from line 25, when the poet gazes upon the dead form of the hero. Taking this seventh stanza, then, as the climax, we may analyze the lyric as a poetic exposition or description of Pelham's death. In the first stanza the time and occasion are dealt with, and then follows a comparison of Pelham with Marcellus. A suggestive or poetic portrayal of the actual death scene is then given. The last two stanzas, treating of the hero's entrance into heaven and his assured fame, are added for the comfort of the weeping mother. Follow this analysis through the poem. (2) Why is the spring spoken of as laughing? (3) Explain "April of historic life," and compare with Pelham's actual age and the date of his death. (4) Explain the figure of speech in line 7. Do you like it? (5) Study carefully stanzas 5 and 6 as an imaginative portrayal of Pelham's death. Is

the portrayal artistic? (6) Stanza 7 was greatly admired by the eminent critic Clarence Stedman. What do you see in the stanza to elicit such admiration? (7) Explain the thought of the last stanza. (8) The meter is alternate five- and three-stress iambic. Scan a stanza or two, and account for the frequent inversions in the first foot.

Gone Forward

INTRODUCTORY:

In her journal for the year 1870 Mrs. Preston makes the following entry: "*November 7th:* Wrote a little poem about General Lee called *Gone Forward.* Began it after eleven o'clock, and finished it before dinner, 'standing on one foot,' as Horace says. I don't know whether it is good or not. Writing it made the cold perspiration break out over me, which is a token that I was 'i' the vein.'" After the Civil War General Lee had been called to the presidency of Washington College, and during the five years of his service there Mrs. Preston was thrown into constant association with him; so she was well prepared to write in the brief space of an hour or so this almost perfect poem on the great man's life and character. In her reminiscences of General Lee published in the *Century Magazine* nearly twenty years after his death, Mrs. Preston wrote this excellent summary of his character: "As a man, physically, intellectually, morally, and socially, we people of the South think his equal has never been seen. He was a superb specimen of manly beauty, grace, and elegance. His military life gave no stiffness to his manner; there was about him a stately dignity, a calm poise, absolute self-possession with entire absence of self-consciousness, and a beautiful consideration for all about him which made a combination not to be surpassed. His tall erect figure, his fine coloring, his sparkling hazel eye, his perfect white teeth (for he never used tobacco), his engaging smile, his chivalry of bearing, the musical sweetness of his perfectly true voice, were attributes never to be forgotten by those who had once met him."

EXPLANATORY:

1. *Let the tent be struck.* Colonel William Preston Johnston, who witnessed the death scene, said that a Southern poet (referring to Mrs. Preston) had celebrated the significant words "Strike the tent"; but the last words Lee uttered were, "Tell Hill he must come up!" General Lee died of heart trouble, October 12, 1870.

15. *Call of duty.* General Lee is given credit for the aphorism, "Duty is the sublimest word in the English language."

27. *Red-cross knights.* The Templars or other medieval knights who wore the red cross as their emblem. In Spenser's *Faëry Queene,* Book I, the Red-cross knight represents Faith, and this is probably the source of the allusion here.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) The poem is an elegy or dirge, taking General Lee's dying words as a starting point, but presenting in deep-toned, solemn, beautiful lyric music a summary of a noble character. (2) What

day is the poet describing in stanza 1? (3) General Lee surrendered to General Grant at Appomatox, April 9, 1865. How, then, do you explain the first line of stanza 2? (4) Name the qualities of General Lee's character mentioned in stanza 2. (5) "All hearts grew sudden palsied." Why? (6) What was General Lee's ideal as expressed in stanza 3? (7) Why should we not weep for him? (8) What kind of soldier is spoken of in stanza 5? (9) How do you interpret the beautiful and imaginative image, "Thick-studded with the calm, white tents of peace"? (10) Now study the structure of the verse which brings out such grand, solemn music. Notice first the rime scheme, the feminine or double rimes in lines 1 and 3, the single masculine rime sound in lines 2, 4, and 5, and the final line with no rime but with constant repetition of the word "forward" from stanza to stanza as a unifying refrain. See if this scheme is consistently carried out, naming the riming words in each stanza. (11) The meter is straightforward iambic with one extra light syllable at the end of the first, third, and sixth lines of each stanza. There is no effort at over-ornamentation, excessive alliteration, or rich sound effects, but the deep, slow tones are wonderfully well adapted to the theme. How should the poem be read?

The Shade of the Trees

INTRODUCTORY:

The editor has been unable to find just when this poem was written. No mention is made of it in Mrs. Preston's journal for 1863. The following entry concerning the news of Jackson's death is found, however: "*May 12th: Tuesday:* Last night I sat at this desk writing a letter to General Jackson, urging him to come up and stay with us, as soon as his wound would permit him to move. I went down stairs early this morning, with the letter in my hand, and was met by the overwhelming news that Jackson was dead! . . . My heart overflows with sorrow. The grief in this community is intense; everybody is in tears. What a release from his weary two years' warfare! To be released into the blessedness and peace of heaven! . . . How fearful the loss to the Confederacy! The people made an idol of him, and God has rebuked them. No more ready soul has ascended to the throne than was his. Never have I known a holier man. Never have I seen a human being so thoroughly governed by duty. He lived only to please God; his daily life was a daily offering up of himself." Perhaps the thought of writing this poem came to Mrs. Preston after she had written the powerful poem *Gone Forward* suggested by the last words of General Lee. The poem on Jackson's last words may be found in the volume called *Cartoons* (1875), immediately following that on Lee.

EXPLANATORY:

3. *Let us . . . trees.* These are the very last words spoken by General Jackson. See John Esten Cooke's account of the whole scene, p. 170.

19. *Assoilèd ones.* The redeemed, those saved and set free from all earthly pollution. *Walking in white:* See *Revelations*, iii. 4, 5.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) What is the initial idea of this poem? (2) From this initial idea what three divisions of the body of the poem are apparent? (3) Do the words or images in stanza 3 make you hear the water distinctly? What devices are used to make the suggestion vivid? (4) Explain "soft sheen of the Thitherward Shore." (5) What picture is conveyed in stanza 5? (6) Why was it best for Jackson to pass over the river and rest? Was it best for the Confederacy? Be sure of your ground before you answer this last question. (7) What rime sound is repeated in each stanza and why? (8) The necessity of repeating the exact words of Jackson determines the meter and the rhythm of the poem. The rhythm is dactylic with the two final syllables omitted throughout for the sake of the rime. Count the stresses.

The Color-bearer

INTRODUCTORY:

This poem is found in Mrs. Preston's first volume of collected short poems, *Old Songs and New*, published in 1870. The volume contains poems on Hebrew and Greek story, ballads, sonnets, and other verse. *The Color-bearer* is one of the ballads. It is doubtless one of Mrs. Preston's earlier poems, and perhaps was written before the war; but she revised all her pieces when she prepared the manuscript for her book in 1870, and in the later conception of the hero of this ballad she must have thought of some youthful Southern soldier as the color-bearer.

EXPLANATORY:

5. *Phalanx.* The old Greek phalanx was the line of heavy infantry several ranks deep, which presented an unbroken front to the enemy. Here the word is used generically for the line of battle.

87. *The order'd remnant slow retired.* That is, the remnant of the company retired in slow and orderly fashion.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) The poem divides itself naturally into four divisions: analyze it. (2) Why are not the place and time of the battle, the name of the company, commander, or soldiers definitely given? (3) How is the carnage of the battle pictured in stanza 1? Do you get a vivid picture in stanza 2? Give some of the best images. (4) The first two stanzas give a general picture of the battle. What specific narrative is begun in stanza 3? Recount the progress of the company. (5) What effect does the fall of their colors have on the company? What soldier leaps to restore the flag? (6) What makes the boy pause so long? (7) Read the two stanzas describing the boy's home, mother, and sister. Why are these introduced? (8) "The touch dissolved the spell." Explain this line, and connect it with a preceding stanza. (9) Explain lines 55, 56. (10) In line 68 what is meant by "blood-red trail of light"? (11) How are the boy's bravery and devotion to his country finally shown? Give your estimate of his character. (12) The poem is written in the

simple ballad quatrain of alternate four- and three-stress lines, the second and fourth riming. Test this formula by scanning a stanza, but do not read the poem in a singsong fashion.

The Conquered Banner

INTRODUCTORY:

The Conquered Banner first appeared on March 21, 1868, in *The Banner of the South*, a journal founded at Augusta, Georgia, shortly after the Civil War. The poem voiced the shattered hopes of loyal Southerners everywhere, and at once became and has since remained one of the favorites among the short poems by Southern authors. It is natural that the poem, coming as it did straight from the heart of the soldier-priest so shortly after the defeat and overthrow of the Confederacy, should be modulated to a tone of sadness and even of hopelessness.

EXPLANATORY:

1. *That Banner.* The Confederate flag, of which there were several kinds. The battle flag was a diagonal cross of blue filled with thirteen stars, on a red ground. The "Stars and Bars" had as a ground three bars—red, white, and red—with a blue square in the upper left-hand corner decorated with a circle of seven stars. The national flag consisted of the battle-flag design on a field of white or of red and white.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) What seems to be the theme of the poem? (2) In what mood do you judge the author to have been when he wrote it? (3) Are thought unity and emotional unity preserved? (4) Is there structural unity? Do the slight variations in the forms of the stanzas mar the structural unity? (5) How does each stanza begin? Does repetition act as a binding device between the stanzas? (6) What elements of pathos are found in the poem? (7) In what lines are the dead soldiers mentioned? (8) In line 35 the poet speaks of pardoning the enemy. Who first taught this noble sentiment? (9) How has the prophecy in line 40 been fulfilled? (10) Do you think we as Americans love our national flag any the less because we revere the memory of the "bonny blue flag" of the Confederacy? (11) What is the meter of the poem? Scan the first and third lines. Notice that the first line is acatalectic; that is, it is not cut short but has four full trochaic feet. The third line is catalectic, having the final light or unaccented syllable omitted. Compare this meter with that of *The Sword of Robert Lee*, just following, and with other trochaic measures in this volume. (12) Where do feminine rimes occur? Are these demanded by the trochaic rhythm? These double rimes add to the musical effect if not overdone, while the masculine or single rimes break the monotony and afford good opportunities for pauses in the flow of the verse and in the thought. (13) The poet sometimes repeats his rimes too often. Examine the first stanza and see if you think the rime is overdone. Find another stanza where there is inartistic excess of

rime. (14) Where is the answering rime to *so* in line 37? Do you think there is a flaw in the structure of this stanza?

The Sword of Robert Lee

INTRODUCTORY:

This poem, like the preceding and also like many other of Father Ryan's productions of this period, first appeared in *The Banner of the South*, being published April 4, 1868. Father Ryan was a great admirer of General Lee, placing him first among the heroes of fame, and reverencing him as one of the noblest men who had ever lived.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) Is the theme expressed fully in the title? Suppose you state it somewhat more fully. (2) In what situations does the poet conceive the sword? (3) Notice how the poem is structurally unified by the opening line of each stanza. Why is the line varied slightly? (4) How would you read the poem? Compare it with *The Conquered Banner* for mood and tone. (5) Mark the note of sadness in the midst of exulting admiration for the peerless leader. (6) In line 5 what is the sword compared with and why? What figure of speech is this? (7) How is the sword conceived of in lines 8 and 9? What figure of speech is this, and how does it differ from the preceding figure? (8) What is indicated to your mind by "the battle's song," line 9? (9) What effect did the sight of the sword have on the soldiers (lines 16–18)? (10) In which stanza is the climax in thought and emotion reached? (11) Why is the fourth stanza more effective than the preceding ones in its musical effects? Study the parallelism, repetition, internal rime, alliteration, etc. (12) In line 33 what image is suggested? (13) How is the sword associated with the fallen soldiers in the last stanza? (14) Study out the stanzaic form and see if it is maintained throughout. (15) How do the meter, rhythm, and stanza of this poem compare with those of *The Conquered Banner?*

Eulogy on Charles Sumner

INTRODUCTORY:

This famous speech was delivered in the United States House of Representatives, April 28, 1874. Lamar had been selected from the Democratic side to second the resolutions offered by Representative Hoar of Massachusetts, for the suspension of public business out of respect to the memory of Senator Sumner. It was a critical moment in the history of the nation when Lamar, a Southerner and secessionist of the "fire-eating" type, rose to eulogize Charles Sumner, the man who was so bitterly antagonistic to the ideas for which the South stood. Ex-Chancellor Mayes says: "The House . . . was thronged; on the one side friends, full of misgivings; on the other, opponents, cold, curious, critical. . . . As he proceeded with the address, it was evident that something unusual was going on. The House became hushed and reverent. The faces of the members and of the vast auditory were turned, rapt and attentive, upon the speaker, as he stood, in an attitude of easy grace, in the

first aisle beyond the center, on the left of the chamber. The stillness of the House and galleries became oppressive. The Speaker, Mr. Blaine, sat motionless, his face turned away, with tears stealing down his cheeks. On both sides of the House members wept. The scarred veterans of a hundred fields, and the callous actors in a hundred debates, Democrats and Republicans alike, melted into tears. Said one spectator afterwards: 'Those who listened sometimes forgot to respect Sumner in respecting Lamar.' When he closed, all seemed to hold their breath, as if to prolong a spell; and then a spontaneous burst of applause broke out from all the floor and all the galleries, coming up heartily and warmly, especially from the Republican side."

The great speech was telegraphed to all parts of the country, and Lamar's name was on every tongue. It has been asserted by many that sectional animosity received in this speech its deathblow. The press everywhere lauded the chaste eloquence, the sincere and abiding charity, the exalted spirituality of the utterance.

EXPLANATORY:

Charles Sumner. This eminent statesman was born in Massachusetts in 1811, educated at Harvard, and sent to the United States Senate in 1851. He at once took rank as one of the leaders in the movement for the abolition of slavery. On one occasion so severe was his arraignment of Senator Butler of South Carolina that he was assaulted and painfully injured on the floor of the Senate Chamber by a certain Southern Representative who was a relative of Senator Butler's. He was bitterly hated by the South for many years, both for his anti-slavery politics before the war, and for his insistence that the negroes be given full recognition and equal privileges in hotels, theaters, and the like, after the war.

17. *Johnson's felicitous expression.* What follows is a translation of a phrase in Dr. Samuel Johnson's Latin epitaph for Oliver Goldsmith. The original words are *Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit.*

24. *Singularly dramatic career.* See the note on Sumner above.

131. *Amnesty to the vanquished.* Sumner had supported the act which granted general amnesty or pardon to all who took part in the Civil War except those who by their prominence gained recognition as leaders. The officers were pardoned only on special application.

145. *A point to him so vital.* Even at the time of his death, Sumner was pressing through Congress his Civil Rights Bill which proposed to place the negro on the level of the white man in respect to all civil privileges.

163. *A gracious act.* In 1872 Sumner had introduced in Congress a bill forbidding the perpetuation by record or inscription, on the army register or the regimental colors, of the victories won over fellow citizens. He lost some of his popularity among the extremists of the North on account of the generous spirit of magnanimity manifested toward the feelings of the South in this matter.

168. *Internecine.* Characterized by mutual slaughter. Look up the etymology and the pronunciation.

247. *Abandon.* A French word meaning ease or unconstraint. Pronounced ȧ-băn′dôn′.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) Ex-Chancellor Mayes in his *Life, Times, and Speeches of L. Q. C. Lamar*, treating of the occasion of this speech, says: "Perhaps no one expected aught but a purely perfunctory performance, an unwilling tribute to a dead foe exacted by the good breeding of civilization." Do you find in the spirit of the speech anything of the kind? (2) What is the significant statement in the first paragraph? (3) Why does the speaker make only passing reference to Sumner's intellectual and cultural attainments? (4) Upon what traits does he propose to dwell? Why? (5) In paragraph 2 notice how skillfully Lamar summarizes the intellectual attainments of Sumner while feigning to say nothing of them. How does he pass from the intellectual to the moral phases of Sumner's character? (6) What is the first strong characteristic treated of under this head? (Third paragraph.) (7) What qualities does the orator find combined with this characteristic? (8) In what way did this characteristic find concrete expression in Sumner's life? (9) Does Lamar give a favorable or an unfavorable picture of slavery as it existed in America? (10) What is meant by "the organic law of the republic"? (11) How does the last sentence of the fourth paragraph lead up to the phase of Sumner's character which is next to be treated? (12) Summarize carefully the thought of the fifth paragraph. (13) What topic is treated of in the sixth? Have Sumner's views on this question been sanctioned by posterity? (14) What specific instance of Sumner's magnanimity toward the South is pointed out? (15) With what generous idea does Lamar meet this magnanimity? (Paragraph 8.) (16) What do you imagine was the effect, on both sides, of Lamar's admission that he had often felt the impulse to go to Sumner and express his gratitude? Would such an admission disarm a critically disposed person? (17) At this point in the tenth paragraph we reach the real message that Lamar had to deliver to his countrymen, North and South. State this message carefully in your own words. (18) Examine the last two magnificent sentences in the eleventh paragraph. Notice the balance and the striking antithesis or contrast.

Song of the Chattahoochee

INTRODUCTORY:

This poem first appeared in *Scott's Magazine*, Atlanta, Georgia, in 1877. It is perhaps the most widely known of all Lanier's works; and naturally, for it is so simple and beautiful in its conception and so musical and artistic in its execution that even the youngest readers find pleasure in it. Professor Callaway speaks of this as "Lanier's most finished nature poem . . . the most musical of his productions."

EXPLANATORY:

1, 2. *Habersham . . . Hall.* Locate these counties in Georgia, and trace the entire course of the Chattahoochee.

6. *Or . . . or.* Used for *either . . . or*, as often in poetry. See if you can find in your reading a similar use of *nor . . . nor* for *neither . . . nor.*

17. *For to.* An archaic form, used also in line 43. Can you point out instances of the use of this idiom in the King James version of the Bible?

38. *Made lures.* Offered allurements for the water to stop. The idea seems to be that the water pouring over the stones makes them more dazzling and attractive.

43. *Fain.* Willing, yearning.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) Make an outline of the poem by stanzas, using the five questions following this one for suggestions. (2) How much of the river's course is summarized in stanza 1? (3) What objects are described in stanza 2 as delaying the water? (4) What objects attract the river in stanza 3? (5) What objects offer allurements in stanza 4? (6) What moral is drawn in stanza 5? (7) Who speaks throughout the poem? Does this give the poet the opportunity to imitate the sound of the water in his verse? Why is the name of the river not given in the poem? (8) Is there a similarity of tone in the first and last stanzas? How does this help to unify the whole? (9) The meter is typically four-stress trochaic, but there are many variations and irregularities for artistic effect. Scan the poem. (10) Professor Kent in his analysis of this poem says: "In five stanzas, of ten lines each, alliteration occurs in all save twelve lines." Prove this statement by actual count, marking the non-alliterative lines. (The lines in which *Hall* occurs alliterate with the preceding lines containing *Habersham.*) (11) He also says: "In eleven of these twelve lines internal rhyme occurs, sometimes joining the parts of a line, sometimes uniting successive lines." Point out the single line which has no internal rime. (12) Memorize the poem. (13) Compare it with Tennyson's *The Brook.*

A Ballad of Trees and the Master

INTRODUCTORY:

Lanier wrote this poem at Baltimore in November, 1880, only a few months before his death. It is one of the most exquisite nature lyrics in our language. For other beautiful passages on trees, see the opening lines of *Sunrise* and *The Marshes of Glynn.*

EXPLANATORY:

2. *Forspent.* Exhausted, entirely spent; an archaic word.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) To whom does *Master* refer? (2) What event in Christ's life is described? In what garden did it take place? (3) Why was He "forspent"? (4) What two trees are mentioned in the first stanza? Of what events are they typical or suggestive in Christ's life? (5) The use of *they* in line 5 is an example of pleonasm. Explain the figure and show why it is justifiable in poetry. (6) What

difference in tone is there between the first and the second stanza? (7) Why was Christ content when he came out of the garden? (8) What does *tree* mean in line 15? (9) The meter is iambic, but it is varied by inversions (trochaic feet), as in lines 1, 9, 11; by substitutions of anapæstic feet, as in lines 5, 6, 8, 14, 16. Try to point out these variations. In line 2 there is a syllable omitted in the first foot. This omission is similar in effect to a rest in music, as Lanier explains in his *Science of English Verse.* The line should be read slowly so as to fill the full time interval. (10) The lines sometimes have three, sometimes four stresses; which lines have four and which three feet? (11) What rimes are repeated throughout the two stanzas? Does such repetition add to the music of the lyric? (12) How do the rime words in lines 2 and 10 help to emphasize the contrasted moods of the two stanzas? (13) What movement do you assign to this lyric?

My Springs

INTRODUCTORY:

This beautiful love poem addressed to the poet's wife was written in 1874 while Lanier was living in Baltimore. In a letter to Mrs. Lanier, dated March, 1874, the poet says: "Of course since I have written it to print, I cannot make it such as I desire in artistic design; for the forms of to-day require a certain trim smugness and clean-shaven propriety in the face and dress of a poem, and I must win a hearing by conforming in some degree to these tyrannies, with a view to overturning them in the future. Written so, it is not nearly so beautiful as I would have it, and I therefore have another still in my heart, which I will some day write for myself."

EXPLANATORY:

3. *Lucent.* Look up the meaning and etymology of this word.
16. *Very verity.* Real or true form.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) The poem is a love lyric set in allegory. What are the springs? (2) Why are they placed in the "*heart* of the Hills of Life"? (3) What does the "soul's far Lake of Dreams" signify? (4) Explain in what way the springs "mirror all of life and time." (5) What abstract quality is represented in stanza 4? Do you conceive of this abstract idea in a concrete form? Explain the thought of the stanza. (6) What three familiar figures known as the "Christian graces" appear in stanzas 5 and 6? See *I Corinthians,* xiii. 13. (7) What particular form of art was Lanier thinking of in stanza 7? (8) Recalling the story of Lanier's life, say how you think his wife helped him most. (9) Notice that the latter half of the poem is more emotional than the first, the poet's love being expressed in a sort of climax or crescendo toward the end. (10) Enumerate the characteristics of the wife as set forth in the various love lights which played in her eyes. (11) Why does the poet use the figure of dovecotes with gray doves? (12) Why are Magdalen and Ruth singled out as objects of the good wife's love? (13) The last

stanza has been spoken of as one of Lanier's purest gems of poetry and one of the finest compliments ever paid by a husband to a wife. Memorize this stanza. (14) Analyze the structure of the poem, dividing it into two parts and giving appropriate subdivisions. (15) Point out the marked parallelism of structure and the repetition in stanzas 4 to 8. What advantages are thus gained? (16) Study carefully the deep and sincere emotion which permeates the whole poem. (17) Read for comparison Washington Irving's picture of *The Wife* in *The Sketch-book.*

Stanzas from "Corn"

INTRODUCTORY:

The poem from which these three stanzas are taken appeared in *Lippincott's Magazine* for February, 1875, and was the first of Lanier's productions to attract wide public notice. The poem is dated Sunnyside, Georgia, August, 1874. Mrs. Lanier says that it was the first outcome of her husband's consciously developing art life. Of the background of the poem she adds, "His 'fieldward-faring eyes took harvest,' 'among the stately corn-ranks,' in a portion of middle Georgia sixty miles to the north of Macon. It is a high tract of country from which one looks across the lower reaches to the distant Blue Ridge Mountains, whose wholesome breath, all unobstructed, here blends with the woods-odors of the beech, the hickory, and the muscadine."

EXPLANATORY:

1. *Zigzag-cornered.* The old-fashioned rail fence is laid in zigzag or worm fashion.

12. *Tilth.* Tillage, plowing: an Anglo-Saxon word.

13. *Quintuple.* Fivefold. This word is used to sum up the five things mentioned as harvests above—namely, *dignities, benignities, insights, graces, majesties.*

19. *Type.* Typify, be a type of: a noun used as a verb.

20. *Vanward.* The forward section, the vanguard.

23. *Increment.* Increase, addition.

29. *Four wild elements.* This is a reference to the older philosophy, which held that everything in nature was composed of the four elements, water, fire, air, earth.

40. *Writ.* An old past tense, now used only in poetry.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) Give a topic for each of the three stanzas. (2) Describe in your own words the first picture the poet paints. (3) What metaphor is developed in the first stanza? (4) Point out and define the military terms used. (5) What is the thought that the poet wishes to impress by this figure? (6) In the second stanza the poet stops to develop another thought, but he uses the word corn-ranks to keep the military figure in mind. Explain just how the poet takes harvest. (7) Develop carefully the thought of lines 11, 12, and 13. (8) In line 14 the poet returns to his military figure, but centers his attention on one single conception. Why is this device effective? (9) Explain "waves his blades." (10) Why is the battling hedge

mentioned again? (11) Line 18 does not rime with any other line, but it has three words riming within itself. Point these out. (12) Lanier now compares the corn-captain to the poet-soul. Notice how he first uses a military idea, "sings up cowards"; and then, repeating the word soul at the beginning of three different lines, he develops three comparisons between the poet-soul and the cornstalk: namely, calmness, unselfish grace, and sweetness. (13) Explain *selfless chivalry*, and *curves of courtesy*. Notice the assonance in the last phrase. (14) Paraphrase line 31. (15) Why does the poet say the corn stands in its grave? (16) Explain the thought in lines 38 and 39. (17) What lesson may be drawn from the last line? How can we become our own monument? (18) Study the melodious phrasing, the rich rime combinations, the varying rhythms, and try to cultivate your ear for a keener appreciation of the musical qualities of Lanier's verse.

Three Letters

INTRODUCTORY:

The first of these letters is taken from Lanier's correspondence with Paul Hamilton Hayne, which extended over the years from 1867 to Lanier's death in 1881; the next, taken from the more personal letters to Mrs. Lanier, describes the poet's first rehearsal as a member of the Peabody Symphony Orchestra, Baltimore; the third is one from Lanier to Bayard Taylor, written while the former was seeking to improve his health by a winter spent in Florida.

Since personal letters are normally of an easy, natural, and unstudied character, there is no need for an attempt at literary analysis here; but the student should note the grace and fluency of style and intimacy of tone necessary to produce a pleasing effect in this difficult kind of writing. Paul Hamilton Hayne says of the letters which Lanier wrote to him: "Their quaintness of thought and phraseology seemed at first to indicate affectation—an affectation of archaism; but soon I learned to understand that this style was as natural to Lanier as breathing."

EXPLANATORY:

I

1. *Mr. Hayne.* In the *Critic* of 1886, Paul Hamilton Hayne printed with personal comment a group of letters which Lanier had written him during their long friendship. He says in introducing this letter: "The next letter seems to me a striking one. One part of it is a prose-poem, touched by an exquisite delicacy of fancy; and another part foreshadows that trenchant critical force, combining fine analysis with truly philosophical generalization, displayed so conspicuously at a subsequent period, in Lanier's lectures at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore."

II

In 1873 the position of first flute in the Peabody Symphony Orchestra of Baltimore was offered to Lanier by the director, Asger

Hamerick. Lanier accepted the position, and this letter describes his feelings as he went through the first rehearsal. The archaic style of the letter gives it a quaint and poetic tone throughout. The fact that Lanier was not lacking in humor is also illustrated here.

2. *Flauto Primo.* First flute. Note the use and the effect of the Italian musical terms introduced here and there in the letter.

62. *Niels Gade's Ossian Overture.* Niels Gade was a noted Danish conductor and composer. Ossian was the old Gaelic bard to whom James Macpherson (1738–1796) attributed the authorship of the epic poem *Fingal.* Macpherson's work was later found to be fabrications of his own on certain fragments of Gaelic poetry which he had heard in the Highlands of Scotland.

III

2. *Mr. Taylor.* The relations between Bayard Taylor and Sidney Lanier were extremely cordial. The series of letters which passed between them not only throws much light on the life of both writers, but affords an excellent example of a literary correspondence of an eminently practical and helpful kind.

11. *Pen.* Changed from "few," which was evidently a misprint.

25. *The poem.* Doubtless the poem referred to is *The Waving of the Corn*, which appeared in *Harper's Magazine* in 1877.

27. *International Review.* In reply Mr. Taylor condemned the *International Review;* he sent the poem entitled *To Beethoven* to the *Galaxy.* Lanier received twenty-five dollars for this lyric.

35. *Mr. Eggleston.* George Cary Eggleston, who was at this time literary editor of the New York *Evening Post.*

Christmas-night in the Quarters

INTRODUCTORY:

This operetta or collection of negro melodies and flashlight pictures of negro life on the old Southern plantation has received high praise from students of dialect poetry and negro character. It was published in *Scribner's Magazine*, January, 1878. Read on page 228 what Joel Chandler Harris has to say about this production.

EXPLANATORY:

Quarters. On the old plantations the negro cabins were built close together at some convenient point near the "big house," or home of the planter. This group of cabins was known as the "quarters."

4. *"Christmas gift."* The custom of the negroes and of the Southern children of crying, "Christmas gift," and demanding a present of the one who is "caught," or greeted first, is still in vogue to some extent, though it seems to be passing.

28. *Star . . . Yee-bawee. Star* is a common name for a steer with a blazed face. *Buck* is a common name for an ox. Compare *Buck-Kannon* (Buchanan), line 46. *Yee-bawee* probably means "Go Forward."

31. *Huss.* Hearse.

41. *Pollytishners.* Spell the word correctly.

46. *Woo bahgh.* Whoa, back!

57. *Twistin'.* The favorite method of making a "sulled" ox move is to twist its tail.

76. *Brudder Brown.* The negro minister is always called "Brother."

77. *Quarter race.* Gambling was, of course, largely indulged in at these second-class quarter-mile races.

96. *Isrul's prophet king.* Who?

116. *Kwattillion.* Cotillion. The "set-caller" is the person who calls out the movements or figures of the dance. Here, as often, the fiddler is both musician and caller.

153. *Still chorused.* The dogs that have followed their masters to the party are pictured as howling on the outside in that doleful way dogs have of doing when they hear certain musical sounds.

189. *Herald.* The Vicksburg *Herald.*

191. *Natchez.* A famous steamboat of the early days.

198. *Morgan.* A breed of draft horses. The name is often given specifically to any large, strong horse, and is usually pronounced *Moggin* by the negroes.

201. *Lebbee.* The levee, or embankment thrown up along the lower Mississippi.

203. *Bitters.* A cheap grade of whisky. There is usually some one on the steamer who handles or mixes the bitters.

206. *Painters.* Panthers.

208. *Ham.* One of Noah's sons, the traditional father of the negro race. In Hebrew the word means swarthy.

238. *Pass.* Slaves were often given written passes, with limited dates, to go from one plantation to another.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) When and where is the scene laid? (2) Describe the gathering of the negroes at the dance. (3) What opportunity for "local color" does the ox team afford the author? (4) What is the main thought of Jim's comparison of the team with the United States? What does he mean by the steers "stalling"? Interpret the idea in lines 50–57. (5) What is the principal element of humor in "Brudder" Brown's prayer? What does he mean by "let de time excuse de sin"? Explain the blunder "dem sheriffs in de sky." (6) Point out several striking lines in the prayer. Examine particularly lines 88, 89; 95; 98, 99; 100, 101. (7) On what basis is the decision as to the best dancer made? (8) How is the evening spent after the supper? Give the various groups of characters as you imagine them placed. (9) What humorous touch is intended in line 173? (10) How is the banjo introduced? (The banjoist is also the host. See line 7.) (11) What is the banjoist's attitude toward the fiddler? (12) Tell the legend as to why the possum's tail is bare. Turn the dialect into as good English as you can command. (13) What is the effect of mixing Noah's flood with local matters such as the *Herald*, the steamer *Natchez*, Morgan colt, Jersey cattle, etc.? (14) Does the pun in line 216 seem likely to have been made by

a negro? (15) What is meant by "wash-day-dinner graces"? (16) Why is Santa Claus pictured as departing in grief and tears? (17) Now review the piece as a whole and give the various impressions and pictures of negro life in the order of their presentation. (18) The introductory and concluding passages and the connecting links or the descriptive or explanatory sections are written in continuous four-stress iambic couplets with an occasional feminine or double rime. Sometimes these rimes give an intentional familiar, humorous, or grotesque effect, as in lines 76, 79, 156, and 159. This rhythm is used effectively by Whittier in his idyl of New England farm life, *Snow-bound*. (19) Notice the feminine rimes in Jim's song on his ox team. What effect is gained by the use of these? How many stresses are there in the lines of Jim's song? (20) The prayer and the banjo song are in the old seven-stress line so frequently used in the early ballads. Notice the absence of the feminine rimes in the prayer, and the organic use of them in the banjo song. Is there any difference in the effect?

Business in Mississippi

INTRODUCTORY:

This poem is in the form of a dramatic monologue — the form which Browning perfected and used in some of his most noteworthy poems. We have here a picture of one phase of negro life and character done to a turn. The quiet humor, the sly wit, the pretended innocence and skillful shifts of the old negro make this a delightful bit of character study.

EXPLANATORY:

1. *Mahsr Johnny.* Just after the war, the negroes applied the title "Master" to every white man of any dignity or material prosperity.

4. *Refugees.* Probably referring to the flight of the people before Sherman's army in his famous march through Georgia.

14. *Seditions.* Conditions. Note the humorous effect.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) Picture to yourself the scene and the characters. (2) What is a dramatic monologue? (3) What do you suppose the merchant says at various points? Can you get the characteristics of the white man as well as of the negro? Name some of the qualities that you imagine "Mahsr Johnny" possessed. (4) Analyze the character of the negro; do you think he had any good qualities? (5) What is implied in his choosing a young or inexperienced merchant? (6) Why does he begin by begging a favor? Would the negroes you know say "tobacco"? Point out other differences in the dialect as you know it and as it is given here. (7) What methods of flattery are employed in the second stanza? This prepares for the bargaining which begins in stanza 3. (8) Why do you think the negro would rather sell to "Mahsr Johnny"? (9) Do you suppose the buyer raises the price on the strength of the earnest pleadings in lines 17–20? (10) What loud protestations does the negro make in lines 22–26? Is it true that those who boast the loudest are often weakest

in those very things about which they boast? (11) How does the negro's quick wit save him in the first deception in which he is caught? Do you think "Mahsr Johnny" accepts his explanation as true? (12) Why is the negro so anxious to get rid of his cotton just after this first disclosure? What movement do you imagine the merchant has made? (13) Why are the protests urged so eloquently against the use of the auger? (14) How does the negro escape from the last discovery? What makes this such a good stroke of humor? Compare lines 28 and 40 for a suggestion here.

Mahsr John

INTRODUCTORY:

This poem was published in the old *Scribner's Magazine* for May, 1877. It has in it a delightful mingling of the imaginative exaggeration and the subtle sympathy and fidelity so characteristic of the old-time darky. The poem may be called a monologue or a soliloquy.

EXPLANATORY:

11. *Gal'ry.* Gallery. In the South "gallery" was formerly almost universally and is still widely used for veranda or porch.
22. *Loozyan.* Louisiana.
24. *Oberseahs.* Overseers.
32. *'Tic'lar sarcumstance.* Spell out both words correctly.
37. *Sullybrated.* Spell the correct form.
39. *'Lows.* Allows. *Allow* is used by many uneducated people in the sense of to declare as one's opinion or belief.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) Divide the poem into two movements, giving an appropriate name to each division. (2) The first stanza may be called the initial or introductory thought. What, then, is the initial impulse that arouses the old negro's defense of his Mahsr John? (3) Stanzas 2 to 8 inclusive are the negro's reminiscent description of Mahsr John in antebellum days. Give the topics for each of these stanzas. (4) The last two stanzas form the conclusion and give us a picture of the changed condition of Mahsr John since the war. Give the topics of these two stanzas. (5) Note the pathetic and loving tone of these last stanzas, and contrast this tone with the exaggerated braggadocio of the preceding stanzas. (6) In what way does the last stanza echo the thought of the opening stanza? This adds unity and completeness to the composition, the poem returning to its initial impulse and completing, as it were, the circle of the thought movement. (7) Now study the lines more in detail. Why does the poet select Washington and Franklin to contrast with Mahsr John? (8) Tell just what sort of man you think Mahsr John was. (9) Does the negro reveal his own character in portraying his old master? Give your notion of the old servant. (10) Do you get a fairly comprehensive picture of Southern plantation life before the war? Mention some of the details that are most suggestive. (11) You will find that there are seven iambic feet to each line, and the four-line stanzas are made up of two

couplets of these seven-stress lines. Notice how easy and regular the rhythm is. Do you find any irregularities in the rhythm?

Nebuchadnezzar

INTRODUCTORY:

This is one of the best known of Russell's poems, and has been used many hundreds of times as a popular recitation. It first appeared in the old *Scribner's Magazine* for June, 1876.

EXPLANATORY:

1. *Nebuchadnezzah.* The name of the old negro's mule. There is perhaps some humor intended in giving him this name, for Nebuchadnezzar was afflicted with a peculiar type of insanity and went about on all-fours in the pasture as a grazing animal. See the Bible story in *Daniel*, iv. 28–34.

7. *Advancin'.* A year's provision was provided for the free negroes when they worked a crop on shares with the owner of the land. This was called *advancing*, because the negroes were rarely or never able to pay for their provisions until the cotton crop was gathered and sold.

27. *Fotch a mighty figger.* Bring a large price.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) Who is speaking and to whom, in this monologue? (2) Divide the poem into two main thought movements and a conclusion or catastrophe. (3) The last stanza (it may be called the conclusion or catastrophe) is a strict soliloquy. In this how does it differ from the preceding stanzas? (4) How is the spirit of braggadocio developed in the first two stanzas? (5) How does the author suggest that the mule is given to kicking? (6) How is the negro's confidence in the gentleness of the mule developed in stanzas 3 and 4? Give some of the phrasings that are most suggestive of this. (7) Why is it well to put the line, "An' nebber thinks of kickin'," at the very end of the plowman's confidential analysis of the mule's character? (8) What do you imagine is happening at line 32 when the negro yells, "*Whoa dar! Nebuchadnezzah*"? (9) What has happened to the old negro to make him ask so many questions at the opening of the fifth stanza? (10) In the last two lines is there any explanation given of the mule's peculiar actions? Does the old negro seem to be proud of Nebuchadnezzar's intelligence? (11) Study the arrangement of the rimes. Note the two sets of feminine triplets tied together by a masculine rime in the fourth and eighth lines. This makes a compact and musical stanzaic structure. (12) Read the poem through until you can pronounce all the dialect words in a natural and easy manner. Imitate the negro's tones as well as you can. (13) Make a list of twenty of the dialect words and give the correct spelling.

The New South

INTRODUCTORY:

At the annual banquet of the New England Society of New York, December 6, 1886 (the occasion of the speech from which this selection

is taken), Mr. Grady was expected to reply in a formal way to the toast "The South"; but as he thought of the luxury and comfort of the conquering and the poverty and hardships of the conquered section, he felt, as he afterward said, inspired to deliver a message to the sons of New England. His effort was received with unbounded enthusiasm; the staid New Englanders are said to have risen to their feet and shouted themselves hoarse in applause of the stirring words of the young Southern orator. A reporter took down the speech, and the next day the news of Grady's triumph swept over the country.

EXPLANATORY:

1. *The new South.* This phrase, which was made popular by Grady, was based on the words of the Georgia senator and orator, Benjamin H. Hill, namely: "There was a South of slavery and secession—that South is dead. There is a South of union and freedom—that South, thank God, is living, breathing, growing every hour." *Enamored of* means in love with.

21. *A brave and simple man.* Grady's father, William S. Grady, who was killed in one of the battles about Petersburg, Virginia.

35. *This message.* That is, his speech.

36. *The city.* Atlanta. Look up in your United States History the references to the various engagements fought in and around Atlanta in the Civil War.

76. *Those opened eyes,* etc. Look up this quotation in Shakspere's *I Henry IV,* Act I, Sc. i.

79. *Intestine shock.* Civil strife.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) What *new work* is referred to in line 1? (2) To what does Grady attribute the South's defeat? (3) Is there anything of an apologetic tone in the manner in which Grady admits that he is glad slavery has been abolished? (4) Are all sections now in accord with Grady's sentiment that the valor of Southern soldiers is a hallowed heritage to the whole nation? Compare the expressions of Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt on this subject. (5) What answer is expected to the rhetorical interrogations in the first half of the last paragraph? (6) Study this paragraph for balance, antithesis, and parallel structure. Why are these devices effective in an oration?

The Farmer's Home

INTRODUCTORY:

This extract, which is complete in itself, is taken from *The Farmer and the Cities,* a speech delivered at the Farmers' Alliance barbecue held at Elberton, Georgia, in June, 1889. Joel Chandler Harris in his memorial sketch of Grady says: "I think there is no passage in our modern literature equal in its effectiveness and pathos to his picture of a Southern farmer's home. It is a matter on which his mind dwelt. There was that in his nature to which both sun and soil appealed. The rain falling on a fallow field, the sun shining on the bristling and waving corn, and the gentle winds of heaven

blowing over all—he was never tired of talking of these, and his talk always took the shape of a series of picturesque descriptions. He appreciated their spiritual essence as well as their material meaning, and he surrendered himself entirely to all the wholesome suggestions that spring from the contemplation of rural scenes." Grady used this picture of the farmer's home on other occasions, but he always varied it to suit the audience and the occasion. For another version of the passage, the student is referred to the impromptu address made before the Bay State Club in Boston in 1889. (See page 202 of the memorial volume of *Grady's Life, Writings, and Speeches.*)

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) Outline this passage, noting particularly the contrast developed. (2) Study the parallelism of phrases in the first paragraph. (3) Notice the realism and yet the poetic idealism of the description of the Southern home. (4) Read the passage aloud several times, or, better still, memorize it and recite it.

The Wounded Soldier

INTRODUCTORY:

The speech from which this extract is taken was delivered at the State Fair in Dallas, Texas, October 26, 1887. Less than a year before, the speech on *The New South* had carried Grady's name on the wings of fame to every nook and corner of the country; hence the vast audience gathered here in the heart of one of his own Southern States was prepared for something great, and his hearers were in nowise disappointed. If the first speech opened the eyes of the Northern audience to the reviving spirit of a new South, the second revealed to the South the stupendous tasks which lay before her in solving the race problem and the no less important industrial problems of the section. The peroration of this Dallas speech is, perhaps, the most intensely emotional and thoroughly imaginative utterance that fell from the lips of the inspired young orator. Grady had, at the instigation of his friends, carefully prepared the manuscript, and had left a copy in Atlanta for publication on the morning after the delivery of the speech. When he rose to speak, however, he discarded the written speech, following it only in outline and using only such parts as seemed desirable in the inspiration of the moment. He was thus put under the necessity of telegraphing back to his own paper to suppress the copy he had left in Atlanta.

EXPLANATORY:

4. *Thermopylæ.* Look up in your history the story of King Leonidas with his band of Spartans at Thermopylæ.

7. *Alamo.* The famous fort at San Antonio, Texas, where Bowie, Fanning, Travis, Crockett, and others were massacred. The Spanish word *alamo* means cottonwood, and the fort is said to have been named for a clump of cottonwood trees which stood near by.

11. *Goliad . . . San Jacinto.* Look up these battles in the history of Texas.

24. *Forum.* That is, the Halls of Congress during the debates preceding the Civil War.

26. *Arbitrament.* Authoritative and final settlement or decision.

40. *From.* Apparently equivalent to "on account of."

46. *Aftermath.* Literally, an "after" or second mowing.

82. *Will.* Properly *shall. Will* is the common form in conversation and impromptu speech.

115. *Held on the staunch.* That is, held the floodgate, stanched the blood.

123. *Great Physician.* Christ. The term is not found in the Bible.

138. *The boy.* His son, Henry Woodfin Grady, Jr.

181. *Arcturus.* A brilliant star in the constellation Boötes.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) How many years was it after the close of the Civil War that this speech was delivered? Is there any note of bitterness in the passage here reproduced? What was Grady's chief message to his countrymen in this connection? (2) What preparation for the picture of the wounded soldier is there in the sentences just preceding it? Can the audience tell at first just what application was to be made of the illustration? Why is it effective for an orator to keep his hearers in suspense at times? (3) Name in order the five visions that came to the soldier. (4) How does the speaker apply the picture of the wounded soldier to the South? How and when was the South thus sorely wounded? (5) Point out passages in which Grady shows his love for the Union. (6) Compare the picture of the soldier's home life, as here presented, with the picture of the Southern farmer's home life in the preceding selection. What seems to be the general relationship between the two? (7) Is the glowing vision of the South's future prosperity and happiness any nearer realization now than it was when Grady spoke these words? (8) Do you think the last paragraph might have been dispensed with? Why? (9) Is the last sentence of all well constructed? Why is an orator to be excused for making an occasional loose or incoherent sentence?

Earth Shield and Earth Festival

INTRODUCTORY:

This passage, though complete in itself, is the prelude or introduction to the story called *The Bride of the Mistletoe*, published in 1909. It gives us an imaginative description of Kentucky and of the Christmas festival.

EXPLANATORY:

6. *Kentucky.* An Indian name said to mean "the dark and bloody ground." This makes the figure of the battle-piece still more appropriate.

10. *Set the stream of ocean.* Compare the *Iliad*, Book XVIII (Pope's translation).

12. *Father of Waters.* Explain.

12. *Along the edge for a space she bound a bright river.* What river is this, and on what edge?

15. *Shaggy mountains.* What mountains are referred to?

21. *A tough skin of verdure.* Referring to the blue grass.

37. *Hephaistos . . . Achilles . . . Thetis.* Hephæstus or Vulcan, the blacksmith of the gods, was the son of Jupiter and Juno. Being lame, he was cast out of heaven by Juno, but he was befriended by Thetis, the mother of Achilles, in gratitude for whom Hephæstus afterward forged the wonderful shield. See the *Iliad*, Book XVIII.

39. *Sprang like a falcon from snowy Olympus.* Olympus was the seat of the gods, and here Hephæstus made the shield and gave it to Thetis to bear to her son. Compare the *Iliad*, Book XVIII.

44. *Espousals and marriage feasts.* All of these scenes are pictured by Homer as being embossed by Hephæstus on the shield which he made for Achilles.

83. *Sightless orbs of Homer.* Explain the allusion.

101. *Sun seems farthest from the planet.* The winter solstice occurs December 21. Is the sun really farthest from the earth then?

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) The title suggests the two main divisions of the selection. Mark out the subdivisions or paragraph topics under each of these divisions and construct an outline. The following questions will be found suggestive. (2) Why is Kentucky compared to an ancient shield? (3) Describe the tilt of the shield or the drainage system of Kentucky. (4) Give a suggestive review of the natural history of the state. (5) How does the author introduce the elaborate comparison with another famous ancient shield? (6) Enumerate some of the life scenes wrought upon the shield, noting how closely the author has followed the description given in the *Iliad*. (7) Compare the scenes on the shield of Achilles with the living scenes in Kentucky. (8) What single festival is selected for fuller development in the second large division? (9) How is this spectacle both new and old? (10) Why is it remembered throughout the year? (11) What is the time of this festival? Compare this with the exact date of the winter solstice. (12) Give a condensed history of the meaning of the festival. (13) What evergreens are associated with Christmas, and what symbolic lesson does the author draw from this circumstance? (14) Indicate some of the most striking and melodious phrasings. (15) Spell and define these words, locating them in the text: colossal, artificer, embossed, emerged, espousals, plaited, pageants, changing, vernal, solstice, succor, symbolic, warring.

The Tale of the Crystal Bell

INTRODUCTORY:

This story is found in *Wally Wanderoon and His Story-telling Machine*. Two children, Buster John and Sweetest Susan, with their negro companion Drusilla, live on their grandfather's plantation in the South, just after the Civil War. The children go through the woods to make a visit to Billy Biscuit, a funny little negro boy,

at the home of Mr. Bobbs. On their way they meet a strange little man with very short legs, wearing a tall hat and a coat with tails that reach almost to the ground. After going on to Mr. Bobbs's house and adding Billy Biscuit to their party, they come back to learn more of this peculiar man. They find him waiting as though he expected them, and they soon learn that his name is Wally Wanderoon. The strange little man keeps poking and prodding with his cane in the fence corners as though he had lost something. The children inquire what he is looking for, and he replies, "I am looking for the Good Old Times we used to have." Presently Wally takes the children by a miraculous route through the air to his far-away country, where there are many queer things—among them an old-fashioned story-telling machine. This machine is a tall, narrow box made like a hand organ, and all one has to do to make it tell a story is to turn the handle, whereupon the story comes out of an orifice near the top. The children soon discover that there is a man in the box, who, it seems, can tell any kind of story that is desired. One story after another is called for, and *The Tale of the Crystal Bell* is told in answer to Sweetest Susan's request for an old-fashioned fairy tale.

EXPLANATORY:

8. *Simples.* Medicinal plants.

488. *Halberds.* Ornamented battle axes on long spear shafts: used chiefly in processional displays.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) The story is extremely simple both in style and in structure, and hence there is little need of elaborate analysis. Make a brief outline showing the chief incidents. (2) Describe the life led by Lizette and her parents. (3) Where do you imagine they lived? Can you tell partly by the occupation, the religion, the dress, etc.? (4) Where does the action of the story properly begin? (5) Relate the incident of the finding of the old woman and of her transformation. What traits of Lizette's character are brought out by this incident? Do you see any allegorical meaning in this part of the story? (6) Why is the incident of the butterfly caught in the spider's web reverted to here? What is the spider intended to typify? (7) Why is it important to mention the fact that the spider is not killed? (8) Why is the hag so anxious to get possession of the bell? (9) Why does the old woman show so much animosity toward Lizette? (10) Connect this with a preceding incident. (11) Account for the further troubles that Lizette has in returning to her parents' cottage. (12) Why does the butterfly once have to rise over the tops of the trees? (13) Why does the lady who has taken charge of Lizette arrange to have the prince meet Lizette without disclosing his identity? (14) Why do you suppose the prince chooses Lizette when she is not a candidate and has not provided a rare trinket as a dowry? (15) Why is the butterfly introduced in the conclusion? (16) What do you think is represented by the crystal bell which Lizette wears next to her heart?

Taking the Blue Ribbon at the County Fair

INTRODUCTORY:

This is one of Miss Murfree's earlier, though none the less characteristic, mountain stories, the scene being laid in the Great Smoky Mountains in east Tennessee, the setting of so many of her stories. It was first published in Appleton's *Summer Book* for 1880, though probably it was written a few years earlier. It is to be found now in a volume of Miss Murfree's stories, *The Mystery of Witchface Mountain*, published in 1895.

EXPLANATORY:

70. *Old Bear.* One of the subordinate ranges in the Great Smoky Mountains.

96. *Kildeer County . . . Colbury.* Fictitious names used to delocalize the story, though the location of the mountains in east Tennessee gives a sufficiently definite setting.

109. *Jersey.* A well-known breed of fine dairy cattle originally from the Island of Jersey in the English Channel.

111. *Berkshires.* A breed of swine originally from Berkshire, England.

112. *Merinos.* A Spanish breed of sheep, having long, closely set, silky wool.

189. *Diana.* The goddess of the chase or hunting; also called the moon-goddess and the protectress of virgins. She is usually represented as wearing a crescent crown and with a bow and quiver slung across her shoulders.

487. *The rhododendron, the azalea, the Chilhowee lily.* Familiar mountain flowering plants.

598. *Sylvan deity.* Wood nymph: applied here to the mountain girl.

714. *High dudgeon.* Intense feeling of resentment or anger.

827. *Éclat.* Showiness, exciting or brilliant circumstances: a French word, pronounced ā-klä′.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) After reading through the story, summarize the plot in a single paragraph of about one page. (2) Study the structure of the story, dividing the material into five sections. Let the student mark out as exactly as possible the dividing lines between the larger sections and the subdivisions. (3) Repeat some of the most striking details in the pen picture of Jenks. (4) Describe the home. (5) Contrast the appearance and character of Mrs. Hollis and her husband. (6) Notice how the paragraph beginning "His inner life" leads up to the exposition of the animosity between the village or valley folk and the mountaineers. Why is it essential to the interest of the story to develop this feeling of animosity so fully? (7) The transitional paragraph beginning, "And to-day, complacently enough," returns precisely to the scene of the opening paragraph. Point out the exact words in this and the second paragraph following it which are repeated from the first paragraph, and say why this device is employed. (8) Describe fully Cynthia's dress

and appearance. (9) In the opening of this description of Cynthia mention is made of her *slumberous* eyes. Point out other uses of this word in the story, and note the effect thus gained. (10) Beginning with "She was the central figure of the landscape," the author develops the midday atmosphere of the mountain scene in five paragraphs. Give appropriate topics for these. (11) Why is Jenks Hollis's appearance among the riders made an occasion of merriment and applause? (12) Can you guess why Jacob Brice enters the contest? (13) Explain how the contestants are gradually reduced to three. How does this increase the interest in the outcome? (14) What device does Jacob use to make Cynthia come to a decision? (15) What makes Jacob pause so long after he had addressed her with the words, "Look hyar, Cynthy"? (16) Point out the exact climax of the story. (17) Do you think Jenks Hollis really wins the prize? Point out passages to support your opinion. (18) Are Hollis and his wife very greatly distressed to lose their daughter thus? Give your reasons for thinking as you do. (19) What is the effect of having Cynthia come home to help her mother do the winter weaving and spinning? (20) How does the speech of Mrs. Hollis in the last paragraph help to unify the two main strands of the plot of the story? (21) Spell and define the following words: oracular, mosaic, interlocutor, puncheon, exuberant, portentously, scrupulous, deficiencies, sedate, uncouth, vista, resonant, prematurely, squalor, concomitant, inertia, invidious, incongruous, integrant, cerulean, unceremonious, athletic, immobility, furtive, demeanor, effulgence, lethargy, precipitous, ambient, serrated, aberration, denizens, nonchalant, hilarity, interloper, vendetta, manœuvres, volubility, recreant, ignominious, labyrinth, didactically, irrelevantly, cogitation, reiterated, ineffably, caparisoned, rubicund, vociferated, dudgeon, explicit, translucent, mirage, horizon, *éclat.*

The One-legged Goose

INTRODUCTORY:

This story, though complete in itself, is imbedded in *Colonel Carter of Cartersville*, a novel published in 1891. Chad (short for Nebuchadnezzar, and hence pronounced *cad*), the old negro body servant of Colonel Carter, has accompanied his master to New York to serve him while he is trying to float bonds for a railroad scheme which will give Cartersville—in the Colonel's opinion "the Garden Spot of Virginia"—an outlet to the sea. It is to one of the Colonel's friends, denominated "the Major," who drops in to dinner one evening a few minutes before the Colonel returns to his residence, that Chad tells the story of the "one-legged goose." Mr. Smith says in a footnote: "This story, and the story of the 'Postmaster' in a preceding chapter, I have told for so many years and to so many people, and with such varied amplifications, that I have long since persuaded myself that they are creations of my own. I surmise, however, that the basis of the 'Postmaster' can be found in the corner of some forgotten newspaper, and I know that the 'One-legged Goose' is as old as the 'Decameron.'"

EXPLANATORY:

7. *Miss Nancy.* The beautiful, self-sacrificing maiden aunt of the Colonel, "a true Southern lady," who pays all the Colonel's bills and eventually gives him a fortune in coal lands.

14. *Quarters.* See the first note on Irwin Russell's poem, *Christmas-night in the Quarters*, p. 455.

45. *Swamp lan's.* Unruly Virginia negroes were sometimes sold to the rice planters of South Carolina.

142. *Whole kit an' b'ilin'.* The whole crowd: a Southern provincial expression. The word *kit*, meaning a chest of varied sorts of tools or the like, is probably associated with the dialect pronunciation of kettle, *kittle;* hence the addition of *an' b'ilin'* for *and boodle* (or *kaboodle*) used in other sections of the United States.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) Make an outline, dividing the story into its logical parts. (2) What tone does the old negro assume toward the antebellum days? (3) Do you get a clear conception of the old plantation life? (4) What sort of man do you imagine Marsa John to have been? Compare him with Mahsr John in Irwin Russell's poem, p. 241. (5) At what point in the narrative is Henny introduced? Why just at this point? (6) How does Chad first try to conceal the loss of the leg? (7) Why does he suggest to the guests to have ham or breast of goose? (8) What is Chad's second lie, and why does he tell it? (9) Rewrite the story in your own words, using good English, and correcting the dialect spelling throughout.

Gordia

INTRODUCTORY:

Gordia is a mystical, ballad-like poem dealing with supernatural material. Its inspiration came, the author says, from a vivid dream. The glosses, made after the model of Coleridge's device in *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, summarize or condense the story in quaint and poetic prose; but these should not be read other than as interpretative hints, for the main thing is the poem itself.

EXPLANATORY:

1. *Nightbird.* The owl.

5. *Sea-mells.* Sea mews or gulls.

6. *Prosper.* A name chosen for its romantic associations. It appears in many medieval romances.

15. *Tell.* Count the beads or say the prayers of the rosary.

16. *Criste's moder.* Christ's mother. These Middle English word forms are used for poetic or archaic effect. Point out others.

17. *Wis.* Know, think.

20. *Sea-stocks.* A stock is an old-fashioned garden flower, here transferred to the sea.

40. *Demesne.* Realm. Pronounced here dē-mēn′. It rimes with *seen* three lines below.

45. *Bossed.* Ornamented with raised figures. *Sea-dace* is a kind of sea perch.

63. ***Whitsuntide.*** The week beginning with Whitsunday, which is the seventh Sunday after Easter. This church festival celebrates the coming of the Holy Spirit at Pentecost. Why is the season appropriate?

73. ***Maun.*** Must. An old form still in use among the Scotch.

85. ***Sea-kale.*** An edible coastal plant of the cabbage variety.

107. ***Sea-wold.*** *Wold* is an archaic word meaning field or wood.

143. ***Buoy-bell.*** A warning bell fixed in a floating tower and rung by the tossing waves. Pronounced preferably as though spelled *boy*. Metrically the diphthong is equivalent to two syllables here.

171. ***Burthens.*** The refrains or choruses in the old songs were called burdens. Notice the archaic form of the word.

173. ***Suffered some sea-change.*** Consciously borrowed from Ariel's song in *The Tempest*, Act I, Sc. ii.

210. ***Sea-anemones.*** Soft-bodied sea animals resembling the anemone or windflower. Pronounced *ȧ-nĕm'ŏ-nē*.

227. ***Lanthorns.*** An old variant spelling of lanterns. Look up the interesting history of this form.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) Point out the details of the setting of the poem. Is it evening or early morning? Why is the moon called hornèd? (2) In what age and in what land do you suppose the events recorded took place? (3) What is the dominant tone? What words in the first sixteen lines determine the tone? (4) Why does Prosper so often go out alone under the stars? (5) Give instances of the superstition of fisher-folk and sailors. (6) What do the old fisherwomen think of Gordia? (7) How can you tell what religion these simple folk profess? (8) In what ways do Prosper and Gordia differ from the common fisher-folk? (9) How and why did Gordia disappear? (10) Why do you suppose Prosper left her, to go on the sea voyage? What delayed his return? (11) Give the picture of the appearing of the mermaid to Prosper in the moonlight. (12) Explain why the lines and the colors of Gordia's body and mantle are made to follow the movements and tints of the sea. (13) Of what does Gordia sing in her first song? In her second? (14) Give the pictures as seen by Gordia from the king's palace under the sea. How do everyday objects like the sun and moon appear when seen from under the sea? (15) How long does Prosper seek for his lost love before he finds her? Why is this number chosen? (16) What is it that changes Prosper to a merman? (17) How do the common fisher-folk interpret the disappearance of Prosper? How do you interpret it? (18) In the next to the last stanza note the return to the lonely sights and sounds of the ocean. Does this device satisfy the requirements of unity in the poem? (19) You will find, perhaps, that the vague, mysterious, supernatural quality of the legend will not take hold of your imagination until you have studied the poem carefully and read it attentively three or four times. The quality is very similar to that found in Coleridge's *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* and in Matthew Arnold's *The Forsaken Merman.*

Compare the three poems. (20) The rhythm of the poem is typically iambic, but anapæstic movements are inserted for the sake of variety. Compare the passage beginning, "'Tis the hour, I wis," line 17, for the anapæstic effect. Notice how this change of rhythm marks the transition into the legend proper, or the body of the narrative.

Texas Heroes

INTRODUCTORY:

This is the second in a series of eleven sonnets so far composed by Mr. Young on themes connected with Texas history. These sonnets have not as yet been published, but those who have had the opportunity of seeing the manuscript pronounce them of a quality and finish that will give them a secure place among American works of this kind. The one given here illustrates the epigrammatic terseness, the restrained power, the imaginative force, the artistic finish, and the historic truth which characterizes the whole sequence.

EXPLANATORY:

1. *A land betrayed and wronged.* Because they were so different in every way, the Texans and Mexicans never understood each other. Texas belonged to Mexico, but had been settled largely by Americans; hence the Mexicans feared that the Texans would raise a rebellion and annex their territory to the United States. Naturally the Mexican government tried to prevent this, with the result that the Texans were aroused to resistance. There is no question that from their point of view the settlers were "betrayed and wronged."

2. *Immortal height.* The height of patriotic glory and martyrdom for their country.

4. *Saxon blood.* The Americans who settled in Texas were largely of Anglo-Saxon descent.

5. *Martin.* Colonel William B. Travis, who was defending the Alamo with only one hundred fifty men against Santa Anna's army, sent out an urgent appeal for help, and on February 23, 1836, Captain Albert Martin and thirty-one men left Gonzales, Texas, to go to his relief. On March 1, before daylight, they forced their way through the Mexican lines and added their strength to the brave band of Texans under Travis.

7. *Brave Bonham.* Colonel J. B. Bonham, a South Carolinian, one of the defenders of the Alamo, was sent to Goliad for reënforcements, but being unable to obtain immediate help, he returned to the Alamo to "die beside his comrades."

9. *Mild Austin.* Stephen F. Austin, who did so much for Texas in settling up the grants obtained by him from the Mexican government, in leading the revolutionary forces, and in guiding the destinies of the young nation with his wise counsel, was born in Virginia in 1793 and died in Texas, 1836. He has been called the "Father of Texas." When the first president was to be chosen, he was the logical man for the place, but he gave way to General Sam Houston; and when the latter asked him to become Secretary of State, he gracefully accepted because he thought Texas still had

need of his services. "He literally gave his life to the state, and his noble example will serve forever to inspire the gratitude and unselfish patriotism of every true Texan." (*History of Texas.* Barker, Potts, and Ramsdell.)

11. *Houston.* General Sam Houston, the great chieftain who conquered Santa Anna at San Jacinto, April 21, 1836, and was chosen first President of the Republic of Texas in that same year, is one of the most romantic characters in American history: For the facts of his life see any good encyclopedia or history of Texas.

13. *Travis.* Colonel William B. Travis, an Alabamian, was placed in command of the Alamo. The story of his heroic defense of this citadel and of his brave death on March 6, 1836, with all his men, is known as the most glorious incident in Texas history, and one of the most thrilling in all history.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) Note that there is but a single thought developed in this sonnet. State it in a phrase. (2) The first quatrain (four lines) states the theme, and the remainder of the poem particularizes, giving two lines to each of the heroes mentioned. Not all of the Texas heroes could be named in a single sonnet, of course, but those given are typical. Outline the poem, and tell what you know of each of the heroes mentioned. (3) What is meant by "draggled columns"? (4) Give the exact meaning of line 4. (5) Why is Austin called "mild"? (6) Explain the meaning of line 10. (7) Explain "burly chief of wit and brawn." (8) Why is Houston called "Atlas of his little earth"? (9) Why is Travis reserved for the last? Do you note an ascending order in the arrangement of the heroes? (10) What is a sonnet? Study out the rime scheme of this sonnet (*abba abba, cde cde*), and note that it is Italian or Petrarchan in form. (11) *Wreath* and *death* do not make a perfect ear rime, but such eye rimes are permissible.

The Gift of the Magi

INTRODUCTORY:

The Gift of the Magi first appeared in the New York *World* in 1905, and was later included in the volume of stories dealing with New York life, *The Four Million.* It was reissued by Doubleday, Page & Company as a holiday booklet in 1911, and has since grown rapidly in favor as one of the sweetest and most human of American Christmas stories.

EXPLANATORY:

The magi. See the explanation given at the end of the story. Pronounced mā'jī.

3. *Bulldozing.* This is a modern slang word, but such words give the desired tone for a story of this kind. Note other slang and colloquial expressions which help to give a realistic tone to the conversation.

59. *Queen of Sheba . . . King Solomon.* See *I Kings*, iv.

76. *Mme. Sofronie.* Madame Sofronie.

115. *Coney Island.* Famous pleasure resort near New York City.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) Summarize the plot of the story in a single brief paragraph. (2) This is a typical modern short story. Its chief interest lies in its unity of impression and the surprise climax at the close. The story may be divided into five sections as follows:

I. Introduction: Theme stated and setting developed.

II. First movement of the plot action: Della decides to sell her hair (beginning "Suddenly she whirled").

III. Second movement: The purchase of the watch fob.

IV. Third movement: Preparation for Jim's home-coming.

V. Fourth or climax movement: The revelation scene.

Point out the exact division lines between the movements. (3) Give the setting (time and place) in your own words. (4) Why is so much made of the $1.87 in the opening of the story? What other facts are given to show the poverty of the young couple? (5) Just what sort of people do you imagine Jim and Della to be? (6) The first movement of the story proper is arrested for a moment to explain the two most valued possessions of Della and Jim. Why was this necessary? (7) Do you get a vivid picture of Della? Give some of the details of the description and note just what points are most emphasized. (8) "Two hours tripped by on rosy wings." Explain why the author calls this a "hashed metaphor." (9) Why was a platinum fob chosen by Della? (10) What is the effect of the little prayer that Della utters just before Jim comes in? (11) Explain the allusion "Maybe the hairs of my head are numbered." (12) What was it that caused Jim such consternation when he saw Della? (13) Notice how well the revelation scene is managed. Study this section closely to see just how the different elements are taken up so as to create surprise on the part of both the characters and the reader. (14) What lesson is drawn in the conclusion? (15) Point out elements of lively narration, sly humor, and vigorous diction in the style. (16) Locate, spell, and define the following words: imputation, parsimony, instigates, mendicancy, nervously, laboriously, arrived, meretricious, discreet, scrutiny, ecstatic, hysterical, necessitating.

A Chaparral Prince

INTRODUCTORY:

This story may be called a modern realistic fairy tale. The chief merit of the plot is the delightful and amusing mingling of the actual and the romantic, the jostling together of the everyday hardships and realities of crude Western life with the imaginary happenings in the fairyland of Grimm's folk tales. The heroine identifies herself with the mistreated and unhappy girl heroines of Grimm, and in the midst of her drudgery she confidently expects the coming of her prince. The landlady of the hotel becomes the cruel mistress of the hostile castle, and the rough laborers become the ogres who devour sheep and cows while the captive girl waits upon them. There is delightful irony in the transformation of the rough outlaws, freebooters, train-robbers into chivalrous

knights who ride to the rescue of the oppressed and captive damsel under the leadership of their prince, Hondo Bill.

EXPLANATORY:

Chaparral. In its general sense *chaparral* means an uncleared tract of land covered with a growth of dwarf or scrubby oaks, mesquite, prickly pear, cactus plants, and the like. Specifically, in south and southwest Texas, a hardy shrub bearing tough spiny leaves and bright red berries of great acidity is popularly called chaparral. The southern portion of Texas is locally known as the "brush" or the "chaparral country."

22. *Grimm.* The reference is to the stories of Jakob and Wilhelm Grimm, the German philologists and collectors and writers of household fairy tales.

46. *Perdenales River . . . Fredericksburg.* Locate these on your map of Texas. The facts given in the story regarding the German settlement in and around Fredericksburg in Gillespie County, Texas, are almost literally correct.

49. *Pinochle and scat.* Games at cards.

58. *Wiener schnitzel and hasenpfeffer. Wien* is the German name of Vienna. *Wiener schnitzel* is a (Vienna) veal cutlet. *Hasenpfeffer* is a dish made of chopped hare stewed with wine and pepper and other spices.

73. *Ballinger's.* Probably the name of some local store or post office on the Fredericksburg road.

136. *Dummkopf.* Blockhead.

139. *Auf wiedersehen.* Till we meet again: a German expression for good-by.

150. *Centaurs.* The centaur was a fabled monster of classic mythology, half horse and half man. The author here pays a compliment to the horsemanship of the robbers.

155. *Donnerwetter.* A German exclamation of impatience, equivalent to the English "Thunderation!"

156. *Was ist?* What's the matter? Notice that Fritz always speaks in German when he is excited.

158. *Dutch.* The terms Dutch, Dutcher, Dutchman are frequently but erroneously applied to Germans. To what country and people do the words properly apply?

159. *Stick-up.* Hold-up.

239. *Spondulicks.* Slang for money.

252. *Off your kazip.* Mistaken; crazy; a slang phrase.

294. *Ausgespielt — nixcumrous.* A nonsense expression used by Hondo in imitation of Fritz's foreign tongue.

312. *Spiel! Swei bier! Vamoose!* A nonsense jumble of German words and English slang, used here as a command to Fritz to drive off rapidly.

352. *Gott in himmel!* God in heaven! Fritz is excited again.

375. *Schnapps.* Strong whisky.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) Make four headings covering the principal incidents of the story, and then complete the outline by putting in the subtopics.

(2) Select examples of local color. (Local color is any word, phrase, or allusion which is suggestive of the locality in which the scene is laid.) (3) Name the characters of the story in the order of their importance, dividing them into major and minor. (4) Show how the plot becomes more and more complicated as the action advances. (5) Why is it necessary to make the Quarrymen's Hotel so dingy, dirty, and unattractive? Give some of the details. (6) Describe Lena's troubles. Why does the author make her life so hard? (7) What is his purpose in making so much of Grimm in the beginning of the story? (8) Can you locate in Grimm's *Fairy Tales* any of the characters referred to in the fourth paragraph? (9) How does the last sentence in this paragraph suggest the conclusion of the story? (10) What is the effect of Lena's letter on the reader? Point out some of the phrases which arouse your sympathy. (11) Does the letter sound very much like a child's letter? (Remember that this is the author's translation.) (12) What purpose do Tommy Ryan and old man Ballinger serve in the story? Are they mentioned again? (13) Do you get a clear picture of these characters? (14) Why does the author make Fritz so greatly interested in Lena and her letter at this point? (15) Point out in Fritz's speeches examples of faulty English due to his mixture of German and English idiom. (16) Explain the thought and comment on the phrasing of the sentence beginning "As the lion" (line 164). (17) Point out humorous passages in the conversation between Fritz and the robbers. (18) Why is Fritz called *sauerkraut, wienerwurst, Limburger*, by Rogers? (19) Why do the robbers tie Fritz to the tree instead of letting him go on his way? (20) Do you note any improbabilities in the story? (21) Show how Lena mixes fact and fairy tale in her account of her rescue. (22) Learn to spell and define the following words: insatiate, hostelry, grease, analogy, ogre, quarries, ruminations, centaurs, perpetrated, commensurate, casual, sinister, arduous, assiduously, villain, vociferous, affably, confute, cocoon, missive, insinuate, quirt, schedule, meerschaum, exhaustion.

A Prairie Prayer

INTRODUCTORY:

This poem, first published in *Sunset Magazine* in 1909, was composed in 1908, while Mr. Greer was on a vacation trip in southwest Texas. Eighty miles from a railroad, he spent an entire day alone in that vast but speaking solitude, and the broad visions and sweeping harmonies of the poem are indicative of the poet's deep soul experiences as they came welling forth under the influences of Nature.

EXPLANATORY:

The headpiece quotation is taken from *Lines Written a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey*, one of Wordsworth's finest nature poems.

1. *Crouched, a-cloistered.* This is suggestive of the medieval monks and religious enthusiasts who thought that God was pleased

with the maceration of the body and with the seclusion of men from the world.

14. *Ungyve.* Unfetter; take off the gyves. Pronounced ŭn-jĭv′.

18. *Thine.* Supply *eye.*

53. *Redolent.* Odorous. Note the double alliteration in this line and the next.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) In what form is the poem cast? See the title and the poetical headpiece for a suggestion. (2) The poem is not written in regular stanzas, but in larger thought units or paragraphs. Give the topic of each of these larger divisions. (3) Why does the poet wish to stand rather than crouch? (4) Explain the thought in lines 21–26. (5) Explain the figure in line 26, and comment on its quality. (6) How does the poet impress upon the reader his idea of the boundlessness of the plains? (7) Note the use of superlatives in line 33, and express your opinion of the effect of the arrangement and the form of the words used. (8) What lesson does the poet draw from the apparent boundlessness of the plains? (Lines 36–40.) (9) Point out a half dozen suggestive phrases in the last stanza, and comment on their qualities. (10) Point out and explain three good figures of speech in this stanza. (11) Study out the rime scheme in each division, making a formula for each similar to this for the first: *ababccaa.* Note that the rimes sometimes run in couplets, sometimes in triplets, while at other times they are more or less widely separated. The effect of this variety in the rimes is decidedly artistic and melodious. There is one false rime near the close. Point it out and decide whether you think it seriously mars the melody of the poem at this emphatic position. (12) The rhythm of the poem is characteristically iambic, and the meter is of the five-stress or pentameter type. There are occasional shorter lines of three and two stresses which add a pleasing variety to the verse movement or rhythmic phrasing. (13) The sound quality of this poem is remarkably rich and mellow, the effects being brought out by alliteration and assonance, as well as by rime. The compound adjectives and alliterative pairs are especially noteworthy. Point out examples of alliteration. (14) The last or the next to the last stanza would make a good memory passage.

A Mockbird Matinée

INTRODUCTORY:

This sparkling little lyric was written in 1904 and first published in the Houston *Chronicle.* It was composed under the inspiration of actual scenes and experiences around Pittsburg, in northeast Texas. The mocking bird is in his native haunts here, and the description of both the music and the setting is accurate to the last detail. Of the many songs written on the mocking bird, this one, it seems to the editor, is one of the most purely lyric and richly imitative. The very diffuseness of the poem is suggestive of the wild, free song outbursts of the bird. The lines describing the

music of the mocking bird, especially those from 30 to 47, have rarely been surpassed in Southern poetry.

EXPLANATORY:

2. *Jocund June.* Lively, joyous June. Note the alliterative melody not only in this line, but throughout the poem.

8. The verb is omitted. Supply the full expression.

9. *Arabesques.* A technical term in architecture, meaning the fanciful carvings of leaves and plants in a certain type of ornamentation. (See note on line 123 in *The Masque of the Red Death*, p. 420.)

59. *Rune.* A mystic symbol; formerly an alphabetic sign or picture used for a word. (See note on line 10 of *The Bells*, p. 418.)

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) Give a good topic for the introductory lines. (2) The opening passage is somewhat familiar, broken, and conversational in tone. Show how this adds emphasis to the more purely lyric and song-like parts of the poem. (3) Show that this lyric is composed of an introductory impulse, a descriptive passage showing the forest setting, the main description of the bird's singing, and an after song by way of conclusion. (4) Pick out and comment on some of the most suggestive and melodious lines in the poem. (5) Can you feel distinctly and see clearly the forest picture which the poet paints? (6) What is meant by "some hoary forest monk"? (7) Explain "Fares he forth in modest coat." (8) Note how the tone changes at lines 36 and 40 to show the change in the bird's music. How would you read these passages to bring out the quality? (9) What effects of the bird music upon the listener are indicated in the last lines? (10) The poem is written in trochaic four-stress verse. The last syllable in each line is omitted because of the rime, which is uniformly masculine. Scan a few lines under your teacher's direction, but do not read the poem in a singsong fashion.

The Ranchman's Ride

EXPLANATORY:

3. *Curlews.* The curlew is a large prairie bird, somewhat like the plover. It flies high and has a doleful, melancholy cry. The *cayote* (or *coyote*) is a small doglike animal, also known as the prairie wolf. Pronounced kī′ōt here, as generally in the Southwest, but more correctly kī-ō′tē.

7. *Cinched.* Tightly secured or tied. The cinch is the broad, flank girth, but the cowboys call any girth a cinch. The verb is colloquial in Western slang, as is also the derived meaning of *cinch*, a firm grip, a sure thing.

17. *Divide.* In the west Texas or Abilene country there is a range of highlands known as the Callahan Divide.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) This lyric may be said to be composed of an initial impulse (the thought of the wild ride, stanza 1), and its emotional development through a series of descriptive stanzas. Study out its plan in

detail. (2) Notice how the rush of the wild, free race across the prairies is set forth in the opening stanza. Point out some of the lively phrases and comment on the effect of the word *Hurrah!* (3) What concrete images help to give a vivid picture of the cowboy's riding equipment? (4) How does the last line of the third stanza help to give an emotional effect? (5) What is meant by "flowered Divide"? (6) What line from the first stanza is repeated in the last? This gives a distinct unity and finality or well-rounded completeness to the lyric. (7) Study the rime scheme of this effective stanza. The first line has no answering rime, but the third line makes up for this loss. How? The formula for the rimes may be expressed as follows:

$$a \quad b \quad \begin{matrix} c \\ c \end{matrix} \quad c \quad b.$$

Notice the rich sound effects of this scheme, and see if it is consistently followed throughout the poem. (8) The rhythm, a mixture of iambic and anapæstic feet, is also decidedly happy, giving a fine imitation of the galloping movement of the horses. Compare other famous poems on riding written in similar rhythms, as Browning's *How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix.*

Old Fort Phantom Hill

EXPLANATORY:

5. *Elm and Clear Fork.* The names of two creeks which unite near Phantom Hill in Jones County, Texas, to form one branch of the Brazos River.

11. *Mesa.* A small hill or elevated table-land in the plains. Pronounced mā'sä.

12. *Ruins of the Old Fort Phantom Hill.* Fragments of these ruins are still to be seen.

13. *The year of fifty-three.* Lee was not sent to the Texas border service until 1856. He had previously served in the Mexican War, but no mention is made of his having stopped in Texas forts in those years.

17. *Northers.* Cold north winds which sweep down across the plains.

18. *Labrador.* Locate on your map of North America.

21. *Mesquite.* A scrubby pod-bearing tree found commonly in the plains of Texas and California, and having beautiful compound pinnate leaves that spread out gracefully over the twigs. Pronounced mĕs-kēt'.

22. *Old McKenzie Trail.* General Reginald Slidell McKenzie was a Federal soldier who fought through the Civil War and was afterward stationed on the western frontier of Texas. He did efficient service against the hostile Indians, and often conducted parties across the plains under his protection. The old roadway across the Abilene country is still known as the McKenzie Trail.

26. *Taps.* Taps is the military signal on trumpets or drums for lights to be put out. Here the reference is to the death of the heroes mentioned.

27. ***Lee and Johnston,*** etc. Colonel Robert E. Lee was sent to the Texas border service in 1856. He established a chain of military forts on the western frontier to check the Indians, the center of his activities being Fort Cooper on the Brazos River. Colonel Albert Sidney Johnston was Lee's superior officer, but he was soon called into other service. Joseph E. Johnston was in this service, being under the command of Colonel E. V. Sumner. Captain U. S. Grant was for a while stationed at Jefferson Barracks on the Texas border service. Major Thomas J. Jackson, later known as "Stonewall," also was in the Mexican War, as were Grant, Lee, and others, but so far as the editor knows it is not recorded that Jackson was stationed at the Texas frontier forts. McKenzie and Custer, both generals in the Federal Army, were stationed in the Texas service later, and they no doubt were intimately associated with the fort at Phantom Hill.

29. ***Blue and gray.*** A reference to the Federal and the Confederate uniforms. Which three of the men mentioned in line 27 were Federal and which three Confederate generals?

32. This line is quoted from Tennyson's *Locksley Hall.*

35. ***Peace on earth.*** See *Luke,* ii. 14.

36. ***Swords are turned to ploughshares.*** See *Isaiah,* ii. 4.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) The three twelve-line stanzas may be taken as the basis of an analysis. What does the opening stanza set forth? Notice the repetition of *where* at the beginning of every other line, and the concluding *there* with a definite statement of the place. (2) What topics do the second and third stanzas develop? Note the narrative of the supposed ghost-banquet, and the peaceful union of the blue and the gray. (3) Point out some of the best images in the description of the prairie scene. (4) What images are brought out in the second stanza to increase the supernatural and weird effect? (5) Give brief sketches of the leaders mentioned in line 27. Why are they supposed to gather at the old fort? (6) How is the peace now surrounding the old military fort shown? (7) Examine the eight-stress trochaic meter. The last light syllable is dropped uniformly for the sake of the rime. This is an exact imitation of Tennyson's meter in *Locksley Hall,* as is evidenced in the direct quotation from this poem in line 32. Read some or all of Tennyson's poem.

"Shadow"

INTRODUCTORY:

This story was published in the *Century Magazine* for December, 1906, having been rewritten from an earlier sketch called *Vi et Armis* which was published in a short-lived Georgia monthly about 1890. It is based on fact. The Hon. Sidney Trapp, formerly of Eatonton, Georgia, was the commissioner; the Hon. Joseph F. Johnston, now United States senator from Alabama, was governor of Alabama at the time; and Judge A. D. Sayre presided over the court which the three children so successfully stormed.

EXPLANATORY:

12. *Coal-mines.* In northern Alabama, near Birmingham, Montevallo, and other cities. The state convicts are often leased as laborers to the owners of the coal mines.

34. *Others.* That is, companions such as pain, sorrow, etc.

43. *Wetumpka.* Locate the town. It is not far from Montgomery. The three children were the daughters of the Hon. Sidney Trapp, then Prison Commissioner of Alabama. They frequently accompanied their father on his inspection tours. Shadow, a "trusty," was designated to take care of and amuse the children during one of these visits to Wetumpka, the town in which the state convict farm and penitentiary is located.

102. *Terrace and portico.* The historic capitol of Alabama, situated on Capitol Hill, is reached by an ascending series of terraces from Dexter Avenue. What is the portico?

104. *Jefferson Davis.* Look up the history of the inauguration of the first and only President of the Confederate States of America.

105. *Cradle.* The city of Montgomery is called "the cradle of the Confederacy." Why?

141. *Judicial ermine.* The ermine is a small weasel-like animal, whose white fur with black markings is used as facings on the official robes of the English judges. The word is here used figuratively for the office of the judge.

158. *Pertinent and relevant.* These are legal synonyms meaning pertaining or relating to the matter under discussion.

246. *Crenshaw County.* Look it up in your geography.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) What picture do you get from the opening paragraph? (2) Why is the word *awake* put out of its normal position? (3) How does the opening sentence of the second paragraph prepare us for the conclusion of the story? Is your sympathy at once aroused? (4) How old do you think the convict is at the opening of the story? How long has he been in prison? (5) What accident has befallen him in the coal mine? (See paragraph 3 for a hint.) (6) Study the structure of the third paragraph. Notice how it opens with a reversion to the thought of the opening paragraph, and how the explanation of what does not keep him awake is developed in a cumulative way so as to lead up to the climax, revealed in the very last word, of what does keep him awake. Is this last word effective in arousing interest as to the outcome? (7) Why is the reference to the cabin in the far-away Georgian hills effective? At what point in the story are this and other references in the paragraph further developed? (8) On what principle does the author choose names for the little girls? Contrast their names with the name given to the convict. (9) Why is Sunshine always named first and why is she given the most prominent part in the later events of the story? (10) What traits in the negro's character are shown by his attention to the children? (11) What do the children promise Shadow, and what does he promise them? Is the plot hard to see through at any time after this? (12) On what day and at

what hour is the action of the story supposed to open? Where is this told? (13) Notice here the second reference to Hope. How does this unify the thought of the whole of the first part of the story? (14) Why is it necessary to make a break in the narrative at the point where the guard calls Shadow's name? This is technically called "reverting narrative." At this point the author goes back to tell all that has happened which would lead up to this calling forth of the convict from his cot in the prison barracks. (15) Can you form an idea from the way he treats his daughters, of what sort of man the prison commissioner is? (16) Relate the various obstacles overcome by the little girls in their efforts to gain the attention of the governor. (17) How does the governor know so much about the children's family? (The office of commissioner is appointive in Alabama.) (18) What effect does his refusal to pardon the convict have on the children? (19) How does the governor finally put the besiegers off? How does Sunshine force him to commit himself unconditionally? (20) Describe the entrance of the messengers into the crowded courtroom. (21) How does the judge comprehend the situation? Why does he laugh? (22) Picture the face of the lawyer for the defense as he watches the children. How does he take advantage of the situation? There might be some objection to this use of sentiment in determining the guilt or innocence of the defendant, but for artistic effect we may presume that the prisoner is innocent of the charge of murder and deserves to go free. (23) Explain the pun uttered by the governor when the children return to his office. What effect has this little touch of humor here just after the pathos of the scene in the courtroom? (24) Explain why Sunshine forgets her manners when she hands the governor his pen the last time. (25) Who delivers the message of his freedom to Shadow? Can you now easily connect the last scene with the guard's call for Shadow? (26) Why is it necessary to explain the hour? Do you think Shadow has ever doubted that his little friends would keep their promise? (27) What is the chief lesson to be learned from the story?

The Vulture and his Shadow

INTRODUCTORY:

This lyric was first published in the Macon *Telegraph.* It attracted immediate attention, and has been called the most nearly perfect short poem written in the South in recent years. It is a marvel of imaginative power and lyric grace.

EXPLANATORY:

15. *Eye of day.* "'The eye of day' is, of course, the sun, but the picture in my mind was the half-risen orb, and silhouetted against it, on an ocean plain, a floating speck (I have changed to *mote* for obvious reasons)."—*H. S. Edwards.*

L'Envoi. The conclusion or afterthought which emphasizes the main point of a poem or makes some specific application of the thought. It is from the French *envoyer*, to send; a sendoff, as it were.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) Who is supposed to speak in the poem? (2) What single thought seems to dominate? (3) Find the key word (or one of its derivatives) in each stanza, and see how this device unifies the poem. (4) What devices of repetition are used? (5) What is the result of this on the musical effect? (6) How do the images in lines 13 and 15 connect with lines 17–20? (7) What is suggested in lines 21–24? (8) What imaginative effect is produced by the "double circles" in line 27? (9) How does the arrangement of rimes differ in the first and second stanzas and in *L'Envoi?* (10) The rhythm of the poem is typically iambic, but there are numerous anapæstic substitutions. Point out some of these.

The Old Water-mill

INTRODUCTORY:

The Old Water-mill, one of the finest and most mature of Mr. Cawein's poems, first appeared in *Myth and Romance* in 1899. It is a nature poem; but it is more too, for it gives an almost complete picture of country life in northern Kentucky and southern Indiana close around Louisville; and in addition there is a notable character sketch at the close. The poem may properly be classed as an idyl. The tone is decidedly idyllic and easeful, and the style is in perfect harmony with the subject-matter. William Dean Howells admires it above all else that Mr. Cawein has written. He says, "But one [poem] which I value more because it is worthy of Wordsworth or of Tennyson in a Wordsworthian mood, is 'The Old Mill,' where, with all the wonted charm of his landscape art, Mr. Cawein gives us a strongly local and novel piece of character painting." *The Old Water-mill* deserves to stand as a classic beside Whittier's *Snow-bound* and Goldsmith's *Deserted Village.*

EXPLANATORY:

19. *Mistflower.* A plant of the aster family bearing clusters of blue flowers. Explain "blurs its bit of heaven."

20. *Oxeye.* Another plant of the aster family, bearing heavy yellow flowers; note the poet's "gloaming lines of bronze and gold."

26. *Lapis-lazuli.* A rich blue conglomerate mineral flecked with irregular golden streaks. *Chrysoprase* is a light green variety of chalcedony or quartz.

74. *A rufous instant.* The flash of a red fox. Rufous means of a reddish or rust color, from the Latin *rufus*, rust.

84. *Crepuscular.* Pertaining to twilight, dim, darkling.

112. *Curculio.* A weevil or snout-beetle that attacks apples, quinces, and the like.

113. *Codling-moth.* The moth that breeds the apple worm.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) The real description of the old mill, beginning with line 98, comprises only twenty-five lines, about one-fifth of the whole poem; but this is the climax passage, and the old mill is in the poet's mind from the very beginning, being the central object in the

country landscape which he depicts. To prove this point, let the student find in each stanza some direct reference to the old mill or some object associated with it. (2) Make a complete analysis in outline by stanzaic divisions. (3) Taking up the first stanza in detail, draw in your imagination pictures of the hills and cloud-like argosies, of the circling birds in the sky, of the gurgling creek with its minnows and kingfishers, its trees and flowers and dragon flies and cattle, and with it all the sound of the old water-mill. Notice the dreamy, happy, reminiscent tone of this beautiful landscape. (4) How does the recollection of his childhood's experiences affect the poet? (This second stanza sets forth the Wordsworthian doctrine that the child becomes a part of the nature scenes of his youth. Let the teacher here read some of Wordsworth's poems, such as *Expostulation*, *The Tables Turned*, *Lines Written in Early Spring*, and parts of *Tintern Abbey* and *Intimations of Immortality*, for comparative study.) (5) Describe some of the scenes in stanza 3, particularly the blackberry patches, the harvesting, the bird calls, the red fox, the home-coming holiday crowds. (6) Comment on the suggestiveness of the word *spilled*, line 80. (7) Explain the thought of lines 82–85. (8) Describe the making of maple sugar in the winter woods. (9) What is meant by "sleeted trees tossed arms of ice"? (10) Can you hear the sound of the ice falling on the frozen stream as you read "Tinkled the ringing creek with icicles"? (11) What is meant by "Thin as the peal of Elfland's Sabbath bells"? In a revision of the poem this line was changed to read "Thin as the peal of far-off elfin bells." Why is this a distinct improvement? (12) Have you ever seen the interior of an old mill? If so, compare what you have seen with the picture given here. (13) What did the neighbors talk about when they met in the old mill? Read in Goldsmith's *Deserted Village* a similar description of a gossiping group at the village inn. (14) Describe fully the old miller, giving your conception of the kind of man he was. (15) Explain the personification in the last line. (16) The stanzas are of irregular length. In fact, they are not stanzas, but divisions according to topics much after the manner of paragraphs in prose. The iambic five-stress lines rime in couplets with occasional triplets. Locate five of these triplets in the poem. (17) The poem is full of good words for dictionary study. Spell and define the following, locating them in the text: vistas, argosies, placid, eery, sycamore, coruscating, raucous, censers, tasseling, insatiate, rufous, barbecue, crepuscular, sugar-kettle, icicles, hypothesis, obliterates.

Seasons

INTRODUCTORY:

This is one of Mr. Cawein's later productions, included in *New Poems*, published in London in 1909. It illustrates the finer formal excellence which the poet has been showing in his later poems.

EXPLANATORY:

6. *Touched lips with Song.* That is, the poet's lips with the music of verse.

21. *Phantoms . . . held tryst.* Ghosts held secret meetings or conferences. *Tryst* is usually used of the place of meeting.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) Study the poem as to its structure, dividing it into two main divisions, and then subdividing so as to give the appropriate name of one of the four seasons to each of the four stanzas. (2) Study out the minute parallelism in the form of the two sets of stanzas. (3) Why does the poet speak of the forest's green heart? (4) Explain the force of the word *dancing*. (5) Are the personifications in stanza 1 appropriate to the season described? Explain. (6) Explain the references to Life, Truth, Birth, in stanza 2. (7) What does the sigh in stanza 3 suggest to your imagination? (8) Contrast the mist and cold lips and phantoms of this stanza with the birds and flowers and fire-filled beauty of stanza 1. (9) Why is Death spoken of as a relief? (10) Explain why the spirit of Decay is Earth's glory and its grief. (11) Do you think a broader interpretation of the poem as a picture of man's life from birth and youth through manhood and old age is justifiable? Give reasons. (12) Determine the meter, rhythm, and rime scheme of the stanza. (13) In what tone should the first two stanzas be read? The last two? Indicate words that determine the two tones.

Sounds and Sights

INTRODUCTORY:

This is another of Mr. Cawein's later poems, appearing in the same volume as *Seasons*, with which it should be compared.

EXPLANATORY:

4. *Flight of wing.* Referring to the buzz of bees. Compare line 8 below.

9. *Steps of Love.* Compare lines 3 and 7 of *Seasons*, where the same spirit of beauty in spring is also called Love.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) With the title in mind analyze the thought of the poem, dividing it into two sections with two parts each. (2) Study the perfect balance in thought and form, noting the exact parallelism of sentence and word. Even the punctuation throughout is almost identical in the balanced stanzas. The second stanza is an answer to the first, and the fourth to the third, and both are unified on the idea of beauty (loveliness). Notice also how the first and third stanzas are sealed in perfect unity and compactness by the use of the words, "Little leaves . . . little ears" and "Little buds . . . little eyes" at the beginning and end respectively. (3) What is the time of year represented? Is it constant throughout the poem? (4) Why are the comparisons of leaves and buds to ears and eyes good ones? (5) What is the effect of the epithet *little?* (6) In the last stanza a military figure is employed. Point out the military terms used. (7) The poem is trochaic in rhythm, and the lines all have four stresses, the light syllable being omitted in the last foot. Scan the poem to see if you can find any irregularities. (8) Study

the rime scheme, noting particularly how the first two and the last two stanzas are tied together by the repetition of a rime sound, and how the first and last stanzas are also thus suggestively united by repetition of sound.

Zyps of Zirl

INTRODUCTORY:

This ballad, or narrative poem, is based on fact. Maximilian I, Emperor of Germany from 1493 to 1519, was extremely fond of hunting, and on one occasion in the Tyrolean Alps he climbed so high on the steep cliffs of Martinswand in pursuit of his game that for three days his life was imperiled because he had reached a place from which he could not possibly descend. He was finally rescued, after great toil and hazard, by a mountaineer, a bold and fearless climber. The romantic additions in the story as given in the poem are probably based on some German or Swiss legend. Mr. Cawein says of the ballad: "Zyps attracted me when I was a boy, and the story haunted me until I was about eighteen years of age, when I put it into verse, laid it aside, rewrote it ten or fifteen years afterwards, and published it."

EXPLANATORY:

1. *Tyrol.* Locate this province in the extreme western part of Austria.

3. *Inn's long water.* The Inn rises in Switzerland and flows in a northeasterly direction, emptying into the Danube.

15. *Innsbruck.* The chief city of the Austrian Tyrol, situated in the extreme northern part of the province.

26 *Abbot of Wiltau.* Probably a fictitious name.

27. *Solstein.* The massive Solstein is a stupendous and lofty rock belonging to the Martinswand range.

36. *Kaiser Maxmilian.* Emperor Maximilian I, one of the great German emperors (1493–1519). Spelled Maxmilian here for the sake of the meter.

44. *Eagle's lair.* A *lair* is the den of a wild animal; we usually speak of an eagle's nesting-place as an aerie (pronounced ē′rĭ), but by poetic license *lair* is here used for the sake of the rime.

49. *House of Hapsburg.* A famous German princely family, taking its name from the Castle of Hapsburg on the Aar. It furnished rulers for the Holy Roman Empire as well as for many European states.

58. *Crampons.* Climbing-spurs: a French word.

61. *Baldrick.* An ornamental belt worn over the shoulders.

63. *Zirl.* A little village near Innsbruck. It lies on the north bank of the Inn, and at a short distance from it to the northeast rises the massive Solstein.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) The subject-matter of a ballad or narrative poem may usually be analyzed into a setting and the several movements of the action. Here the setting is beautifully elaborated in the first eight stanzas. The first movement of the narrative proper is Maximilian's chase

of the chamois as observed by the Abbot of Wiltau; the next is the emperor's fall, with the abbot's prayer. The next distinct movement is the approach of a mountaineer, Zyps of Zirl, to the rescue. The rescue proper may be called the last movement or climax. Follow this analysis through carefully, marking out just where the divisions fall in the poem. (2) Reproduce in your own words the beautiful Tyrolean landscape picture. (3) Tell the whole story in a prose essay of about three hundred words. (4) Locate on your map the principal places mentioned in the poem. (5) Why is there so much Roman Catholic coloring in the piece? (6) How did the emperor commemorate his rescue (see the introductory note), and what do you think he should have done for Zyps? (7) This poem is written in ballad triplets of anapæstic four-stress verse. There are a great many iambic substitutions, a license that is perfectly natural and allowable in ballad measures. Scan a few lines to note these substitutions.

An Alabama Garden

INTRODUCTORY:

This is the opening poem in Mr. Peck's second volume, ***Rings and Love-knots***, published in 1892.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) What sounds are heard in this garden? (Stanza 1.) (2) What flowers are most frequently seen there? (Stanza 2.) (3) What senses are appealed to in stanza 3? (4) What is the influence of the garden on the poet's mind? (5) What is his mood? (6) The meter is iambic four-stress triplets, with a three-stress line after each of the two triplets which make up the body of the stanza. Verify this analysis. (7) Where are feminine rimes used in this poem?

The Grapevine Swing

INTRODUCTORY:

This is one of the finest and most popular of all Mr. Peck's songs. It has been set to music no less than a dozen times by as many composers. There is in the poem that richness of local color, that quaint and sincere sentiment, and that charming lilt characteristic of all Mr. Peck's work.

THOUGHT QUESTIONS AND LITERARY ANALYSIS:

(1) The first stanza is reminiscent of the poet's boyhood. It gives the locality or setting and introduces the character. The chorus expresses a longing for the happiness of the carefree life of his youth, and each succeeding chorus repeats this longing in slightly different words. The second stanza describes the delicious sensations in the boy's heart as he used to swing out over the lilies and back to the moss-grown tree. Follow this analysis through the poem. (2) Notice how each stanza ends with the idea of swinging

and the image of the grapevine swing; what is the effect of the constant repetition of this idea and the additional riming words required by the use of *swing?* (3) What picture do you get, in the first stanza, of the setting in which the swing is placed? What picture of the boy? (4) What additional elements of beauty and melody are added in stanza 2? (5) What is the mood or tone of the first two stanzas and what contrasted mood is developed in the third stanza? (6) Determine the rhythm of this poem. (7) Now compare the song as a whole with Simms's poem on the same theme, and say which one of the two pleases you the better. There is more of strength, virility, and imagination in Simms's poem, but more of grace, sweetness, and charm in Peck's. (8) Let some one sing the song in one of the better melodies to which it has been set, and, if possible, let the whole class learn the poem and sing it in concert.

A PRONOUNCING LIST OF PROPER NAMES FOUND IN THE TEXT

Achilles (*ȧ* kĭl′ēz)

{ *Æthra* or *Aëthra* (ē′thr*ȧ*)

Aidenn (ā′dĕn)

Alamo (ă′lă mō)

Anacreon (*ȧ* năk′rē ŏn)

Angostura (ȧŋ′gŏs to͝o″r*ȧ*)

Apollo (*ȧ* pŏl′ō)

Arcadies (ār′k*ȧ* dĭz)

Arcturus (ārk tū′rŭs)

Ashley (ăsh′lĭ)

Atlas (ăt′lăs)

Audubon (ô′do͝o bŏn)

Baccanalian (băk′*ȧ* nā″lĭ ăn)

Bonham (bŏn′ăm)

Bowie (bo͝o′ĭ)

Buena Vista (bwā′nă vēs′tă)

Buonaparte (bō′n*ȧ* pārt)

Carroll (kăr′ŭl)

Chad (kăd)

Chattahoochee (chăt′*ȧ* ho͝o″chē)

Chilowee (chĭl ow′ē)

Colbury (kōl′bĕr ĭ)

Colston (cōl′stǫn)

Crenshaw (krĕn′shô)

Dennison (dĕn′ĭ sŏn)

Dorchester (dôr′chĕs tēr)

Diana (dī ăn′*ȧ*)

Eggleston (ĕg′ ′lz tŭn)

Elysian (ē lĭzh′ăn)

Esten (ēs′t′n)

European (ū′rō pē″ăn)

Eutaw (ū′tô)

Falco Starlen (fȧl′cō stär′lĕn)

Gilead (gĭl′ē ăd)

Giuseppe Caponsacchi (jo͝o sĕp′pā cā pŏn sāk′kē)

Golconda (gŏl kŏn′d*ȧ*)

Goliad (gō′lĭ ăd″)

Guido Franceschina (gwē′dō frān′chĕs kē″nā)

Habersham (hăb′ĕr shăm)

Hapsburg (hăps′bûrg)

Hasenpfeffer (hāz′ĕn pfĕf ĕr)

Helvyn (hĕl′vĭn)

Hephæstus (hē fĕs′tŭs)

Hernani (ĕr nā′nē)

Herod (hĕr′ŭd)

Houston (hūs′tŭn)

Huguenot (hū′gē nŏt)

Innsbruck (ĭns′bro͝ok)

Kildeer (kĭl′dēr″)

Labrador (lăb′r*ȧ* dôr″)

Lariodendron Tulipefera (lȧr ē ō dĕn′drŏn tū lĭp ĭ fĕr′*ȧ*)

Laurens (lô′rĕnz)

Lazarus (lăz′*ȧ* rŭs)

Legrand (lē′grăN′)

Lenore (lē nōr′)

Magdalen (măg′d*ȧ* lĕn)

Magi (mā′jī)

Manassas (m*ȧ* năs′*ȧ*s)

Marcellus (mär sĕl′ŭs)

Marion (măr′ĭ ŭn)

Maximilian (măk′sĭ mĭl″yăn)

McKenzie (m*ȧ* kĕn′zĭ)

Melzi Chancellors
(měl′zee chăn′sĕl lȯrs)
Mendoza (měn dō′thä)
Mesquite (měs kēt′)
Mirabeau (mē′rȧ′bō′)
Moultrie (mōl′trĭ)
Mozart (mō′tsärt)
Natchez (năch′ĕz)
Nebuchadnezzar
(nĕb′ŭ kăd nĕz″ȧr)
Neils Gade (nē′ĕls gä′dĕ)
Newfoundland (nū″fŭnd lănd′)
Nymph (nĭmf)
Olympus (ō lĭm′pŭs)
Ossian (ŏsh′ăn)
Pallas (păl′ȧs)
Parnassus (pär năs′ŭs)
Pelham (pĕl′ăm)
Perdenales (pēr dĕ nȧl′ĕs)
Petrarch (pē′trärk)
Philantus (fī lăn′tŭs)
Philomel (fĭl′ō mĕl)
Plutonian (plōō tō′nĭ ăn)
Pompilio Comparino
(pŏm pĭl′ē o cŏm pär ē′nō)
Porphyrogene (pôr′fĭ rŏj″ē nē)
Prospero (prŏs′pēr ō)
Rappahannock (răp′ȧ hăn′ŭk)
Ringgold (rĭng′gōld)
Rutledge (rŭt′lĕj)
Sachem's Head (sā′chĕms hĕd)
San Jacinto (săn jȧ sĭn′tō)
Santee (săn′tē″)
Scarabæus (skăr′ȧ bē″ŭs)
Sheba (shē′bȧ)
Sofronie (sō frō′nē)
Solstein (sōl′stĭn)
Sumner (sŭm′nēr)
Sumter (sŭm′tēr)
Swammerdamm (swăm′mēr dăm)
Tampa (tăm′pȧ)
Tarentum (tȧ rĕn′tŭm)
Tarleton (tärl′tŭn)
Tempe (tĕm′pē)
Thermopylæ (thēr mŏp′ĭ lē)
Thetis (thē′tĭs)
Travis (trăv′ĭs)
Tyrol (tĭr′ŏl)
Wetumpka (wĕ tŭm′kȧ)
Wienerschnitzel (vē′nēr shnĭt′sĕl)
Wiltau (wĭl′tô)
Zyps of Zirl (zĭps of zĭrl)

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